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#337/JUNE 2011 / $4 US&CAN

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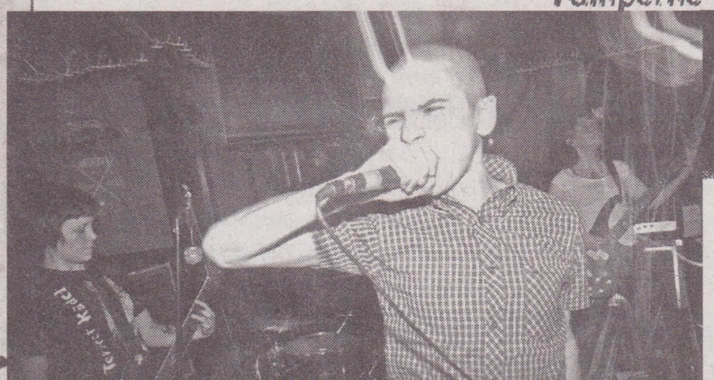

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This is LA not L.A.: '80s hardcore flyers in New Orleans

Buffalo NY Scene Report • Vanya Bonecrusher

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
179-181, 186-191, 195, 197, 202, 203, 206, 208, 209, 214, 218, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 230, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 253-306, 308-320, 322-328, 330, 331-337

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $33
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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MARIAM BASTANI

- MAXIMO VOLUMEN-Iyecciones Por El Bul-LP
- MEN'S INTEREST-More War-EP
- MANIPULATION-Subversive Intent-EP
- GOBIERNO MILITAR-Destino-EP
- HIMEI-EP / SILLA ELECTRICA-EP
- BON BAD/DURESS-split EP
- GIUDA-45 / POISON PLANET-EP
- RATOS DE PORÃO/COLERA-split LP
- ILEGAL-La Vida es el Producto de Nuestra...-EP
- BELLICOSE MINDS-EP / MUGWORT-live

BRACE BELDEN

- THE BUZZ-Insanity-EP
- TELECOMMANDE-Panique Devant L'écran/Pixels-45
- BLACK MARKET BABY-Potential Suicide-EP
- TIMMY'S ORGANISM-Can and Bottle Return, Smile-EP
- UV RACE-Homo-LP
- THE USERS-Kicks in Style-LP
- GIUDA-Get It Over/Kidz Are Back-45
- DOW JONES AND THE INDUSTRIALS-EP
- SCHOOL JERKS-Screamer-EP
- BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL-Det Här äe Inte New York-LP

TIM BROOKS

- FYFAN-Ingen Framtid For Alltid-EP
- HIGH TENSION WIRES-Welcome New Machine-LP
- SILLA ELÉCRICA-Ritmo Suicida-LP
- BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL-Det Här äe Inte New York-LP
- UV RACE-Homo-LP
- LIQUID STONE-Here Comes The Weekend-45
- D-CLONE / NERVESKADE-split EP
- NIGHT BIRDS-Midnight Movies-EP
- GIUDA-Get It Over/Kidz Are Back-45
- SHARDS-LP

ROBERT COLLINS

On the Road Again / Willie Nelson Rides Again

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- COSMONAUTS-LP
- TV GHOST-Mass Dream-LP
- SILLA ELÉCRICA-Ritmo Suicida-LP
- HIGH TENSION WIRES-Welcome New Machine-LP
- UV RACE-Homo-LP
- THE USERS-Kicks in Style-LP
- DOW JONES AND THE INDUSRIALS-EP
- LIQUID STONE-Here Comes The Weekend-45
- NIGHT BIRDS-Midnight Movies-EP
- SHARP OBJECTS-CD

LAYLA GIBBON

- HOMOSTUPIDS-Strawberry Orange Peach Banana-LP
- SILLA ELÉCRICA-Ritmo Suicida-LP
- HIMEI-EP
- TIMMY'S ORGANISM-Can and Bottle Return, Smile-EP
- TELECOMMANDE-45 / UV RACE-Homo-LP
- BRAINWAVES-Can't Take It-EP
- BROKEN WATER-Peripheral Star-LP
- MEN'S INTEREST-More War-EP
- BLEACHED-45 / HEADCOATEES/HEADCOATES-split LP
- WHITE LOAD-EP / MANIPULATION-EP

DAN GOETZ

- HEART ATTACK-LP / DOW JONES…-EP
- MUCH WORSE-Absolute Nightmare-EP
- ANIMAL EYE/GREEN SCREEN DOOR-split cassette
- BORN BAD-Total Bullshit-EP
- BORN BAD/DURESS-split EP
- ILEGAL-La Vida es el Producto de Nuestra...-EP
- DEATH FIRST-Trapped-EP / STRIPMINES-EP
- BROKEN WATER-LP / BRAINWAVES--EP
- COKE BUST-EP / MEN'S INTEREST-EP
- NIGHT BIRDS-EP / FY FAN-EP

BOB GOLDIE

- THE OOPS-Taste of Zimbabwe-LP
- LIQUID STONE-Here Comes the Weekend-45
- PEOPLE'S TEMPLE-Sons of Stone
- CROSS RAGE-EP / NO PROBLEM-EP
- SWEET TOOTH-Japanese Void-EP
- SLOBS-Look Busy Do Nothing-EP
- SORRY EXCUSE-Listen With Prejudice-EP
- COKE BUST-Degradation-EP
- USERS-Kicks in Style-LP
- ВРЕДИТЕЛИ-Hardcore 2010-EP

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ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

KENNY KAOS

- BOOZE / BITERS / MEAN JEANS / DAVILA 666-live
- CHERRY BOMBERS / SPACE FUZZ-split EP
- TRENT FOX AND THE TENANTS-Mess Around-EP
- THE USERS-Kicks in Style-LP
- THE STEAKNIVES-Devil Inside-LP
- GIUDA-Get It Over/Kidz Are Back-45
- BOTOX RATS / MODERN ACTON-split EP
- MOONDOGS-Heads I Win/Two's a Crowd-45
- SCHOOL JERKS-Screamer-EP
- BRAINWAVES-Can't Take It-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- TIMMY'S ORGANISM-Can and Bottle Return, Smile-EP
- TWO TEARS-Eat People-EP
- UV RACE-Homo-LP
- BRAINWAVES-Can't Take It-EP
- THE STEAKNIVES-Devil Inside-LP
- TV GHOST-Mass Dream-LP / PREDATOR-LP
- BUTCHER COVER-EP / APACHE DROPOUT-LP
- THE USERS-Kicks in Style-LP
- DOW JONES AND THE INDUSTRIALS-EP
- THE BUZZ-Insanity-EP / LIQUID STONE-45

RAY LUJAN

- THE COATHANGERS-Larceny-CD
- CUTE LEPERS-Adventure Time-CD
- MIXTAPES-A Short Collection-EP
- NO PROBLEM-Paranoid Times-EP
- ONE WIN CHOICE-Conveyor-CD
- THE PART FIVE-CD / RUN, FOREVER-CD
- SHARP OBJECTS-CD / STEAKNIVES-LP
- TRENT FOX AND THE TENANTS-Mess Around-EP
- UV RACE-Homo LP
- THE GEARS-live / CUTE LEPERS-live

MARISSA MAGIC

- SISSY SPACEK-Vanishing Point-EP
- HYSTERICS-cassette
- SHEARING PINX-live
- WHITE LOAD-...Plays Fuck Jams-EP
- V/A-Bloodstains Across British Columbia-EP
- BROKEN WATER-Peripheral Star-LP
- RAYMILLAND-Recordings '79-'81-LP
- HOMOSTUPIDS-Strawberry Orange Peach Banana-LP
- D-CLONE / NERVESKADE-split EP
- BORN BAD-Total Bullshit-EP

KEN SANDERSON

Too many things are too extreme
There's too much shit, too many schemes
It never makes sense, it's just a hype
Forget about it, live your own life

FRED SCHRUNK

- SILLA ELÉCRICA-Ritmo Suicida-LP
- FROZEN TEENS / STREET LEGAL-split EP
- DEATH FIRST-Trapped-EP
- HIMEI-EP
- BROKEN WATER-Peripheral Star-LP
- TELECOMMANDE-Panique Devant L'écran/Pixels-45
- BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL-Det Här äe Inte New York-LP
- BRAINWAVES-Can't Take It-EP
- BURNING ITCH-Me Myself and I-EP
- TIMMY'S ORGANISM-Can And Bottle Return, Smile-EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- ILEGAL-La Vida es el Producto de Nuestra...-EP
- POISON PLANET-EP / MEN'S INTEREST-EP
- BORN BAD-EP
- BORN BAD/DURESS-split EP
- SORRY EXCUSE-EP / COKE BUST-EP
- CROSS RAGE-Cross Rage-EP
- D-CLONE / NERVESKADE-split EP
- FYFAN-Ingen Framtid For Alltid-EP
- STRIPMINES-Sympathy Rations-EP
- MUCH WORSE-Absolute Nightmare-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Distort #32*
- *Accept the Darkness #5*
- *Habitat #2*
- *Mosh #13*
- *Negative Guestlist #19, #20, #21*
- *Ala Intensidaz #7*
- *Feedback #9*
- *Drunk Nach Osten #2*
- *Full Metal Faggot #4*
- *Ratcharge #23 / Middle Finger Response #3*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Pioyra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops. Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#320/January '10. MRR Top Ten of the Decade, D-Clone, Broken Water, Complications, Control, Ian Glasper (The Day the Country Died/Burning Britain)

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#331/December '10. Kylmä Sota, Articles of Faith, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Outs, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt Germany Scene Report, Belgium Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, HPP, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

#335/April '11. Crazy Spirit, Siege. 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

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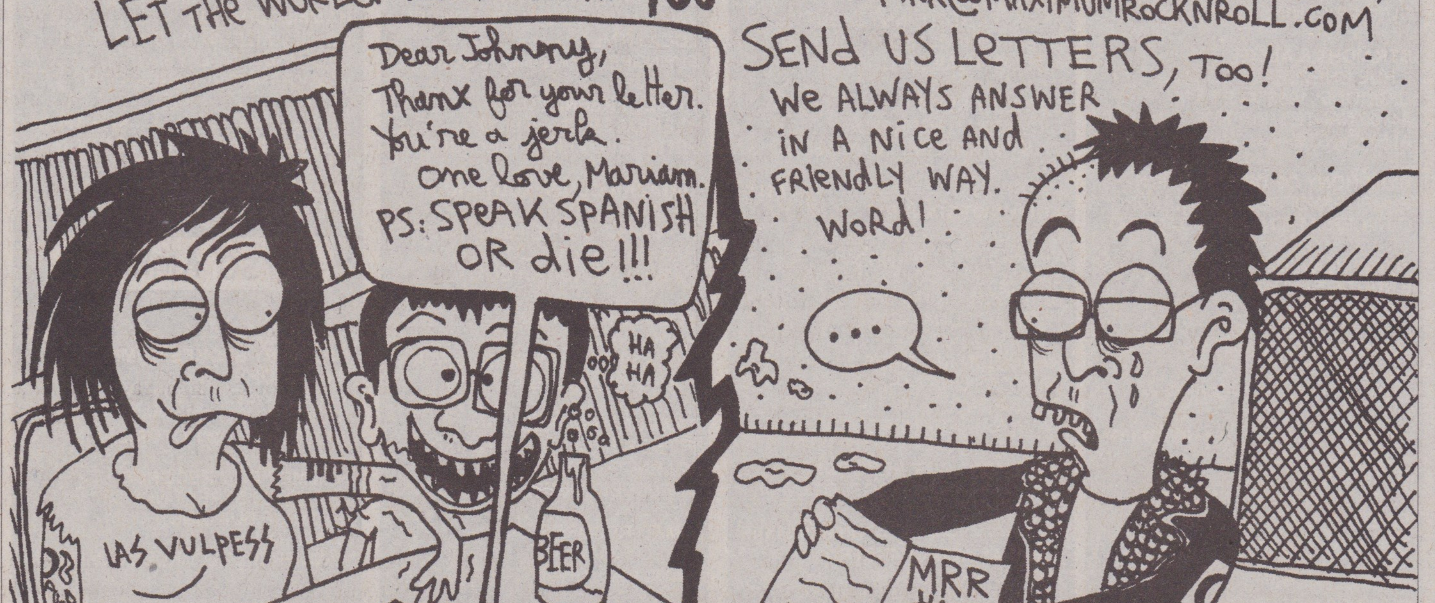
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LETTERS

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Hey Everybody—

The car company that puts out a grindcore record and then distributes it for free is not expecting you to take them seriously, because it isn't cool to be serious. Like maybe we'll stop thinking about the catastrophic wreck of the automotive industry if it can be re-conceptualized in the manner of the arts; that is, as a fundamentally useless extravagance. What have corporations ever wanted of punk except legitimation? In the words of Borgia Ginz, sordid media monopolist of Derek Jarman's *Jubilee*, "It's power, babe." He had his fingers in the punk pie, too.

But what is so offensive about Scion running a record label that puts out (nominally) punk records? Even the thorniest, most battle-hardened crust band would seem to book their tours and stream their music via Myspace, which I needn't say is owned by the abominable Rupert Murdoch. We listen to more and more music, supposedly downloaded in the spirit of a gift economy, on iPods and computers, whose mineral components buck the arms trade in war-torn countries like the Congo. But the container for these infinitely renewable resources (music, information) is so multiform, so discreet, so involving, all these attributes and more, that it simply vanishes in our hand. Apple's dominion over entertainment technology is an instance of a beneficent hegemony. If the major record label is soon to be extinct, it hardly matters, because more insidious monopolies will have arisen in place of this outmoded, boring institution.

Scion Records is willing to send you a grindcore record free of charge. This seems an unsustainable business model: as Toyota of all companies must know, the price of petroleum products is only going up. However, it works on the symbolic level because the physical copy of this record is but a congealing of the banal forces of production that enable all such cultural commodities to exist, digital or no. If it seems a cynical, absurd manipulation of an earnest band and fan base by a shrewd corporation, then we need to start thinking about real and not merely symbolic alternatives to the present order. The ultra-rarefied collector's market that is punk at present is one such merely symbolic victory over existing production, and has long since ceased to suffice.

—Cam

Hey MRR—

Thanks for telling it like it is with the Scion situation. True punk and hardcore must exist without corporate endorsements or it loses everything it stands for. Underground metal and bullshit "hardcore" like Hatebreed have different ideals that let them chase endorsements, but their message is a long way from punk. Considering Magrudergrind used their "free record" to rip off a compilation that came out 20 years ago, I really doubt they had anything original to contribute to the scene.

Cheers!

—Paul

PS Integrity's ironic name may make for good copy, but I don't understand why anyone would expect them to stand for anything but street teams and $50 sweatshirts after so many years on Victory.

PPS I do have to feel sorry for DRI. Those poor guys have been trying to sell out for 20 years, but no one's buying.

Hello MRR and fellow readers—

I saw the article as well as the letters about the Scion deal, and I felt that I might be able to shed some light for you because my band passed on a Scion offer.

I am an agent that works on sponsorships as well as tours, and I work for a number of bands. Some of them are very big groups, some of them are small groups, and many of them are in many different genres. They vary from punk to pop and all across the way. Some of them are in the top 100 Records in any major publication. Some of them are just getting moving.

I can't tell you my name because my responsibility is to be a strong advocate for my clients, and some of them are not concerned as to where the money comes from and some of them are very concerned as to where the money comes from. My responsibility is to advocate for my clients and to protect their interests, and not to politicize their decisions.

I would be more than happy, even proud, to have my words published in *MRR* (a magazine I read every month along with other publications ranging from the *Wall Street Journal* to *Adbusters* to *XXL* to *Mojo* and so on and so on) but my job is done best when I am perceived as not having a bias. Although I have done sponsorships with clients as far ranging as large fast food companies and oil companies and cell phone companies, I tend to see myself as a catalyst for the artist. I work for grown up adults who make decisions every day as to what to do with their career and beliefs and their monies—how they choose to spend it is up to them. It is my job to open doors and to give guidance.
I have also done my best to mitigate any sponsors' ability to affect my client or their audience in a disproportionate manner. It could be stated that by even accepting sponsorships for some of my clients, I have become a catalyst of the system and am part of the problem. So be it—my objective here is to help educate as to my experience with Scion.

Anyways, one of my groups was asked by a New York based marketing company to be part of one of their Scion concerts and was offered a very substantial amount of money (larger than any amount of money on the tour and more than the $6000 quoted for the Mummies). I submitted the offer to the artist, who was happy about the economics of the offer as well as timing and caliber of the artists involved. The offer said nothing about sponsorship whatsoever, and did not require artist to perform or do anything for Scion. It was just a concert offer, with no request for additional rights within said offer. So far, so good. We agree to move forward.

A couple of days later, the people from the concert hit me up with an additional four-page document, after we already agreed to do the show for the previously sent offer. This new offer had all sorts of corporate horseshit in it. (I'd be happy to attach it but I'm sure I would get sued). Rights to film the show, rights to use the recordings on any recording they wanted to anywhere in the world without paying royalties, rights to outsource the rights for footage and recordings to *ANY COMPANY THEY WANTED*, right to waive any claims on indemnity should Scion fuck up the performance or re-edit it anyway they deemed fit.

I sent the document to the client, telling them it was horseshit and we should pull the plug or seriously cut back what they wanted. After all, we were in the right since we confirmed the first offer. Client talks to their lawyer and then comes back to me, concurring. In order to move forward on the show, we had to say no and cut back on what the Scion people wanted. The Scion people wouldn't budge and then when I passed on the offer, threatened to write a stink piece about myself in Vice Magazine. (Apparently, the company who put together this event is affiliated with Vice, which was a drag for me since I like Vice Magazine a lot).

But fuck it, wrong is wrong, and you don't threaten people when business doesn't work out. Lucky for me, they wrote the threat in an email instead of a phone call. I got our lawyer involved, who wrote to their people, and I got a letter of apology from the promoter / author.

I guess the point that I wanted to bring up is that sponsorships are a delicate issue for bands as well as the audience that is reading this letter. It isn't something that is taken lightly, and many artists are careful as to what they do and what they don't do. It would have been a great opportunity, but in the end the corporate greed of the event was represented very clearly in how they handle their bands. I'm lucky to have an intelligent client who cares about these things, and who put a brake on it. I am OK with not getting the 10% on that large piece of money, and although I love the idea of cheap shows for people, I can't condone the experience that I had.

I would be happy to help answer questions from the perspective of someone inside the business, but again my profession forces me to remain anonymous, as many of my clients don't have a problem with sponsors. Many of them believe that people are smart enough to discern between the messages and logos that they see and differ between that and the substance that they provide on stage.

Thanks,
—Anonymous

Layla and Mariam—

You have made a bad decision in canceling PEOPs as a regular column to *MRR*. I also find your responses to FLY's letter in #335 insulting.

PEOPs is everything that is right for *MRR*. What FLY creates in one page of artwork and narrative goes way beyond what many of your interviews achieve in their use of many many pages. As we can all agree, PEOPs is a beautiful, well-written, inspiring, snapshot. I love the stories she pulls out of the "famous" individuals that have been PEOP'd but I more love the not-so-famous PEOP portraits. FLY brings out something uniquely interesting to share about their life, as she wrote in her letter "telling their stories, inspiring others to action and connecting them to like-minded people." She does EXACTLY that in the perfect one-page combination of an image and words.

Layla, you write "But to us as editors who want to maintain the magazine's radical tradition while continually finding new voices...it makes perfect sense...you have had a good long run..." and I find this disappointing to say the least. FLY's pieces are often some of the only real radical profiles in *MRR*. If I have correctly read your responses to FLY's letter, you are cutting the PEOP page simply because it has had a long-run, is well-known, and successful? That is not a reason I find acceptable. Why can't a PEOP page exist in addition to a lesser-known artist's work? Why are these two things mutually exclusive in *MRR*? Instead of cutting FLY out due to her success, why not celebrate it within the pages of *MRR*, collaborate with her and use her success to create PEOPs of individuals whose agenda *MRR* believes in and wants to share with readers.

I find it laughable that you run the announcement to cancel PEOPs in an *MRR* issue with a comic that is about a touring band smelling shit. So you think THAT makes more of a radical contribution to the magazine over one of FLY's inspiring pieces. Really? I would much rather read a PEOP anyday over some shit-humor comic of a DIY touring band.

Be smart. Please keep running PEOPs monthly.
With respectful disagreement,
Abbey

Hey Abbey—

While I understand your anger with our decision, it was our decision to make. Peops has run in the magazine for nearly ten years, and we wanted to open up that page to other writers and artists. Some of those will reflect the more radical side of the magazine and DIY punk rock, some won't. There will be a different one each month in fact. Fly will continue to have her work in the magazine, and on the website, just not as frequently. We think her work has its place in the punk landscape, and we respect and value what Fly has contributed to the magazine, but she is not the ONLY radical artist that exists in the context of punk rock that we operate in. MRR *is an international punk magazine. We cover all different voices, from all over the globe. That is our focus. "Success" is not something we factor into our decision making process, and punk rock should not become static and fixed, with only prominent people getting recognition for their work—it's a DIY culture made by punks for punks—this is a mandate we take seriously as editors of this magazine. Our content is sent in by our readership, and we want the magazine to reflect that readership as time goes on.*

We work within the parameters of MRR *to a certain extent, some things are fixed by the wishes of Tim Yohannon, but the content is not static and is guided by the coordinators, currently two radical feminists. Fly has had a good decade long run, and we want different voices in the magazine. I am sorry we angered you with that decision, but Fly is a professionally published author so her work is easily available if you seek it out. We cover bands that are underground, that aren't established that are working under difficult conditions as well as well known hardcore bands, that's the way the magazine works. We want the art to reflect that reality too.*

I do not mean to dismiss your concerns, and I understand your frustraton—if you think the magazine doesn't reflect the things you value in punk why not do something for it? When I started coordinating MRR *part of the reason I did is that I did not feel totally represented by it. Remember* MRR *is a volunteer run magazine, right down to the editors.*

—Layla

Abbey—

Thanks for you letter. I am glad that you find PEOPs inspirational. I myself really like Fly's comic works best, along with some of the great stories in PEOPs. While we did discontinue PEOPs, Fly is more than welcome to have a space on the website as well as the magazine. With that said, I will have to respectfully call bullshit on your opinion about PEOPS being the only radical content in the magazine. I didn't realize those interviews, columns and articles about and by punks of color, punk women, LGBTQ punks, and other people marginalized by class, gender politics, and cultures were frivolous. This is my big beef with general "activist" punks who silence the people they are trying to "serve" because the transmission of ideas is not within their guidelines or, dare I say, beyond their comprehension.

You may very well be a wonderful person and an amazing activist that helps your community. Someone who greatly contributes to your surroundings, but your letter is obnoxious and rude. I sincerely hope that you do not speak to those involved in whatever organizations you belong to in this sort of condescending tone. It's counterproductive and damaging to people who may not have the self-confidence to speak up for themselves. People who have been silenced. Luckily this is not the case here...

If you think you are speaking to two dull-witted infantile punks who have some first world neo liberal chain around their necks tugging them in the direction to make punk a big fucking joke, well the joke is on you. I will take DIY touring band shit humor over the rants of anyone waving a pamphlet in my face telling me that I am not radical enough because Layla and I made an editorial decision for MRR *that they don't agree with. This is a punk magazine that reflects what is happening in punk with room for* anyone *to contribute. Whether we agree or not with some of the opinions expressed, we include many points of view to try to stay true to that spirit. You want radical? Let me show you what it looks like, because of the many faces that make up this magazine, mine is not one that takes insults to my experience or other marginalized people lightly, especially in reference to our work.*

One Love,
—Mariam

Hi Mariam—

Just read your column (in #336) and checked out the You Tube links. As a guy who got started in Punk back on the mid '80s in a scene that was far too violent for my tastes (I lived through a lot of violence at home as a kid) it makes me sick that so much time has passed, and "the scene" hasn't changed much. Certainly, I wasn't the person I am now, and I have acted in ways that were not thoughtful, unenlightened, intelligent or ethical. However, I can say that I never saw something as hideous as what Ben Weasel did, much less did myself.

I pretty well always have abhorred violence as its effects on me still last to this day.Though not much of a punk anymore (being the old guy at shows is a funny experience!) my having gained a degree in social work, and working in the field I can say that I regularly encounter a lot of the messed-up stuff that punk dealt with lyrically and through what I thought was a general aesthetic which automatically questioned power. I guess I'm still a bit of a dreamer and still naive, though I'll be turning 40 next month. I never listened to Screeching Weasel, so I can at least say that I wasn't flabbergasted as I would've been had it been someone whose music I listened to and loved as kid did that.

I know that punk is so much better than some past their relevance idiot acting out their version of being "tough", "cool" or whatever word is used to describe behavior that is unforgivable. I remember seeing Oi Polloi when they came to the USA, and even though Deke spoke out against macho dancing, people just didn't get it! I do remember being asked by a gal if I would stand behind her in the pit to keep her from getting smashed into. I'm a big guy, and I got to help out a punk sister (who at another time called me out on racist language) who just wanted to check out a great band! Now *that* was punk!

I'll quit wasting your time, 'cause I'm sure you get a lot of e-mails. I just want you to know that your column opened my eyes and made me sad for punk. It *is* a youth-driven music and culture, and its sad to see some damned jerk who needs to leave the stage getting cheered on by a club full of jerks. Punk will only be what it can be when the participants are educated in being decent folks who understand that the paradigms that punk had no use for are finally a piece of history, burned, tossed out, made useless except for keeping knowledge of to make sure punk don't lose its soul, move backwards to what it presently is.peace to you and those like you in positions where we might make our community a better place. May you be a peacemaker and a tastemaker!

—Some guy named Chris

Thank you for you letter and actually checking out the facts. You seem like a stand up guy and I don't think wanting more from people is naïve. I guess it's only naïve if you expect it.

—Mariam

Mariam and Layla—

I wanted to give you an update on the whole plan to send cassettes for free to prisoners. *Fail*! Even though I met all the cassette requirements specified, each state's correctional facility has a vendor list which, if you are not on it, you cannot send cassettes or any other packages to prisoners. The California system only has about six vendors on this list to include the NY-based distributor reference in the letter, which prompted this effort. Apparently the owner of that company is a millionaire now and, given the fact he is charging $30-$40 per cassette, it is no wonder. Still, I have gotten several requests from prisoners for my mail order catalog as well as several people buying the cassettes for $2 so it's all good!

Thanks for all of your support,

—Jim Unrepentant records

Hey Jim! What a fucking scam. That's really unfortunate that your tapes were rejected based on a vendor list…just another way to rip people off who don't have a bunch of cash and can only buy from some corporation due to being locked up. So much for the Free Market... That's sad. We both really commend your efforts and it sucks that goodwill is once against thwarted by thirst for profit. Regardless, I am sure that it will not stop you from doing what you think is right or fair. Up the Punks.

—Mariam

Dear Layla Gibbon—

I always wondered. How do you ride your bike to a show? Aren't you worried about the gangster? Thieves? Druggies? and how do crusties take vacation trips to Europe ? I work forty plus hours a week and I can't even leave my parents garage or drive a car.

—Omar

Que?

—Mariam

Dear MRR—

I've been in the underground music scene since I was about fourteen years old, I'm 25 now, I picked up your magazine for the first time yesterday. Which is kinda funny, I don't recall ever seeing it anywhere in the FL or NC music scene be it shows or book stores and I find it in the most culturally deprived city in south Florida. Anyway, I was curious on if you had done any articles on the east coast rockabilly/psychobilly scene or of the FL underground in general. I've been in countless bands and started setting up shows for more prominent underground bands such as the Business, the Chop Tops, Koffin Kats, Anti-Seen and the list continues. I lived in NC for the last four years, they have a killer billy scene and FL has an awesome array of underground bands with punk/DIY attitudes. I guess I'm just desperate to continue to be involved in the underground scene seeing how I went from being able to go a show every night to struggling to find like-minded people in the town I've moved to. Any info you can provide in the stated above question would help me dearly. Thanks for the work on this zine, still shocked I haven't found it sooner.

—Scotty Crow
Promoter
rockincrow@gmail.com

That's too bad about your scene slowing down. It happens every so often, but I am willing to bet there will be resurgence, as there usually is. MRR doesn't cover rockabilly/psychobilly, but there are plenty of zines that do. I hope you find what you are looking for, even if it's not exactly within these pages. Thanks for picking up the magazine and Good Luck!

—Mariam

Dear MRR—

I didn't know where exactly to send this e-mail, so I will use this web form. Back in 1987, *MRR* released "Underground out of Poland"—an album by the Polish punk group Dezerter, essentially a compilation of recordings from various sources.

Joe Shithead met the band in 1985 during DOA's European tour. He took what the band gave him and went back home to look for labels to release the stuff on. Finally, *MRR* did that in 1987.

I had the awesome pleasure to ask Joe about his involvement in this during one of DOA's shows in Calgary. He told me that whatever materials Dezerter gave him for his trip back home, they are held at *MRR*'s offices in San Francisco.

So here is my question. Is there any chance of retrieving the materials given to Joe Shithead by Dezerter? The band's story is that they gave Joe some graphic designs for the cover (and the title was supposed to be "Greatest Shits") and tapes. But, Joe said that he only got the tapes and the title was changed to "Underground out of Poland", because, apparently, "Greatest Shits was kind of a DOA thing."

Who can I contact to get any help on this matter?

Thanks in advance,
Best regards,
—Chris Pankiewicz
Calgary, AB, Canada

Unfortunately, MRR does not have these tapes. If anyone out there has any information about this, please let us know.

—Mariam

Dear MRR—

Christian Punk? Are you kidding me?! These are two words that should never be combined. Punk is all about rebelling against established power and questioning Authority. Period. Christianity is the biggest load of shit to come down the crap pipe ever. The majority of Christians have never bothered to investigate what they have been told and follow blindly; they even call themselves "sheep." All anyone has to do to see that Christianity, and religion as a whole, is nothing more that a business is do a simple investigation. A good starting point for this is the documentary *The God that was not There* (which is actually mis-titled as it deals with the myth of Jesus—not God). A cross reference of details mentioned in this DVD (which can also be viewed on youtube) at the local library will back up the facts. Furthermore to open up another "can of worms" that supports the facts one and do a google search of "Sumerian Gods" and see that a lot of the old testament stories in the "Buy-Bull" originated from the ancient Sumerians. And when I say "can of worms," I do mean an entire stadium of information based on facts that leads up to the present day amateur astronomers sighting the planet/constellation Niburu, which is due in our "backyard" in May 2011 and predicted to be seen as a second sun in the sky y all mankind. Brace for shock people!

So punk Rock has been hi-jacked by a bunch of silly Christian sheep. I call bullshit and expose if for what it is— bullshit! The facts back this up, but it's a free cuntry and if you want to blindly follow then have at it. Baaaaaa.

—Mark Scott
Nuclear Fucking Skill
Las Vegas, NV

Dear Mark—

Your name is my favorite book of the Gospels. Thou art blessed, but I digress... My child, you are so misguided. If you had done some further research you would realize that Jesus is Lord! I pray for your salvation. Hast thou not realized that on the eighth day the lord invented the joke that cometh in April. It's a joke, Dipshit.

If you would have bothered to look through the magazine then you would know what's up. Thanks for all the Christianity facts, being a person who studies religion and theology, I appreciate that you took the time to support your facts, but next time take your own advice and do some research before you jump to conclusions. Either way, your impassioned response is much appreciated! We actually had to refund some Christian punks who ordered this with the same assumption as you, hahah! Hallelujah! Baaaa!

—Mariam

Dear MRR—

My brother-in-law just gave me his old "Rolling Stone" because he thought I would like to read the article in it about the Clash. Okay, that was nice and the Clash were a great band and all, but that magazine about made me sick. Thank you for all your hard work keeping *MRR* going. What a sick world this would be with out your perspective. That's it, Thanks.

—Robert Shroyer

Yeah, I love those well meaning near misses. Like the time my neighbor gave me some a pair of socks with the word "punk" all over them for my 30th birthday. Weird. Thanks to you, Robert! We appreciate the kind words and your support.

—Mariam

Dear MRR—

Hey seriously—is the letter and thing about Fly's PEOP's being discontinued just an April fools joke? I really hope so. I got really upset about that. Then I realized that *MRR* always pulls an awesome one for the April issue. I really hope that is what this is.

—Chris Boarts Larson

Hey Chris. Yes it's true that we have discontinued PEOPs as a regular part of the printed magazine every month. We still invite Fly to contribute PEOPS and her other works to the magazine and to the website when ever she would like. I respect your opinion and that you and others will miss PEOPs, but we have made the decision after much discussion and we stand by it. Thanks for your letter.

—Mariam

Dear MRR—

Dagnabit, you should encourage more bands to play in Honolulu or at the pipeline. Hawaii gets shits for amazing bands from the mainland. Bad Religion came to pipeline last year for over $40 a ticket, are you serious? We have the highest cost of living and yet are still going by federal minimum wage. Just want to go to a show without spending my whole paycheck!

—Anonymous

Dear MRR—

Felix Havoc's article in the April issue correctly explains the nature of the political upheavals in North Africa and the Middle East. Felix is right that the revolutions in Tunisia and Egypt have yet to disintegrate the rotten bureaucracy of the old regimes, let alone overthrow the existing class structure. Felix fails to mention, however, that the only social force capable of carrying out this necessary transformation is the working class of those countries, and that this possibility exists right now.

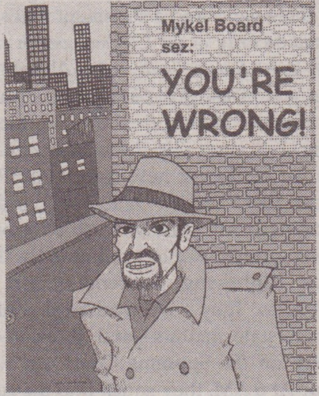
The revolution in Egypt, though initially led by students and professionals, was prepared by years of wildcat strikes by Egyptian workers. In the end, it was when the mass of workers in Cairo, Alexandria, and Suez broke from their government controlled unions and went on strike that forced Mubarak out. As of today (3/25) the Military Government has decreed a ban on strikes and protests, in response to constant action and organization on the part of proletariat. The workers and Egypt are raising economic demands, and linking them to the broader struggle for "democracy." We all know that the military, flushed with US cash, will not and cannot deliver these reforms. We also know that since the new Egyptian constitution was created by a committee handpicked by the military that the ruling class is not prepared to make any major concessions. This will have the tendency of sharpening the relatively moderate demands into calls for real systemic change. In short, the Egyptian proletariat has a chance to play a true independent role. Felix, as a student of the Russian Revolution, should know that revolutions are not confined to the limits of their earliest stages.

—Sean Ecoli/Migraine

Please keep in mind, that the material I submit for these pages, is well out of date by the time it reaches your mail box. There is no doubt in my mind that it was the beginnings of a general strike movement that brought down the Mubarak regime. History has shown that protestors occupying a central square can easily be crushed or sidelined as they were in China or Ukraine. However, the masses of working people dropping tools and taking to the streets is a fundamental challenge to the power relationship in a country and forces the elite to either make concessions or face removal. The media prefers to cast these "revolutions" as a middle class/intellectual affair fueled by social media and western technology. They also prefer to focus on a "big brother" type figure as a symbol of the elite. Experience has shown that the main concern of the western financial and business classes (who control the media) is to have a stable climate for business and the continuation of neoliberal reforms. In this sense any of these so called revolutions it typically marked by a face saving reshuffle at the top of the system but elite continuity throughout the bureaucracy and the system at large. To put this in terms most would understand it's a case of "meet the new boss, same as the old boss". To my mind the workers should have stayed out on strike and pressed for more far reaching social change. If they had been able to win over the rank and file of the armed forces it would have been possible to overthrow the existing system and restructure and socio economic relations of the country. That the situation was defused by a cabinet reshuffle means that many will continue to be disillusioned with the slow pace of change and the incomplete nature of the revolution. One can only hope that the frustration builds across the Middle East and more far reaching attempts at social reconstruction are made.

—Felix

COLUMNS



[This is the last column of my recent Mexican adventure. There will be probably be more on my travel blog. You can read it at: mykelsdiary.blogspot.com/]

"There is hardly anyone whose sexual life, if it were broadcast, would not fill the world at large with surprise and horror."—W. Somerset Maugham

"The very core of a man's living spirit is his passion for adventure." —Christopher McCandliss

I'm not like other people. I love to watch naked—or near naked—people gyrate on stage, I love to poke my dollar in a bikini string, I love to stare at the flash of gash, a quiver of quim, or a dollop of dick. I love to watch naked nipples, and the pulsing spiral of an exposed anus. Yes, in that way I'm normal. But, I cannot get off on a lap dance. It's my curse.

No matter what the gender, age, endowment. No matter how hard or light the pressure. No matter if it's frontwards or backwards. No matter nothing. Rubbing my stiffened stub from outside my clothes will not give me an orgasm. It may even unstiff the stiffness.

Now: I'm in Guau Guau, a titty bar in Aqua Prieta, right over the border from Douglas Arizona. In one hand is a beer from my 180-peso-a-bucket special. In the other hand is a single dollar bill.

AP is one of those cities that the US government issues warnings about. One of those places where headless bodies turn up on Main Street. Where the local drug cartels run the drugs, the restaurants, the shops, and the government. One of those places where the U.S. State Department says DON'T GO:

Since 2006, the Mexican government has engaged in an extensive effort to combat drug-trafficking organizations (DTOs). DTOs have erected unauthorized checkpoints, and killed motorists who have not stopped at them. According to published reports, 22,700 people have been killed in narcotics-related violence since 2006.

Yow! Here I am!

At the end of the town's main street is a single mountain with an ominously cup-shaped top.

"My family told me it was a volcano," says Gilberto. "Now, I don't think so... but you never know."

You've already met some of the characters in this story. There's Gilberto, my best Mexican pal and organizer of this trip. It's for his birthday party that I find myself in this town.

There's Barichu, aka the Mexican GG Allin. He's been arrested by the police more times than I've paid for sex. That's a lot. When he went after the cops waving a plastic gun, they broke his nose. Newspaper headlines were (in translation): *Drugs or Satan? What's behind the bizarre attack?*

Barichu' hobby is mashing up dried dog shit... and snorting it.

Then there's Ingrid, Gilberto's roommate in Boston. She's a pretty perky blonde with skin so pale you can almost see through it. Her visit to Aqua Prieta engenders erection impeded walking from every male between the ages of puberty and final decay. With me, she always talks about her BOYFRIEND back in Boston. For some reason, whenever I meet attractive people, they *all* immediately talk about their BOYFRIENDS... always in capital letters. Ingrid won't let me use her real name, so she gets *Ingrid,* for the blond hair and general sexiness.

But the real star of this story is Agua Prieta itself. A wry place with a sense of humor lurking on every corner. The local convenience store is *Walmarcito.* It's just down the street from the fast food joint, *Burger Queen.*

You won't want to eat there, though. Because Gilberto's uncle has "the biggest non-cartel restaurant in town." I suggest you go there and try the cow-udder tacos. You won't find them at Taco Bell.

Ingrid is in town for the birthday party. It's a wonderful affair hosted by Gilberto's aunt and uncle, with a ton of kids, grand-dads, relatives, friends of every gender, age, and description. Ingrid, with her blonde hair, thin body, and gringa good looks, stands out like a beard at a lesbian bar.

She and Barichu hit it off pretty well. The only two smokers in the place, they have that special camaraderie that pushes social outcasts together in the most unlikely combinations. Like homos in a small town in Alabama.

Then there's Guau Guau, the strip club. Beautiful girls who give you a kiss when they pick up the dollar you leave on the stage.

Yeah, they bug you for lap dances. Walking around after their set, putting their hands on your thigh, asking if you want *a private dance.* It is a strip club, after all.

"I'll buy you one, Mykel," says Gilberto. "You should do it."

"No thanks," I tell him, not going into detail about my personal... er... impairment. "I just like to watch."

He goes off with one of the more attractive strippers. I keep feeding dollars to the girls on the stage. Each kisses me on the cheek after I slip a bill under an elastic band, near the good part.

In my 71 years, I must've gone to a hundred strip bars... but up 'til now, I've never been to one where the strippers kiss the patrons for tipping them.

The next day, I come back with Gilberto, Barichu, and Ingrid. It's great enough to meet a girl who likes a guy like Barichu. But it's even greater to meet a girl who likes *strip clubs*! In the '70s, even girls who *worked* in strip clubs didn't like them. Ah, change is not *all* negative.

One of Gilberto's friends gets us in for free. We huddle around the stage, nose-close to the dancers. Ingrid lays those dollar bills down almost as fast as I do. She gets a flash for each one, and a nice peck on the cheek.

Gilberto brings one of the best strippers, tall, curvy in the special way that Latinas do curves. You know, ass-not-hips. Skin, the color of cinnamon. Breasts like twin Mount Fujis. Makes *me* want to erupt.

Gilberto speaks to Ingrid in English. "Hey Ingrid," he says. "You want a lap dance? This one's the best. I'll buy you one."

I laugh.

Ingrid doesn't.

"Sure," she says.

By the time I close my gaping jaw, she and the Chicana walk off to the back. Brown and white, like a peanut butter sandwich made in heaven.

In twenty minutes Ingrid's back. Her face glows in the soft light of the club.

"They were watching me, Mykel," she says. "All those bodyguards and bouncers. Back there... it's like an office...with cubicles...she sat on my lap and we were surrounded, these guys... those guys with no necks who work here...they came around to watch...you could see them jiggling themselves...their hands in their pockets."

"*You* should have charged *them,*" I tell her.

By this time, another Mexican beauty is on stage. This one darker and lither than the first. Like a sexy snake, she slithers full length across the stage, crawling on her arms and legs to the edge. Her petite but proud breasts just touch the wood. She slides right in front of Ingrid and reaches down.

She grabs both of Ingrid's arms and pulls her on stage. But our Ingrid isn't dancing. At least not in the normal sense of the word. She's lying on her back. The stripper is over her. Rubbing her brown body against the white girl.

Then the dancer reaches down. She pulls Ingrid's sweater up, over her head. In the soft light, Ingrid's breasts, as perky as her personality, sparkle bright and white.

I reach between my legs to make myself more comfortable.

Gently, the dancer takes one, then the other nipple in her mouth. Looking at the men in the audience, I can see sympathetic tongue movements on each of them. We're in this together.

Together we lick those nipples. We lick each and then lick down to a place between them. We lick in a line from breast to navel, back to breast. We lick downward again. We press our collective chins against her individual crotch and keep licking. We're collectively disappointed when Ingrid keeps her pants on. We're collectively inspired when she licks back at the woman on top of her. We become Ingrid as she takes those brown mounds into her hands.

All too soon, it's over. All too soon, we let go of our breath and applaud our collective appreciation. Ingrid puts her sweater back on and climbs down from the stage.

"Wow!" I say.

She smiles and we (Ingrid, Barichu, Gilberto, and I) walk out to the car.

"I'm sorry you had to see my breasts," she says.

"I'm 70 years old," I tell her, "I've done more than people twice my age would have done if they lived that old. I've eaten Piranha in Peru, had sex under a Mongolian staircase, been in a threesome with one girl in Thailand, been kidnapped in Albania, but never in my life before has someone said to me *I'm sorry you had to see my breasts."*

She smiles.

"Please don't be sorry," I tell her. "I sure as shit am not."

We got back to Gilberto's Tio's place where the party is still going on.

"Mykel," asks Gilberto's Tia, "¿Mykel, porque andas todo pintarrajeado??"

Whoops. I forgot about that.

I wash my face as best I can. The various shades of lipstick on my cheek meld into one another, but never completely disappear.

We drink some more, eat some more, and somehow Gilberto ends up in bed with Ingrid. I sleep with Barichu.

FLASH AHEAD: It's Arizona. Ingrid wants to see the Grand Canyon. That's what you do in Arizona. I don't want to give the state any of my money, and I certainly don't want to do any tourist shit. But I'm out-voted and Gilberto has the car. So it's to Grand Canyon we go.

We pay $20 to park, then go to the guest house and souvenir shop. I can buy a Grand Canyon Collector Plate, a Grand Canyon Ceramic Cup, or a Grand Canyon Refrigerator Magnet. I don't.

The gift shop is in a rustic-looking shed. Log cabin-ish, though there aren't many logs in this area. One wall is Plexiglas. It overlooks the canyon.

A crowd of tourists presses against the glass, oooowing and ahhing. Being 5'3" tall, I decide not to compete with them, and walk outside for a direct look. I look. It's a hole in the ground. A big hole... and that's it.

Twenty dollars for a hole? I've paid that in Thailand and the DR, but in those cases I got a hole I really enjoyed!

Sometime ago...in the Wild West...some Indian stumbled on this place and said, "let's sucker the gringos. Tell 'em it's special. A really big hole. The rube's be lining up to buy fridge magnets. Those white folks. They can't tell their ass from a hole in the ground."

I don't take one picture. I don't even stay and look. I head for the car and let Ingrid and Gilberto ooooh and aaahhh.

For me? Aqua Prieta was more ooooh and aaaah than the Grand Canyon will ever be. Walmarcito, Burger Queen, the volcano at the end of the street, that's worth some oooohs and aaaahhs. Ingrid's own twin peaks, the lipstick all over my face, Gilberto's birthday party, that's what I'll remember from this trip. I can tell an ass from a hole in the ground. I'll take the ass any day.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

The Tea Party is concerned about the debt dept: OK, instead of taking the cash from poor folks on welfare or immigrants seeking a better life, how 'bout taking it from the pals of GWB? The BBC reports that more than $9 billion given to Bush's buddies in Iraq has gone missing. Stuart Bowen is the special inspector general for Iraq reconstruction. His task is to follow the paper trail—and after more than 100 investigations—his work tells a story of waste and mismanagement. Bowen says billions of dollars were shrink-wrapped in plastic and flown out of the US to Baghdad.

Sometimes you forget that Florida is the South dept: The *Dove World Outreach Center* in Gainesville Florida has pastor Terry Jones. Jones is the author of the recently released book *Islam Is of the Devil*. He was also the proud displayer of a sign—on church property—against the city's gay mayor. "No Homo Mayor" says the sign. I say they missed the important question: Is he white?

Obama's an improvement? dept: From *The LA Times*: The Democratic administration of Barack Obama, who denounced his predecessor George W. Bush, as "the most secretive administration in history," is now denying more Freedom of Information Act requests than the Republicans did.

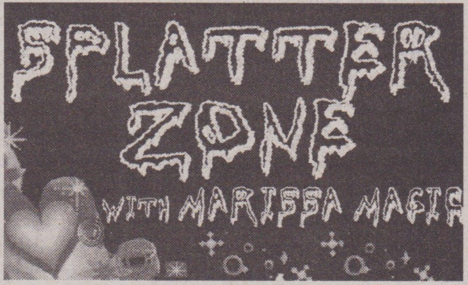
Time to turn inward dept: Dean Allen, a Republican candidate for Adjutant General (whatever that is) held a "machine gun social" to raise funds. For a $25 donation, supporters got a barbecue and a chance to fire the machine gun of their choice. Too bad they didn't aim in a different direction.

Dying (or killing) for a job dept: Senior Pentagon official, Curtis Gilroy, said that a 10 percent increase in the national unemployment rate becomes a 4 to 6 percent increase in military recruitment. Last year, the Pentagon announced that it has met all of its annual recruiting goals for the first time in 35 years.

Sounds like a Christian Scientist with appendicitis dept: A 2006 Kentucky state law created *The Kentucky Office of Homeland Security*. It requires the state to post a plaque at the entrance to the Emergency Operations Center. The plaque contains a Bible verse and a statement that says: *The safety and security of the Commonwealth cannot be achieved apart from reliance upon Almighty God.* I ask: can you please post God's phone number so I can call directly next time a plane flies into a building? I'd rather skip the middleman.

God on the ass dept: It now comes out: Rev. Rob Schenck, Rev. Patrick Mahoney, and Grace Nwachukwu, all members of religious-right Christian groups, wanted to influence the hearings on Rightwing Supreme Court Justice Samuel Alito. They were worried that his views on church-state matters—and abortion—would keep him off the Supreme Court. So, what did they do? At 6 AM, they snuck into the confirmation hearing room and "anointed all the chairs with holy oil." Thus they brought God to the (back) side of Alito. He was accepted to the court. Speaking of God, my pal Kyle send me the following with the note "The gospel according to GG Allin?" This may just be my favorite bible quote: *Hath my master sent me to thy master and to thee to speak these words? Hath he not sent me to the men that sit upon the wall, that they may eat their own dung, and drink their own piss with you?* Isaiah 36:12 It's true! Check it out in your own bible!

Punk Rock dept: Gilberto asked me not to forget to mention a few of the notorious Aqua Prieta punk bands: *Los Ke Siquen HC* (that's the way he spelled it!), *Pinakates* (Barichu's band), and *The Yerlekererem*, a heavy metal band turned punk "cuz it's easier to play."



Semantics

I was playing a show at this crust house called 5^{th} dimension in Tacoma and this band Hail Seizures introduced a song by referencing the recent discussions about certain people participating in the corporate advertising hijinks of a certain car company. They repeated the name of said car company over and over and over again. It got me thinking about semantics, something which I don't really believe in, like I don't think it's real radical or a step towards the death of the patriarchy to spell women with a Y, ya know? So I was standing there listening to this band repeating this brand name over and over and all of the sudden it struck me as odd. To be repeating this car companies name over and over again seemed wrong, and then I was thinking about the amount of times that that brand name has appeared on these very pages and realizing the amount of repetition, it seems like a misstep.

I read this article once about outsider artists participating in corporate advertisements. The article was kind of an overview of a bunch of different things but one thing it focused on was a brand of pain relievers that put out a free compilation CD. The marketing department for that brand of pain relievers was not necessarily trying to sell pain pills to punks but more just trying to be a brand name that came up in conversations that punks were having. It is more of a way to spark that free advertising of their name being repeated over and over again in casual talk rather than an actual attempt at the spiking of sales figures.

See, this car company, they're not just like, suddenly being cool or just suddenly such huge fans of yr band that they really just want to help you out. They want to insert their brand name into your lifestyle. If their brand name becomes part of your lexicon that means their brand is part of yr lifestyle (to whatever miniscule degree), and in turn any Norm Storm can buy a chunk of that lifestyle. We can look at it and chuckle at the sad square for thinking that they're a cool hip dude or suddenly part of a subculture because they bought a car that all those garage rockers seem to rally around, but really the sad square is buying that little safe chunk of rebellion for themselves and the car company is laughing all the way to the bank. Beyond that punks are coughing up all their personal information to some corporate gigantore in order to gain admission to the free garage fest the car company is putting on and all yr friends bands are playing and the bands thinking they're pulling a fast one and ripping off this car company cuz they'll never buy one of those cars but really bands are getting paid the corporate version of quarters lost in the fucking couch. They don't give a fuck whether or not you buy one of their cars. By associating yr cool, underground, dangerous band name with their brand name they already got what they fucking wanted.

Recently I saw that the raw punx of LA have started selling a radical "fuck you" of a button calling out the above mentioned car company and the kids who are willing to help them out with their advertising. While I like the idea of this pin the actual execution is faulty, it uses the fucking car logo for chrissakes. It's like wearing the shirt of a band that you fucking hate. The pin is saying fuck you but it's still got the logo. That car company won again through that very fuck you because they got their logo onto a punk. Any publicity is good publicity, right?

Somebody wrote *MRR* to call out Mariam for calling out bands that participated in corporate advertising, saying that a punk is never going to buy one of those cars anyways. Well…that's not the point. The car company's point is to associate their brand name with that cool underground culture known as garage rock so yuppies can try to obtain the tiniest waft of street cred by buying one of those cars that garage rockers talk about. The point is to get us talking about their cars, to get us to repeat their brand name over and over again, to get free advertising spouting from the mouths of punks.

My point is that we should stop fucking repeating it. I don't mean stop talking about these things, or to cease questioning people who participate in these festival-length real-live-car-commercials, but we should stop calling it by the brand name. Don't give them a free ride into the lexicon and don't be a fucking billboard. Right?

MINDLESS CONTENTMENT

WITH CHUCK BARRELS

While poring over box scores this morning as I ate breakfast (eggs over easy, bacon, English muffin, home fries), I felt as if all was right in the world. Old man winter is finally leaving town after a few false starts, the NHL playoffs are underway (*Go Sabres*) and we're a dozen or so games deep into hardball season. The best time of year is upon us, and things seem to be going as planned. Josh Hamilton is on the IR, the Mariners line-up is so bad I could be batting clean-up for them, Cliff Lee has already thrown a shutout and The Almighty Tribe are tearing up the AL Central. I'm certainly dismayed by the Manny Ramirez situation, but hey, it's just Manny being Manny folks! It just feels good to be in the thick of it and knowing there's a long summer ahead. And speaking of summer, what would these warm summer months be without some warm summer jams? Let's talk…

I've often theorized about the overlap between "garage" and "hardcore" and where the two genres mix. Some people don't like any chocolate in their peanut butter, but I have to say I enjoy a little mixing. And I think there's an interesting crop of kids in bands coming along today whose musical stylings are as equally influenced by the Crypt Records catalog as they are POISON IDEA or BLACK FLAG. THE OBLIVIANS, GORIES and other heavies of the '90s garage boom have left a legacy that transcends genre just as much classic hardcore these days. The current generation is as likely to own records by the REATARDS as well as INFEST and are totally okay with it. I know many HC purists (i.e. old fogies) cringe when garage-blah-blah gets mentioned as a genre of any merit and elicits thoughts of leather-jacketed Fonzies as much as your crusty garage-turkey gets belligerent at the thought of SXE hardcore being deemed actual music. But kids these days aren't as bound to genre ghettos as things once were. Hey, it's all punk anyway, ain't it? I mention all of this for discussion about North Carolina's BRAIN F= (nee BRAIN FLANNEL), a bunch who I think typify this "new wave" of punk I'm pretty much making up as I go along here. Brain F= are kids with roots in hardcore bands (LOGIC PROBLEM, GRIDS) and scenes (the whole Mid-Atlantic thing centered around labels like Sorry State, No Way and Grave Mistake) that have incorporated garage-ier sounds without trepidation. Their music owes as much to say, ZERO BOYS as it does TEENGENERATE, and they retain much of the spunk of the 'core whilst rolling in some of the anti-fidelic rock influence of ye olde garage-punk. It makes for a refreshing blend, much like the cool flavor of a delicious Newport cigarette. They have a pair of singles currently prowling the bins, one on the aforementioned Grave Mistake label and another on Great Britain's Static Shock imprint, perhaps as some sort of foreign exchange program with HYGIENE, whom we will discuss on their own in a minute. Both of these 7"es are well worth a few bucks, frantic and modern sounding punk rock with mixed gender vocals, speedy tempos, punk smash, drum mash and all that good stuff. "Restraining Order" is their "hit," but all four songs spread across these slabs are certainly tasty. There's an LP in the works as we speak, get in on the ground floor. (www.gravemistakerecords.com)

HYGIENE: it's more than something for crust-punks to ignore these days, as these four young blokes from Old Blighty have been steadily delivering some hard-to-acquire and easy-to-listen-to singles for the better part of a year now. They've graduated to the full length format alongside their comrades in THE PHEROMOANS with the release of "Public Sector" on the always impeccable La Vida Es Un Mus imprint. Stark, throbbing and somewhat minimalist punk rock that has garnered the wonderful descriptor "post-pub crawl" from a journalist more clever than myself. Reminds me of a garage-y and gangly WIRE or ALTERNATIVE TV, and UK-DIY in the way a bunch of kids who have never even heard a Messthetics comp might interpret that genre. They do owe a few quid to Anglo contemporaries like BLACK TIME and SHITTY LIMITS in equally shambolic and punk ways as well, and are certainly living more on the factory man's terrace than exhibiting overt art-school tendencies. No fancy britches on these lads, just workboots and ennui as fashion accessories here. Ten tracks of exceptionally smart (in more ways than one) punk rock for these modern black and white times. (www.lavidaesunmus.com)

There's a band called RALPH from Atlanta who've released a seven-inch single that's been tearing my turntable a new arsehole this week. Going back to my hardcorexgarage rambling from a couple paragraphs past, these kids infuse LOLI & THE CHONES high-velocity slop with the drummer from JERRY'S KIDS and make up some snotty blazers with burly bass lines and stun-guitar rides. "Destroy The Church" is what the MUMMIES could have sounded like if they were aping RUDIMENTARY PENI instead of the SONICS. That's a tall glass of water I just poured there, I know, but I gotta get yer attention, right? It's a real ball-buster, a blistering blend of hardcore and hooks that's both sleazy and sloppy in all the right ways. "Cheap Not Mysterious" sez the sleeve, and if you get what they're saying, you should be quite pleased. 300 copies only, buy multiples just to be safe. (scavengerofdeathrecords.blogspot.com)

Sometimes I think I've become so jaded that I need a band to be just so horribly sloppy and poorly recorded just to get my attention anymore. WHITE LOAD must have been reading my mind (or this column) as they've delivered one of the worst pieces of garbage I've heard in years, and I couldn't be more pleased. Eschewing the whole "band improves with each release" schematic most groups logically follow, they've actually got worse on every record, and they've made it work. Because in getting worse, they've actually got better. What? This EP is called "Fuck Jams" and man do they fuck. As close as I've heard an American outfit come to sounding like those Mexican monoliths INSERVIBLES. The title cut simply wanders around the concept of a song and it's a righteous blow-out, recorded live in Providence to a crowd of what sounds like a dozen people. On Side B they actually play a song that someone else must have written for them because it seems to have an actual chorus/verse structure. For only the most obese gluttons for punishment. Buy the "Japanese Tour Edition" if you're feeling particularly lard-assed. (flyingrodentfecalmatter.blogspot.com)

COOL SPLIT/LOCAL RELEASE DEPT.: I'm throwing my homer hat in the ring once more for a couple regional acts I know and love, namely BROWN SUGAR and MAYDAY, who unite on this long-awaited split release. The Shug return to vinyl with a batch of tracks that have been percolating for some time, and which show off what a fine-tuned punk band they're becoming despite themselves. Their side will really have you wondering whether they stole their name from THE STONES or H-100s. MAYDAY are part of the modern surf-punk vanguard that includes outfits like NIGHT BIRDS, INSUBORDINATES and MOONHEARTS and invest their two songs here with equal amounts of DICK DALE and creepy crawl. "In It To Win It" is like a Rust Belt "Misirlou." Beautiful stuff for hanging ten or twelve on the shores of Lake Erie. You buy now. (www.feralkidrecords.com)

COOL REISSUE DEPT.: Feral Kid Records has unleashed a lost-punk nugget from King City, CA's DEATH TRAP, which is as fine an example of Cali-style KBD you're gonna hear at this stage of the game. Recorded in '84 (or so) and never released at the time, the *No Hicks* EP is a perfect time capsule of incompetent high school punk from some seventeen year olds who were just figuring what punk was by reading *MRR* and venturing into San Jose for DR. KNOW and VANDALS shows. Anti-jock, out of tune, "politically charged" punk rock ("Fuck The Whales, Save The Humans") that sounds dated in a really charming way. Recycling almost the same riff for every song and getting some wyld KBD-esque guitar sounds, plopping a keyboard in there just because they can, solos only slightly better than the oneserved up on the TREND's "Band-Aid," it's got all necessary the parts. A nice little ghost of punk-rock past I wasn't expecting a visit from, and they even thank Tim Yo on the insert. (www.feralkidrecords.com)

That's all for now, as this column is sloppier than a Fernando Rodney save chance. I promise to bring some better heat next time. And if anyone runs into Hippie Johnny tell him the rent's fucking due. Dude went out for cigarettes a week ago and still hasn't come back….

BASEMENT SCREAMS

Every month I write this column in *MRR* and every month I figure if I get an early start I'll have it in on time, but every month it ends up late as all hell. So this month I tried something different. A little running session diary. But here I am late again. When will I learn? It's hard to say...

Day one – Loading in drum gear sweet reissue Ludwig kit. The kick must be a 26 incher. It sounds like Godzilla smashing down the front door. The toms sound slightly less big. The whole kit is in mint condition, fresh heads, resonating perfectly. There's a wooden snare, a Tama I think? Not exactly my taste but it sounds pretty good. Huge Paiste ride cymbal too. I'm worried as hell the ride is going to be too much in a small tiled room. The kit sounds great right off the bat but it's already tricky trying to get it to sound right mic'd. Fiddling around with the snare a bit, it's ringing really hard, so we lay a pretty decent sized bit of paper towel on the top head and tape it down tight, which kills the ring pretty well. The Paiste is getting pretty crazy in the room mics. So we lay out some egg crate foam and it seems to rein things in enough without killing the vibe. The kick still sounds bigger than everything else combined, especially in the room mics.

Day two – Came back and decided the snare's tuned too high, we give it a couple twists looser. We start laying down drum tracks, slow and steady. While we're rolling I'm reading the insert to a deluxe reissue of RAINBOW's *Rising*. I know—"nyet pyunk," but this album, among others, was important to BLACK FLAG, and if you don't think that's cool, go order another bootleg KURO shirt from punk-items.org and tie that shoelace around your dome again.

Reading through there's a wonderful recollection about recording the drums on the album in a corridor, surrounded by plywood to help reflect the sound and liven it up. They go on about how the conventional wisdom of the day was to record drums in a dry room, heavily lined with foam dampening. Million dollar studios all around the globe were set up like this. These guys wanted something different and improvised a new setup. I respect that in a big way. That's why I'm interested in making my own records. Finding a better way to do things even if it's not what's considered correct or orthodox is the way you keep things from stagnating. I'm going for only natural sounds with these drums. No echo or reverb added after the fact, just the sound of the room. I cheat a little on the snare, but it's only a little vaseline on the lens. It sounds robust. Great for a heavy band. Deep but natural, like MISSION OF BURMA's *VS*, probably the greatest album ever made in Massachusetts, and a perfect sounding one at that.

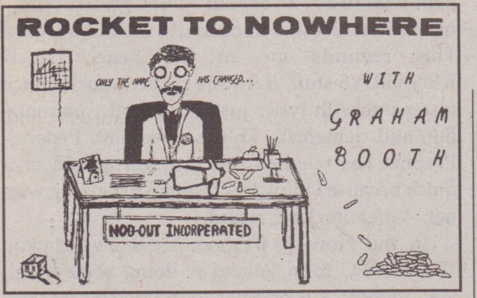
Day four – Setting up guitars in a bigger room with tile. I want a sense of depth mixed with the close mic'd sound of the guitar. I've got an omni directional mic near the corner of the room, and the guitar amp is maybe five feet away. It's a balancing act, and sometimes it totally doesn't work, but it's blending pretty well. The tone I'm using is overdriven but not super distorted. It sounds nice when it bounces off the walls of the room between the little stops in the songs. I add some spring reverb to the room mic for extra old sounding vibes. I love the shitty old reverb on '70s and '80s style basement recordings. The way it wobbles around has character. Digital reverb has its charm, and its place, but it's not the same. It's lifeless and alien. Or maybe just harsher. The guitars here feel great. I only need two of them. They fill in nicely with the drums but there's still a lot of space for vocals and bass.

Day six – Guitars keep going. Slow and steady, a couple tracks a day. I'm considering a sub-mix onto a cassette of the guitars and drums to really degrade the sound quality. More basement vibes. The tape will bring everything together, although obviously adding some hiss, and other flaws; I think it will bring on more of the "vintage" flavor I like. I try a mix, but it feels weird, and I rearrange the drums in the mix a bit. This time it feels a bit more right, although I'm losing a lot of the guitar sharpness, it does have the older flavor I like.

Day seven – Actually starting the bass now. We've been tracking only a few hours a day after work, and even though I show up tired, it really helps to keep things from getting sloppy by only doing a little bit each day. On the ride over I listened to ASSUCK *Misery Index* because it sounds about a billion miles away from the songs I'm working on now. It's a perfect album. So tightly wound and focused. I put on CURTIS MAYFIELD's *Superfly* soundtrack for a few songs after. A different example of perfection, also a million miles away, also tightly wound, also sharply focused. Both help me to focus. I don't really listen to that many pure grind LPs, or Blaxploitation soundtracks, but I feel confident these are the cream of their respective crop. Our bass tracking sounds nice. More of the natural sound I've been looking for. Not much compression or distortion, the higher frequencies are dialed down a little bit since it's finger bass. I don't want it to sound too *plink-plonk*. It's a bit of a challenge balancing the bass level with the leads and solos and the regular rhythm parts. On guitar you just punch in an extra track and add a solo, but that's not customary no bass. I might try using a foot pedal during the leads. I heard that on BLOODFEAST's *Face Fate* LP, and I always kinda dug it.

Day eight – No foot pedal but the bass is almost done. Maybe room for a little bit of wah-wah in a couple spots, but it's not mandatory.

Vocals forthcoming...



At last! Spring! Any certifiable record fiend knows that can only mean one thing: Garage Sale Season! I'm quite sure I've spilt milk on this topic countless times over the years, but my weekend scores from the last month have reminded me yet again why this remains one of the best ways to find records.

First off, leave your wantlists at the door. If you are one of those OCD ultra-tiny-niche focused collectors, you should probably stick to your eBay saved searches. Garage sales are all about expanding your horizons and taking chances on random cheap shit that looks cool, and hey, once in a while you'll actually find a record you're looking for too (thank you NERVES 7" EP for a buck!).

So now that we've forgotten our wantlists, what exactly are we doing here? Oh yeah, Records. *Records*. Garage sales are a great way to hear those ancient classics you've always heard about but never heard. Sure you kids just download everything nowadays. I hit my personal download limit a couple years ago with a hard drive full of countless hours of shit I know I'll never even begin to listen to. Something about downloading crap and sitting in front of a computer just kills my interest level. I'd much rather bring home a record for a dollar, hold it in my hands, drop the needle where I want it so I can absorb it on the couch.

Just in the past couple weeks as a result of my lackluster late Saturday afternoon efforts I've been able to revisit a slew of '70s "classics" and obscurities alike. Both NEW YORK DOLLS LPs, a bunch of BOWIE & LOU REED, a VELVET UNDERGROUND bootleg, classic STONES, ALICE COOPER *Easy Action* (on Straight no less!), CAPTAIN BEEFHEART, the FUGS, LOVE *s/t* and *Forever Changes*, the list goes on and on.

Mind you, this wasn't some wake up at the buttcrack of dawn to elbow out the horde of sweaty contenders for a chance at the one magic crate. These titles were cobbled together from several sales across several days. Knowing the amount of record hounds trolling around SF any given weekend, my finds were at best sloppy sevenths. And yet, somehow I've managed to put together a solid '60s/'70s collection in a matter of weeks, paying maybe $100 in the process. Try doing that at your local shop, or better yet, on eBay.

So yeah, sales are great for classics. They're great for tons of shit. Back in my formative years on the North Shore of Chicago, I remember being introduced to a slew of curious bands via garage sale I'd never be able to find nor afford at my local shops. JOY DIVISION, DREAM SYNDICATE, the RAINCOATS, the GUN CLUB…no way in hell I was gonna drop my precious lunch money on a bunch of pussy indie rock / new wave bullshit, but I stumbled onto them at a garage sale for a buck a piece and my life's never been the same.

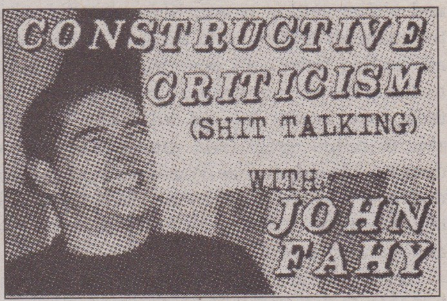
And then, even if I thought something sucked, I could grab my little stack of tepid rejects, trade it in at a local shop, and buy some otherwise unaffordable grail on my teenage non-budget. I remember that first time I bought a 999 LP for a buck, the store gave me $4 for it! I've been hooked ever since. Now with eBay and the internet, you don't even have to settle for store credit… you can just sell it yourself. What do you think all those balding geezers are lining up in the wee hours to do? It's pretty easy money if you know what you're doing.

As time went on, I started to branch out into other genres. At first it was genres I knew I could get trade credit for. As a late teen I got familiar with this weird old white people genre called Exotica. Crusty old records by artists like YMA SUMAC, LES BAXTER, and ESQUIVEL were worth some serious scrilla, and somehow lots of suburban senior citizens had boxes of the stuff. Yeah, I know, it's tough looking for good records from old white people, but every once in a while you'd hit some cool '60s electronic records by MORTON SUBOTNICK, JOHN CAGE or KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN. Or maybe you found a folkie with a short stack of Takoma records releases by JOHN FAHEY or ROBBIE BASHO. Once in a while you'd hit a good cache of rock or jazz or soul, but it sure wasn't out there like BARBARA STREISAND.

At some point I figured out that where it's really at is buying the stuff you've never heard of: weirdo local stuff and super out there looking foreign records. After putting in a few years on the garage sale and thrift store circuit, you get a pretty good feel for what records are *everywhere*. My brain is literally a catalog of what records I've seen before. You start to recognize artists and labels, flipping through a stack you can hone in on what's unique and what's not.

Some of my best finds over the years came this way. I'd find a stack of 45s and out of 50 I'd grab one or two looked like homemade local labels with promising song titles. I've gotten some great soul and garage 45s this way. Or pick out LPs on custom labels with cool psychedelic covers or depressed looking covers with one lone folk dude standing there. At some point I realized that it wasn't even about cool covers. Lots of the best records ever have the absolute worst zero effort cover art. It takes years and years of practice and getting burned to hone that talent, but you'll get there.

The best thing about garage sales is it's usually cheap as hell. It's hard to dig for records at a store, plunk down $5.99 or $8.99 on a promising looking record only to bring it home and hate it. At a garage sale, you can buy five or ten records for the same amount of money. Now you have five or ten times as many chances you'll like something, and you can probably get your money back out of at least some of it if you decide to sell or dump it. At best you get to keep a new record you like, sell the rejects, and get a small profit for your time. To me it was a no brainer. I don't know about you guys, but I'm about ready for the weekend!



Pulling The Fire Alarm, Making The International Sign For "I'm Choking" and Screaming Your Fucking Head Off

As punks, we are prone to numbing ourselves to the overall decline of the general state of the world. Part of this is that we sound alarmist at all times through song titles pertaining to "the end," Armageddon, etc. Have we been crying wolf? No. Is it really that bad? Yes. It's actually worse than when others said it thirty years ago. What has become of our anger? That I don't know. I do think it's easy to tune out when the message never changes. All of us are guilty of this at times but the outcome, while perhaps expected, isn't necessarily correct or proper. Sometimes repetition of our own messages culminates in an attitude of apathy—"Who cares if it all goes to shit anyway? Do we deserve anything less than annihilation?" This kind of thinking is fair enough, but isn't it also easy? Ultimately, do we render ourselves as something other than punks by thinking this way? Being angry is pretty central to punk ideology in my book. If the entire picture is too awful to think about—and often it is—we should at least be going mental on the people that attack us personally. There shouldn't be any shortage of outrage in this community for what is being done to our lives, families, homes, and health.

In the US, there is not one single thing going in the favor of the general populace. We had a health care debate that looked potentially positive but resulted in legislation for mandatory insurance for all without any government option that would have kept costs down. Now, our health costs are at the mercy of stockholders the same way as our costs are when buying gasoline. The environment is possibly beyond saving and meanwhile the only option away from fossil fuels that we're told by our government is do-able in the near future is nuclear power, regardless of the devastation wrought in Japan recently. This is strictly because the government is bought by the energy companies and both parties can envision the transition to nuclear as swift and profitable. With this kind of government devotion to business interests, its not any wonder that B.P. is asking to drill once again in the Gulf of Mexico, immediately after the biggest oil disaster in history, in the very same water. Bankers have trainwrecked the economy for the second time in a century with the major difference being that this time, we've changed nothing about the rules of banking in the aftermath. All of the gambling and millionaire-to-billionaire schemes are still available to play on Wall Street. Another disaster awaits. The wealth gap has never been greater and is fast getting worse. Kids who did what their parents told them to do and studied hard are finding fewer jobs post-degree. Parents are realizing they're not going to have security like their own parents did and will likely never be able to retire. Street level drug dealers spend decades in prison while Wachovia bank's laundering of Mexican drug money (374 *billion* dollars) lands the company a 50-million dollar fine and one year probation.

That things are worsening is not in question if you look to the media. It's unavoidable that people will notice the smell of shit. The trick of the political media establishment is to muddle the obvious answer of who is to blame. A lot of money goes into misinformation and befuddling the barely attentive. Easy answers are best for marketing and so we are told to blame the people we see every day—union workers and immigrants. Which is to say, other working class people. Budget battles are spoken of with sentiments like, "this is a real problem—we don't have all of the money for Medicaid, Medicare, and Social Security, and we've got to cut something." The key ingredient missing from this discussion is that we did once have the money but gave it all away to rich people through defense industry spending for our ongoing wars, the bank bailouts (with bonuses to the executives who ballsed up everything), and finally, massive Bush tax cuts for the wealthiest scum alive. We had it, gave it all away and now want it again. Who's going to pay for it instead? Low-income families that need heating oil in the winter will have to do without. Anyone who stays healthy and safe by using Planned Parenthood (selected for budget chopping by the Tea Party activists...who claimed to be just fiscally conservative but turned out to be more of the same Christian maniacs we've always had to hear from) will have to forgo their health and actually increase their chance of needing an abortion—the thing the Republicans are supposed to be fighting against.

All of these disasters, past, present and looming, are the result of the typical culprits: capitalists and their government enablers. What leaves us listless is when nothing is being done about it and no one is getting angry. Seething constantly and feeling you can do nothing with your anger is absolutely exhausting. When we notice nothing being changed about these wrongs and begin feeling like we should opt out, we should remember who else notices. Wall Street will remember that they could count on the government for no-strings-attached cash after fucking everything sideways. The military-industrial complex will remember that they could sell the public on a bullshit-based war in Iraq. The business class will notice that Wisconsin's governor is taking on unions and that they may have a shot at privatizing even more state jobs and stealing even more tax money. Business is watching for what is acceptable to the public, whether through ignorance or apathy.

One thing Wisconsin has shown us is that focusing rage on local issues is a good place to start. 200 votes for a state Supreme Court judge may overturn Governor Walker's anti-union legislation. In Wisconsin right now, recall elections for the state senators that passed the law are being set up by some very pissed off people. While visiting Milwaukee recently, the hatred felt towards these tea party maniacs was palpable and visible while just walking around the city. It proves that there can be breaking points where people will not accept what lie they're told and the shit they're handed. Things will get worse, but I believe there will be reactions.

I recently received a copy of the early-'90s *Dear Jesus* fanzine compendium and highly recommend people pick it up from Sam McPheeters. The fourth issue's installment has some inspirational interviews on punk political campaigns that, particularly in the case of Doc Dart from the Crucifucks, shows that even a small amount of effort on a local issue can go a very long way. Should all punks become politicians? No. I don't have an answer of what anyone should do other than being pissed off and vocalizing it. Yes, ours is not the worst situation globally but you have every reason to be hateful and sound the fucking alarm, you are under attack. My friends that teach need to work two jobs to make ends meet. Anyone I know who has used Planned Parenthood's services doesn't want to lose the option. Our taxes more and more go toward funding war profiteers, bankers, and other scum while our families get less and less public assistance and entitlements—which they're supposed to be fucking entitled to. Grants and other financial assistance for education are being targeted. If we're going to opt out and not be in the battle on any level, what the fuck are we screaming about on these records? Distractions are easy. Dealing with the future will not be. Now, onto the distractions...

***

A cassette I've been excited about is the *New York Rules* compilation on Burn Books records. Featured is a very decent selection of New York's current crop of punk, garage, and hardcore bands, with some material previously released and some not. Included are NOMOS, PREGNANT, DAWN OF HUMANS, HANK WOOD & THE HAMMERHEADS, BYRDS OF PARADISE, NIGHTBIRDS, THE MEN, and NUDE BEACH. Immediate stand-outs were the DAWN tracks and the MEN'S rendition of DEVO's "Gates of Steel." This overall is a great comp, though, with all tracks getting a thumbs-up. Seek it out at www.burnbooks.org.

A friend from Baltimore sent the PUBERTY WOUNDS demo CD-R, which has hilarious cover art featuring a drawing of Siamese twins ripping their guts out and spelling the band's name. This shit is just good, semi-sleazy, sometimes blasting-sometimes rollicking hardcore with some alternately entertaining and meaningful lyrics. The lyrics to the tune "C.C.A.S" are interesting and well put. The vocals are appropriately distorted and provide a creepy dimension to the demo. Seek them out and you will find it.

INSURGENTS from Australia have one brilliant whir of a 7" to behold—*Fad Cash*. This thing blazes in with out a fraction of a second to spare. This reminds me of the faster DEAD KENNEDYS stuff, if it were played much, much faster but with lyrics just as sarcastic, patronizing, and demented. This is great shit. Pederast Prophet has released this one; get a hold of it quick because I think this is going to be a big winner. A great fucking record.

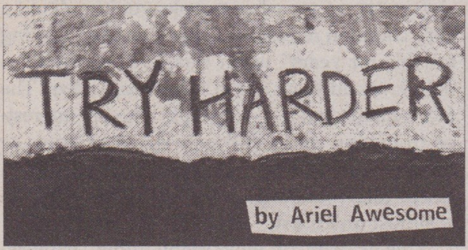
In the How-Do-I-Pronounce-It Department, WSZANIEC from Poland is doing some excellent, moody, and original sounding shit on their *Wideo Mondo* LP. This is hard to describe; it gets moving and rocking alright, but there are definitely some moody instrumentals that are really interesting. The opening and closing of the A-side sounds like some sad carnival music being played underwater. The sounds they're getting out of their instruments are rather mental. Then suddenly the music will come back and the guitars are playing odd yet sharp, punchy and catchy riffs that roll around the brain quite a while after listening. I hope to find a lot more by this band and a Polish punk to translate and enunciate. This all comes housed in a full color jacket with a very appropriate painting for the artwork. www.nosanctuaryrec@wp.pl

Lastly, the *God's Work* cassette by SISTER FUCKER is an oldie (recorded last summer) but nonetheless, a release worth plenty of rewinds. This is twelve songs belted out with a lot of vigor and a lot of noise in not much time. The vocals are blunt and the lyrics are taunting and clever in their condescension. Musically, this sits perfect for me in the way that it's just noisy enough and grating on the ears with negative riffs and guitar freakouts while also staying punk in its brevity and frustrated delivery. Two women make this band and they both bellow and shriek throughout it. The great thing about this material is they don't give a shit and it shows—in a good way. This is just belted out and unapologetic. Excellent. Get one here: hardscrabbleamateurs.com

ENDNOTES:

1. Contact Joe Lachut for copies of the new *Seven Inches To Freedom!* P.O. Box 457 Fort Myers, FL 33902-0457. This issue has RESURRECTIONISTS and NEON BLUD interviews among much, much more. Or get him at: hiszeroisgone at yahoo.
2. Joe and I will be hitting the road at the end of this month for Panzram tour. A detailed list of the tour dates will be on humancrushrecordings.blogspot.com and beneath that will be the downloads for the two records we'll have with us. This tour will see us going all the way from Florida to Maine, over to the Midwest and back down again. We're going in my wee Corolla and will be honored with guest bass players at some shows.
3. For more info on the Wachovia scandal alluded to in the second paragraph of the column, check out www.guardian.co.uk and conduct a little searching.
4. DIVISIONS (RIP) have released their double cassette discography and it looks and sounds excellent. Corpse Without Soul release.

5. Contact me and please send me demos, especially the more noisy of you all: fahy_john@hotmail.com / John Fahy 15011 Lakeside View Drive Apt. 2402 / Fort Myers, FL 33919



TRY HARDER

by Ariel Awesome

Before she left for Afghanistan my mom sat me down next to her on the couch to lay out what will happen if she dies. I may be youngest but I'm first on the list of people the Army will call, I'd have to let everyone else know. I'm also in charge of sorting through her personal effects. Responsibilities I hope I never have to bear.

She also has another more mystical thing to share with me. She tells me she will come and see me after she dies as a blue butterfly. She tells me to pay attention, and to look for her signs.

I am an asshole, and I get really annoyed with her when she tries to script our interactions into meaningful movie dialogue so I called bullshit on her little beyond the grave rendezvous she was planning for us.

"How about you just know that while you were here I loved you a lot mom," I said taking her hand, "stop trying to make plans to haunt me."

"It's not haunting!" She takes her hand out of mine, crossing her arms in a huff.

"I dunno, a ghost insect spying on me sounds pretty horror movie," I say, watching her ears turn pink.

She is not softening up with the humor, so I try to be honest. "I don't understand why we have to waste the little time we do get before you go talking about some weird plan with a mystical possessed butterfly. Why can't we just enjoy each other's company mom?"

She narrows her eyes at me. "What should I be like you and believe in nothing?!"

***

My mom says she isn't religious, but she is spiritual.

She has always been vague about her beliefs. She has ideas she likes, phrases she'll repeat, and icons. She loves a good icon. She has filled her house with statues and paintings of stately saints, angels, and Buddhas.

She grew up Baptist in the south of Texas. She describes it as "no drinking, no dancing, no nothing." She married a man she barely knew just to get away. "I just wanted a taste of life, and I got a whole lot more than I bargained for. Growing up like that, you can't help but be naive."

When I was little my mother went through a new age phase. I would sit in her lap at the ashram imagining the life of the Buddha in Technicolor. I imagined the lotus as a giant California poppy, with its delicate shining tissue petals orange as monks' robes.

The ashram was dedicated to the One Spirit who is called by many names. Every week a new topic from one of the world's big religions was discussed, then they sang the Vedas, and I curled against her soft body, rocking with her as she read the words in time.

It was a quiet place, where I could wander about and smiling people would wave at me and give me lemonade or wildflowers. The monastic members were all women, the head of the ashram was an old Indian woman who was an early follower of Gandhi. The place seemed like a strange dream, where no one was judged and women lead the way, speaking of kindness and tolerance. It was a pretty sort of dream, and it didn't last long.

My brothers were bored by the ashram. They wanted to be Mormon. All the hot girls in their class were Mormon, and so was my half brother, from a different mother, who was already married and had a big family who dressed in crisp blue ties or Laura Ashley florals. His kids camped and sailed and played guitar. My brothers wanted in to this kind of family life. My mother tried to give it to them.

I went from those quiet sun-filled ashram afternoons to the short carpet of the Mormon church. My little hands pale and oddly greenish under the flickering florescent lights. I went to classes with the other little girls. We learned tissue crafts and needlepoint and were told again and again our highest aim would be to make a home for our husbands and families. I asked a lot of questions, and got into a lot of trouble. I drew a peace sign in crayon and was lectured for an hour about drawing a "broken cross."

My mother didn't fare much better. She worked full time, and at night. She liked her hot tea and a glass of wine while she read. She wasn't very well liked, but she kept it up for my brothers' sake.

I don't remember which came first—my brothers getting caught smoking weed in the baptismal room with half naked girls, or when the time to pay tithings came around. But one of those spared me further lessons on housewifery, and further scoldings.

I remember how my mother laughed and laughed that Saturday night she told me we wouldn't go back. I drank my dad's cold coffee and stamped around the house saying "hell jesus damn fart jesus christ damn hell hell. And I'm not gonna have babies and cook food dammit. Hell." She laughed so hard she cried and hiccuped and I smiled up at her tear streaked laughing face.

It was pretty clear to everyone that my father was always too old for her, so when she told me about the divorce I shrugged, and said I figured. I wasn't angry or sad about the separation or the divorce. It happened in such a civil, organic way it really did seem for the best.

I wasn't sad or angry until she met my stepfather. Until we moved away and I was plunked down in Catholic school. Until she converted.

God was rigid again in her life. They went to mass, so I went too. I learned creeds, beatitudes, sacraments. I recited Our Fathers and Hail Marsys until I could say them in my sleep, until I could recite them backwards. I memorized the answers they wanted to hear so I could think about other things. I wore plaid skirts and white collared shirts. I smoked cigarettes in the parking lot behind the sacristy. I listened to punk tapes on my Walkman. I wore eyeliner and cut off all my hair. I stared at the paintings in church and wondered what kind of underwear nuns wear.

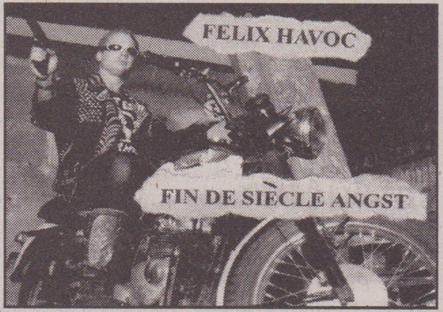
I went through the motions to make her happy, so I didn't cause waves with this new man in her life.

She dragged me through all those successive religious journeys of hers, I adapted, I pretended, I acted, I lied. But through it I found my own perspective: all religions are full of shit. Some were more suffocating and tyrannical than others, but none held any mystery or truth. Taken together they were all just collections of people searching, grasping, believing. I found out I didn't believe, not in god anyway, not even in the One Spirit Who Is Called By Many Names.

My mother may not understand this gift she gave me, she may be afraid so much change soured me, but really it opened my eyes to the way all religious organizations fool themselves. I saw them always from the outside.

She gave me the gift of never feeling damned, never feeling proscribed to a certain station or a certain kind of life. I grew up without guilt, without shame, and with a curious and critical eye. I had to bear some pretty boring and heinous shit to get it, but the older I get the more I value that freedom.

She is wrong about me, about my beliefs. Just because I don't go in for all that higher power bullshit doesn't mean I don't believe in anything. I do believe. I believe in the strength of kindness, in community, and collective work. I believe in family, those you love no matter what (related to you or not). I believe a better world is possible. I believe in myself.



FELIX HAVOC

FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

Last month, I started a discussion on record distribution, saying I felt that the internet had distorted things. A lot of long time observers of the punk scene have noticed that as the internet became pervasive there have been two major changes in the hardcore punk scene. Firstly it became infinitely more commercialized. That is to say, for many years DIY punk stood somewhat outside the "music business" as a separate entity with its own ideals and way of doing things. The internet helped to level the playing field and make hardcore punk just another subgenre like metal, ska, hip-hop, or whatever. Many of the mainstream music business attitudes and ways of doing things infiltrated into DIY punk until there is very little other than musical stylistics to differentiate a hardcore record from a "mainstream" record. EBay, webstores, and other commercial factors ruthlessly imposed traditional market economics on a scene that had long championed artistic integrity and put ethics above business sensibilities. I have talked in this space before about how record pricing has been subjected to a rapid rise as DIY sensibilities have declined (along with CD sales, which long subsidized vinyl prices) and many labels took on the mentality of the commercial metal labels that used to be reviled in these pages. Have production costs really gone up enough to justify $10-12 wholesale costs for LPs? Or have attitudes about what is a reasonable profit margin changed?

The second major change is that politics and political stances have become increasingly marginalized and trivialized. Today's punk scene—post-internet and post 9-11—is pretty apolitical and mired in a blasé cynicism that I feel has much of its basis in online social networks. As is often the case, de-politicization doesn't mean an absence of ideology; it means an open door to the dominant ideology. And in our case, that dominant ideology is free market capitalism and mainstream commercial "culture," both of which have more or less taken over the punk scene. Ironically, I spend a lot of time in this column on "wall street journal of punk" type observations, talking about distribution, marketing, and the like of punk records. I do so to lay bare some of the functions of how it all works. The artist always has to strike a balance between their integrity and the commercialization of their work. As soon as a record is pressed to vinyl it becomes a commodity. And then it's up to the musician-turned-businessperson to navigate the world of capital as best they can in accord with what their conscience dictates.

Last month, I made the suggestion that the online record collector "nerd" community is actually a pretty small segment of the record buying public, yet its tastes and inclinations increasingly drive label's business practices. The clearest illustration of this is with records that are limited to a few hundred copies, sold only online, that could with reasonable distribution easily sell a thousand copies or more. Most people buy records that are in front of them. A good way to test this is to take a normally "online" distro in a box to a show in a town with no record store that carries punk records. You will sell quite a few records to people in this town who have never or will never order from a distro online. Also, you will find that records shunned by online collector types, actually sell really well at shows and in stores, notably "classic" back catalog titles. While online sales are driven by hot, limited new releases, many stores (when they bother to stock them) sell tons of catalog titles on a consistent basis. Likewise, you can put some really limited records with a lot of internet hype in a store or take them to a show and find that few of the people flipping through your box know or care what they are. However, many of the labels which are responsible for pressing, promoting and distributing the best bands coming out of the hardcore punk scene today, focus on pleasing a small group of collectors instead of reaching a larger group of potentially interested fans who will know their music only from seeing them live or listening online.

Let's talk a bit about catalog sales and the difference between stores and online retail. In a record store, or alternately, a distro that sells at shows, you reach a much, much wider and more diverse audience than with an online distro. I have been working the odd shift at Extreme Noise here in Minneapolis for seventeen years now, and I am always amazed at the sheer number and diversity of people who come in the store everyday. More people come into the store in a week than the pressing quantities of most new hardcore releases. There are some records that sell well online and some that do well in stores. I have bought some records to distribute in the US from Europe that hardly any US distros were carrying and still sold more copies in our local store than I did in my webstore. Minneapolis is a provincial city in the American Midwest, and my webstore has access to a "global market" so the example shows how different a release might be perceived placed in two different environments. Back catalog sells particularly well in person and significantly less on line. At a record store much of the sales are repeat sales of classic titles by known "name" bands. I think a lot of stores make the mistake of focusing too much on new and obscure releases while neglecting "dull/normal" catalog titles that sell consistently and never get old. These "evergreen" titles make up the backbone of a lot of labels and distributors. As more and more stores go under, sales of these titles shift to touring distros and somewhat to EBay stores. I differentiate EBay stores from online distros, because EBay is such a universally recognized platform and the first place a casual buyer (not a fanatical collector) would go for a record that they couldn't find online. Indeed, with my label (heavy on back catalog) I find that lots of online distros tell me they won't stock my releases because they are "too common" and "everywhere." While my releases are better distributed than some, this merely transfers demand to EBay. I now get almost as many orders from EBay as I do from my label's webstore, presumably mostly from people who can't find these titles in local stores and distros, but aren't dialed into the world of specialized online webstores. Remember we are talking about back catalog here, not rare records or hot new releases.

The trick with stores and distributors is just getting them to bother to stock your releases. There truly is an "if you build it, they will come" factor to record distribution. As I said before, people tend to buy the records that are in front of them. If a label has quality titles that are proven sellers, any store that stocks them will sell them consistently. The trick is getting that store to bother to stock your titles as opposed to someone else's titles, or alternately, new releases rather than back catalog. When I was doing a lot of touring I got a lot of experience selling at shows. I remember always being bemused by playing shows at record stores. I would set up my distro in the parking lot or basement and proceed to sell tons of records—at a record store. This always seemed ironic, but the fact was that this store didn't bother to stock a lot of titles that obviously people in this town wanted. The problem wasn't lack of demand, it was lack of supply. And that supply is determined more by the taste (and budget) of the record storeowner than by what people in this town are looking for. It would also always amaze me when people would pull out a very common release and say "I've been looking for this for years" when clearly a few minutes online would have found dozens of sellers. The fact remains that a lot of people who are interested in buying music still only do so at stores or merch tables that are placed in front of them rather than searching online where the selection is almost unlimited.

This is part of why many fights between bands and labels have been over distribution. As bands get more popular and draw bigger crowds on tour they constantly hear from fans "we can't find your records anywhere." This builds up resentment of the label by the bands, who think that the label and distributor is doing a poor job of promoting their releases. In the '90s, when a lot of punk bands went commercial, this was a big reason many bands left underground labels for "major indies" like Sup Pop, Epitaph, and the like. Everyone always thought the distribution grass was greener on the other side and if they just got in with a label or distributor with big enough reach they would sell the quantities they felt they were capable of. On the opposite end of the scale, more DIY hardcore bands find that their releases are so far under the radar that no stores or distributors are carrying them and the only place they can sell them is at their own gigs. For a lesser-known band that is not on a well-known label their new release is met with almost total indifference by stores and distributors. I know I get dozens of emails each week from bands/labels I've never heard of pumping new releases that I know if I stocked, would never sell. Stores have limited budgets and money is better spent on known titles that will sell easily than gambling on the new and obscure. This process is interestingly reversed if the release is on a cult/hyped label. There have been a few cases in recent years of bands barely selling any copies on one label, then moving to a more cult/hyped label and selling out whole pressings instantly.

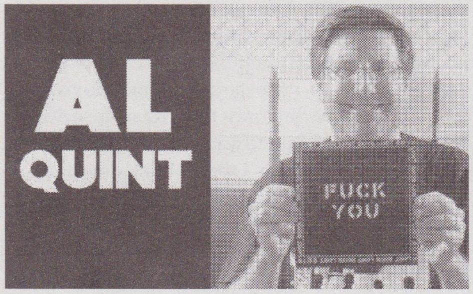
For the bands involved the challenge is to strike a balance between getting good enough distribution that people can find your releases easily, and building "hype" that will make the release well known. The key to this of course is to make really good records that a lot of people will want, rather than dressing up a mediocre record with the trappings of limited collector status. In fact, the one thing I have learned in 20 years of record distribution is just how easy really good records are to sell. The main problem is not selling them; it's getting enough copies and keeping them in stock. Indeed, the real challenge is that many of the best/most popular releases remain out of print, or sell out quickly and are not repressed, so that what you see in most stores and distros is not the best, but the rest, those records that remain after all the best titles sell out.

Some music notes, I was really into the 7" by MAUSER, but their interview in these pages was either an April Fools joke that went over my head or pointless. Likewise with the CRAZY SPIRIT interview. I mean, you have a platform to say some things about your band and music and this is the best you can come up with? I don't expect people who play drums in a punk band to have deep insights on foreign policy or philosophy, but the expectation of seeing these bands names on the cover was tempered by the quality of their responses within.

The new 7" by ILEGAL is a rager—a flashback to early '80s Italy, fast furious and out of control. Snag one quickly, because like many new releases, this one is shortsightedly limited in its pressing quantities.

The second 7" by Chicago's CÜLO, *Toxic Visions*, is also a barnburner. I found out about this band from *MRR* and I am stocked on their energy and aggression. Check out their first 7" too, both are on Deranged.

One of my all-time favorites THE AUTHORITIES – *Soundtrack for Trouble* has been re-pressed. I think I wrote a whole column about this 7" back in the '90s. Don't sleep on this one. And my new favorite band DESPERAT put out a 12" that was ridiculously limited, albeit a vinyl version of their widely available demo. Look for a 7" by this band soon. Ex-members of MOB 47 and WARVICTIMS doing Swedish hardcore pure and true.



With Apologies To Ted Baxter…

It all started in a 700-watt radio station in Lynn, Massachusetts. Not even the 5000-watt station in Fresno, CA, where the fictional *Mary Tyler Moore Show* anchor Ted Baxter got his own start. The spring of 1978 was the start of my illustrious radio career. Actually, after hearing a tape of this broadcast, saying it was illustrious is a wee bit of an overstatement. That's right, taped evidence exists. I even used a snippet or two on *Sonic Overload* for the 10th anniversary show and if you think I have a Mass accent now, you should have heard me back then. On second thought…

I was a senior at Swampscott High School and each year WNSR (now WLYN), an AM station in Lynn, would have some students come down and take over the airwaves for a couple of hours on a Saturday morning. If memory serves me correctly, there were five of us—Steve Epstein, Leon Lazaroff, Paul Greenberg, Hal Mindel, and yours truly. As far as I know, the only person with any radio experience up to that point was Paul or "Greeny" as people called him back then. Greeny was actually the guy who got me listening to punk, through his radio show on WMWM, the Salem State College station. I've told this story countless times—about how his playing "God Save The Queen" by the SEX PISTOLS was my punk rock epiphany/baptism/whatever you want to call it. Greeny and I weren't close friends. In fact I'd say we weren't friends at all, but I owe him a big debt for putting me on a musical path that I've traveled for over 30 years.

In the past year or so, he stopped speaking to me or, more accurately, dropped me as a friend on Mark Zuckerberg's well-known social network, the one that starts with Face and ends with Book. Not over musical differences but over political ones. I didn't even know he'd done it until he showed up as a "suggested" friend. Before he dropped me, he'd leave smarmy, snarky putdowns about the political articles I'd posted and then my observations that I'd write along with them. He'd accuse me of offering simplistic analyses about complex issues and, when I'd make a hostile statement about the inherent evils of right-wing ideology, he'd tell me to "stay classy" or leave other sarcastic comments. A lot of this was going on during the health care debate. The thing is he has a child with health issues and Paul (I imagine Greeny doesn't sound too grown up, anymore) had gone through periods of unemployment. He'd gone through some serious financial struggles but was still opposed to any sort of public health care option. That makes zero sense to me. But I'm being simplistic—nothing new! I'll admit that I tend to react on more of an emotional or gut level but I'd like to think I have a pretty good bullshit detector at this point.

Back to the radio show—Steve Epstein, or Eppa as he was called, led things off. Steve will still answer to Eppa but it's not a good idea to *ever* call him "Stevie Wonder." I found that out the hard way when I called him that at the Boys Club day camp that I attended for five years and he took a swing at me. He also made a crack about me "barely making it" when I got inducted into the National Honor Society in high school. Maybe he was still mad at me for calling him Stevie Wonder all those years before. But things were tranquil when the five of us took to the airwaves of WNSR.

Steve was a STEELY DAN fan and spent the first 30-40 minutes playing their music on this show. That's including commercials on a two-hour show and with four other people waiting to do our segments. If it wasn't that long, it sure as hell felt like it was that long. I'm pretty sure Greeny was second and he played some punk stuff, only I think he referred to it as "new wave." Then I got to play four songs, starting off with VAN HALEN's version of "You Really Got Me." They weren't yet a superstar level band nor getting a lot of airplay at that point (I'd first heard it on WMWM) and it didn't seem that far removed from the punk I would also be playing. For some reason, I had the idea they were from the Netherlands and duly announced that before playing the song. I was half right, anyway, since Eddie and Alex were born there. I also played "Rockaway Beach" by the RAMONES, "I'm Stranded" by the SAINTS and "We're Ripped" by the DIODES. Not bad, if I say so myself. Leon was right after me and it was back to the prog rock—I'm pretty sure YES and ELP were on his playlist. Finally, it was Hal's turn and he played top 40 dreck while affecting the cheesiest possible AM DJ voice. One of them was "Get Up And Boogie" by the SILVER CONVENTION. Being part of "disco sucks" generation, I found this appalling. I found his entire segment appalling. I won't go quite so far as to say I found him appalling. Semi-annoying would probably be a more charitable description.

Speaking of Hal (for the last time, I promise), three-four years before we appeared on the radio, I had his father as a teacher in one of my Hebrew school classes. I was reminded of this during a discussion of horrible music—worst songs ever and the like. Mr. Mindel was disgusted by the fact that "Ben" by MICHAEL JACKSON had been the number one song in the country. Or, as he described it, a "love song to a rat." That song came from the film of the same name, the sequel to the smash success *Willard*. It even got nominated for an Oscar and won a Golden Globe for best song. There's apparently been a remix in recent years by AKON, who combines the original vocals with his own. I've never heard it and hope that remains the case. My nephew Josh likes AKON and, being the nice uncle I am, I hooked him up with some AKON jams. I didn't listen to them, though, so I've still never heard him, at least knowingly. Honest, I tried to steer Josh on the right musical path. I put some punk and hardcore on his iPod but he never seemed that drawn to it although he does seem open to hearing classic metal. Beats the shit out of emo-ish swill or the NICKELBACK garbage he listens to.

I'd imagine "Ben" would have made Mr. Mindel's all-time worst list. Speaking of all-time worst songs, I've been taking part in a 30-day "song challenge" on that social website I mentioned and one of the categories was "your least favorite song." "God Bless The USA" by Lee Greenwood immediately came to mind. I'd considered the Christian pop smash "Butterfly Kisses" by Bob Carlisle, whose lyrics border on incestuous content, if you ask me. How else to take lyrics like these? "There's two things I know for sure/She was sent here from heaven and she's daddy's little girl/As I drop to my knees by her bed at night/She talks to Jesus and I close my eyes and I thank god for all the joy in my life." Yes, I'm a sick bastard to even think something like that but given the fact that you keep hearing about all these sexual scandals with various conservative Christians, don't tell me it's beyond the realm of possibility!

"God Bless The USA" is essentially the unofficial national anthem of the Christian Right. On my July 4th radio show each year, I usually start the show with a snippet from this song and blow it up with a bomb sound effect and then I'll go into a song like "Land Of The Free" by BROTHER INFERIOR. I found a sickeningly patriotic video of that song on YouTube and put it on my page and most people seemed to agree it was abysmal. But one of my nemeses, a "reformed liberal" named Bob started prattling on about Sharia Law. He said, "I'm proud to be an American where at least I know I'm free and people like my Dad (90-years old) fought to keep it that way. Surely we will be better off under sharia law [sic] (music banned, women subjugated, gays killed) rather than what we now have." To be fair, while Bob is an anti-tax extremist and a "tough on terrorism" type, he's also pro-choice and pro-gay rights. But that's one of the more popular scare tactics being used by the right in this country—that the United States is on the verge of Sharia Law if we're not vigilant about keeping an eye on Muslims and the spread of Islam in this country. Republican Congressman Peter King from NY even held house hearings on "radical Islam." Can you imagine what would have happened if a Democratic representative had held the same kind of hearings on fundamentalist Christianity—investigating the agenda of the Christian right and its desire to impose a theocratic government? I don't think that will ever happen—either Sharia Law or a Christian theocracy (I hope not!) but it's not a bad idea to make sure the religionists are kept in check.

Back to worst songs, someone posted a video of the CAPTAIN AND TENNILLE'S "Muskrat Love." If you've never heard this song, consider yourself *very* lucky. It's the epitome of cutesy, twee '70s pop and the video will leave you speechless. The video features a tight close-up of Daryl Dragon (the Cap'n) and Toni Tennille (Tennille—duh) and little animated muskrats dancing around, doing cartwheels and, at one point, looking as though they're about to... well, you get the idea. My sister loved this song. Now you understand why we had an often-acrimonious relationship. After seeing this atrocity, I decided to reconsider my selection of "God Bless The USA." Some suggested other '70s era Top 40 perennials—"Billy Don't Be A Hero" (covered by pre-BEASTIE BOYS band the YOUNG AND THE USELESS), "The Night Chicago Died" and even "Dreamer" by SUPERTRAMP (which ain't half-bad compared to those other songs). "Muskrat Love" is pretty much the nadir. A friend jokingly requested this song for my show. I reminded him I know where he lives—only about a fifteen-minute drive from here—and he quickly rescinded his request. He then requested the CIRCLE JERKS' "Golden Shower Of Hits" medley of mostly-awful '60s and '70s pop songs, including C&T's "Love Will Keep Us Together," which is marginally more tolerable—still, if I had a choice of listening to C&T's Greatest Hits album or having a root canal, I'd probably choose the latter. And I didn't play the CIRCLE JERKS either.

These songs often fall into the category of "Dentist Office Music." Fortunately, I've gone back to a dentist whose hygienist gets what I do and has a semi-serviceable knowledge of punk. She even used to go to the legendary Boston punk club The Rat. The satellite radio they play in the office is a better blend of classic rock, like the RASPBERRIES' "Go All The Way." Sure, RASPBERRIES' frontman Eric Carmen performed "All By Myself" later on, another dentist office music perennial, but I'll cut him slack for the power-pop grandeur of "Go All The Way," which came out at a time when that kind of music wasn't in vogue. The intro to that song is absolutely crushing. Really! All this nearly makes up for the fact that I found out my dental insurance had expired and I had to pay them nearly $200 for the exam and X-rays. Ouch.

In conclusion, since this is a punk zine, I'll mention that Daryl Dragon has a punk connection, tenuous as it is—his brother Dennis was in the SURF PUNKS. If you haven't heard them, don't fret because you're not missing much there, either. They had their moments but I think I prefer the best stuff from the RASPBERRIES.

Next time, I promise I'll actually write about some good music. In the meantime, though, I'll mention a couple of my favorite new releases. The first one is Boston band NOTHING BUT ENEMIES second album *Creepy Crawl*. They slug their way through some FLAG-meets-FANG punk with vicious aplomb. The title track takes a moodier, near post-punk turn. This is a huge jump from their first album. (Welfare, 58 River St., Haverhill, MA 01832, www.welfarerecords.net)

I've also been giving substantial turntable time to OLDE GHOST's first album *Use Yer Illusion 3'N'4*, which parodies a certain West Coast hard rock band (guess) but that's the end of the similarity. This is nervy, pounding rock with howling vocals and a muscular musical focus—a few DRIVE LIKE JEHU touches but you can also hear bits of SWIZ and RORSCACH in there, too. Featuring former members of the underrated BOOKS LIE, though this is a heavier-sounding proposition. The only misstep is an ill-advised cover of "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" by the ANIMALS. (Handstand, PO Box 110398, Brooklyn, NY 11211, handstandrecords.com)

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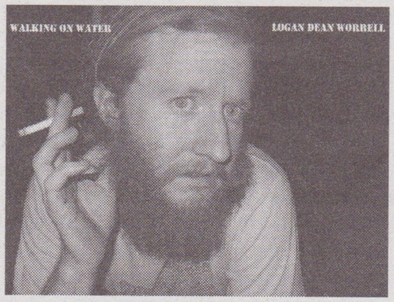

"Those who don't remember the past are doomed to repeat it…"

I turned 28 a few weeks ago and although I'm far from old, I can't help but look back at the pivotal moments of my life. Those moments that changed the course of my personal history for good, bad or the other. Moments like my first kiss, the first time I drove my dad home from the bar (I was ten), or the first real good ass-whooping I ever took. Rose Tattoo had a couple of tracks, but the one that really hit home this month was "All the Lessons." Let's take a magical trip through time. Back to Plano, Texas, where the drugs are cheap and the Denny's never closes.

Not being the most athletic kid on the playground, the opportunity to play some type of organized sport with a fellow child was a chance I just couldn't pass up. Donovan Stuart was the cool kid in the neighborhood. He was always on the cool sports teams and the star of em', was an excellent dancer, and just all around super nice guy. He and his family lived next door to me for most of my life. His father Donovan Sr. worked for UPS and it seemed had provided a pretty good little life for his family. I mean, they had a basketball hoop in the drive way so as far as I was concerned, I was living next door to fucking J. R. from Dallas.

Donovan was the first black friend I ever had. He'd let me tag along with him and few of the older kids every once in a while. Probably just needed a patsy to take the fall as a little fuck up insurance, but regardless, my eight-year-old self was more then happy to comply. Plus I thought that tall, handsome bastard hung the moon.

One day after school, Donovan asked me if I wanted to shoot some "hoops." I was fucking geared up. I couldn't hit the broad side of a barn with a goddamn basketball, but hell, I'd try just to get a little kewl, owld dewd face time (that's how I used to talk back then, see *The King's Speech* for a reference). We went over the rules a bit then got after it. Of course he killed me, which came to no surprise, yet for some reason that motherfucking competitive instinct came out and that is when I learned a very serious, important lesson: Don't call black people " N!##@!." It came out of nowhere. I don't think I even used the word in the right context. Donovan looked at me as if I had lost my goddamn mind. To be honest, I didn't see the problem with the word. At the time I was unaware of its negative connotations. All that I knew was, the only time I had heard that word being used casually, it was always associated with a black person. I didn't think anything of it. That changed once Donovan beat the ever living shit out of me. To date, there hasn't been a single ass-whooping that even came close. Partially to the fact that this particular beating came with a little side of shame, and a stark realization that I was gonna have to explain to mom why my face looked like Sloth from the *Goonies*. To add insult to injury, once I got home my father took it upon himself give me a few pops—for good measure, I can only assume—all the while explaining that what I had done was very, very wrong. This was confusing. Where did he think I had first heard that word to begin with? Regardless, We both went over to the Stuart's and I apologized to the whole family for being a dick. Luckily they accepted and every couple years I still talk to Donovan. However, I was never invited to play basketball again. Later after dinner that night, my father went on a long drunken rant about the difference between black people and "that one word." Although he was misguided, I knew what he was trying to say. Just to play it safe I went ahead and removed that word from my vocab.

My mother was a jeweler. I say jeweler, but she really just sold jewelry at the mall. Hey! FUCK YOU. It counts. I was raised around a shit ton of gay people because of this, you know, the whole Uncle Carl and Aunt Jack sorta thing. It took to long time for it to register that they were gay. I just figured they were really good friends who dressed the same. It was the late '80s in Dallas. All gay men dressed the same. It's a fact, not an opinion. No matter where you live, actually, I'm sure in places like California are a lot more open-minded, but darlin', I'm from Texas and sensitivity and subtle nuances are not our thing. What I'm trying to say is that when one's friend did something stupid or off kilt, he was automatically referred to as a "fag."

Now, this is stupid. I know this. Like many of us, you end up going with the flow until you have the strength enough to form your own ideals and opinions. Having had many gay men and women in my life from a very early age, it was no surprise that gay people were just like everyone else, they were just kinda dorks. Not saying that gay people are dorks, what I'm saying is that my gay uncles were into fucking *dolls* and shit. I didn't care that they fucked each other I just thought there were into some D&D shit. Just on a next level basis. That level being same-sex fucking.

My friend Matt's brother was gay. Matt always called him his "fag" brother. Fair enough, it was his brother after all. I digress. Homeboy was a fucking party and a half. He was 21 and was always buying us beer and shit. Getting us high all the time. Turned me onto poppers. Which I loved, by the way. One day he threw us into the back of his, no bullshit, purple Sidekick, covered in rainbow stickers and just drove us around Plano. Blasting tunes, screaming at girls. Just livin'. Let us drink in the back and smoked that good dope. I remember thinking, "what a cool fucking dude." What's that? Another important valuable lesson? That lesson being, that gay people are way cooler then straight people. I know I know, that's a weird thing to say, but it's the goddamn truth. They will always have more fun than us and have a large variety of fetishes and subcultures that us boring ass straight people cannot even comprehend. Gaining and encouraging for one, but I'll go into that one at another time.

My first sexual experience was getting hit in the mouth with a fucking rock. I say fucking because that makes it sexual. There I was minding my own business when out of nowhere I hear my name, stop and turn around only to greeted by the swift blow of a rock knocking out my two front teeth. Not that big of a deal, seeing as I was five and was about to get new chompers anyway. Clearly this put a sour taste in my mouth for the fairer sex. This sentiment remained true for many years. I was far from a women hater—my mother is a saint—rather, I had turned into one of those little boys who thought of girls as being "gross." I wasn't above throwing rocks at Joni Flemming, or refusing to allow Renata Surles to partake in the four square game during recess, proclaiming that no girls were allowed to play at this time. I was a scorned man at a very young age. My teeth never looking right since and that is bound to leave an impression.

Then one day it happened. The local sixth grade hang was a wonderful place of roller skating bliss called "Thunder Bird Roller Rink." This place had it all, man. A money machine, fucking claw games, black light roller-skating to the fucking nines. "Highway to the Danger Zone" was a constant fixture of the famous rink. Laura Louckes, who oddly enough is a Dallas Stars cheerleader, told a friend, who told a friend, who by all accounts told another friend, who told me, that she thought I was cute. I'd like to take this time to discuss how "uncute" I was when I was twelve. A Chelsea was my preferred hairstyle, plus I had black rubber-banded braces with matching headgear, compliments of my first sexual experience. Gonna go ahead and throw some Jncos in the mix as well, just to give you and image.

I feel the same way about these situations today as I did back then. Who the fuck am I to turn down a girl, that actually thinks my ugly ass is attractive. We awkwardly met up in the center of the rink. My chain wallet narrowly avoiding contact with my skate wheels. She "wheeled" me over to the claw game. There was a little crawl space right behind the claw game where kids would wiggle their way into where they would be free to make out with each other. We got back there. I stared at her for a while and then she planted one on me. It was the single greatest moment in my life up to that point. Everyone bone in my body was wobbling and by the time all was said and done both of our lips were bleeding (braces, remember?) The DJ had to come and find us in the our little love tunnel after the place closed down. Her parents were outside waiting to take her and her friends home. I had a boner for three days. Every week for a month we would meet up and make out. From that moment on I knew that I would forever be the kinda dude that would do anything I was told just so long as I could make out with a pretty girl at the end of the day. Everything that happened before didn't matter. Not the rock in the mouth or anything else. I've spent the better half of my adulthood trying to get back that feeling, which would probably explain why I'm sitting around alone watching youporn.com videos of trannies fucking. I'm so confused.

Send bullshit to ldworrell@gmail.com

Go Team, Smash State!

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"Lefty" Hooligan • What's Left?

They are valid questions.

If I'm such a rad, hardcore ultra-commie, why haven't I spoken out in solidarity with workers' struggles recently raging in Wisconsin and other Midwestern states? Why haven't I voiced opposition to the US instigating yet another war with the bombing of Libya?

I guess I'm just tired with how much of an uphill battle progressive politics has become. I'm reminded of an article by Calvin Woodward and Sam Hananel on the *Huffington Post* about organized labor beyond Wisconsin entitled "Labor Movement Roars Again, But It's A Wounded Sound," that went on to detail exactly how it got that way. And it's not like bombing the shit out of the third Muslim country within a decade has resulted in massive protests in America's streets. It doesn't help that leftist organizations like ANSWER openly laud madman Muammar Gaddafi as a premier anti-imperialist, or that Wisconsin's labor leaders proclaimed their willingness to give away wages, safety standards, and health care and pension benefits, all to preserve the right for union bureaucrats to collectively bargain for their rank-and-file. The sad, uninspiring level of such struggles doesn't make it easy to write about them, let alone participate in them.

But, hold on, haven't most of the political struggles I've engaged in ever since the '60s been uphill, made more onerous by self-important, self-serving political organizations pretending to advance those struggles? At least in the '60s and early '70s, it felt like I was on the winning side of history. These days, even overwhelmingly positive actions feel like mere holding actions against a rising tide of rightwing reaction. I've spent several past columns bemoaning that the various uprisings of the 1960s never managed to go further, seeking reasons why those movements petered out due to internal failings. There is another way to approach this subject. There seems to have been a decisive turn that occurred between 1975 and 1980, the emergence of some external factor which worked to defeat the '60s upsurge. Whether it's Timothy Brennan (*Wars of Position*) who postulated that the rise of postmodernism in academia after 1975 disarmed the Hegelian Left and a generation of student activists, or Franco Berardi (*The Soul at Work*) who dates the rise of semiocapitalism's digital panlogism and a willingly subservient cognitariat from 1977, or David Harvey (*A Brief History of Neoliberalism*) who sees in neoliberalism's rise in the 1970s a reconsolidated ruling class force sufficient to defeat the strength of insurgent workers and rebellious peoples around the world, there is a consensus that something happened in the mid to late 1970s that tipped the scales decisively toward resurgent capital.

Personally, I place the blame on neoliberalism, but I don't accept Harvey's analysis that neoliberalism is merely a passing historical phase, soon to be superceded. Instead, I'm with the *Aufheben* folks who contend that, because of the close economic relationship between China and the US, neoliberalism is an expression of capitalism's longterm, steady growth, and is bound to last for decades. As such, I don't think we're going to see a revitalized labor movement challenge the power of capital, or a revived antiwar movement take on the American empire, anytime soon. No matter how much I would wish otherwise.

But isn't that when support and solidarity is most important, when such movements are at their most beleaguered? Shouldn't I be willing to do political work and make personal sacrifices, given the level of assault working people and people around the world are under at the hands of the US government?

I'm no fan of the Leftist politics of discipline and sacrifice. Instead of boring you with a long explanation as to the why and wherefore of this however, consider this story as illustration. Abbie Hoffman, along with Jerry Ruben and Paul Krassner, founded the Youth International Party (YIPpie!) in 1967, which celebrated sex, drugs, rock'n'roll, and an anarchic politics best summarized by the slogan "Revolution for the hell of it!" Amidst the rebellion of youth and students during the 1960s, Abbie participated in a number of creative political actions, like tossing money onto the floor of the NY Stock Exchange, which produced a mad scrabble of stockbrokers to possess it. He was a member of the Chicago Eight, a group of activists tried for conspiracy to foment riot during the 1968 Chicago Democratic Convention. And he wrote perhaps the essential text for mischief, mayhem and anarchy within industrial capitalism, entitled *$teal This Book*.

Hoffman claimed to have been set up for a cocaine bust by the Feds because of his politics in 1973, at which time he went underground. He continued to be involved in political activism while on the run, and said that he became a communist as a result of his experiences. When he resurfaced in 1980 he immediately jumped back into politics, specifically, anti-CIA protests. But the political climate had changed considerably in the intervening years, leading Abbie to flip a 60s adage "never trust anybody under 30," and to quip that American campuses had become "hotbeds of rest." So depressed was Abbie Hoffman by the lack of rebellion and protest among students and youth during the 1980s that he swallowed 150 Phenobarbital pills in 1989, committing suicide at the age of 52.

I'm sad enough having to grow old in a hyper capitalist America without inviting suicidal depression by fighting for the Left's numerous already lost causes.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

Billy Joel said once (likely actually several thousands of times) that "Only the Good Die Young." Billy, for once, you're wrong.

Lou Reed, Iggy Pop, Patti Smith, Henry Rollins, Ian Mackaye, David Johnansen, etc etc etc, all heroes at one point, all undeniably good when they were young, and none of whom are, unfortunately, dead. This frustrates me in ways I cannot completely express. I`might say, that, yes, I pray, every single night, to God (a real hero) for all of these ancient creeps to not only die, but to have been dead for at least thirty years (or more). I might suggest that I have made plans to either poison or have others poison these culture criminals. I might have done a million things, none of which I'll confirm, none of which can fully convey my hatred, my anger, my absolute detestation of these loathsome dogs. The names listed above (and many not) would have been Absolute Heroes if not for their despicable, reprehensible *will to live*, and that, well, that just makes me spit.

What's more dangerous to a punk than a desire to breathe? Rock and roll has never been about longevity, or rather the best of it hasn't. From Johnny Ace popping his pimple with a .32 pistol to Darby Crash mainlining four hundred dollars worth of L.A. Dope into his pockmarked arm, the best have died young and horribly, and, at least the way I see it, gracefully. Though even a hard-heart like myself must admit there is very little grace in having ones brains splattered all over Big Mamma Thornton flapjack bosom, or shitting ones too-tight trousers as one slips into deeper into heroin oblivion, you must agree that there's a certain tactfulness to these early deaths. A tactfulness that unfortunately eludes those who still walk and stumble among us. Take, for example, Iggy Pop. I know I've derided his career and character time and time again in my column, and I do realize that it makes absolutely no difference to a single person in the entire world what I think about him, my status as the Last Punk notwithstanding, but Christ, if he had gone out after, hell, *Raw Power*, then the world'd be a better place, and the man would be a Saint. Even he could've realized that his time was up, that it was better to die and be canonized than stumble through Los Angeles music factories for the next thirty-odd years. As it was, he did not, and we've suffered through his bland solo career and a god damn Cat Power duet, for chrissakes. That's not to say that I like the Stooges albums less due to his later works, but if he had died right then and there in David Bowie's studio, right as the last overdub was complete, I would certainly like them more.

Life is finite, but if you can secure your place in legend, it is possible to live, at least in hearts and minds, for as long as those hearts beat and minds think. I'll of course always think of the Young Iggy as a giant talent, a genius and all that, but what he should have been was a martyr. He should've died young and fast, instead of dragging this final period out until the Stooges could finally play Madrid in front of thousands of boring Spaniards. Those who prop him up deserve a wall-and-sten-gun death, or worse. If Ig had just come in, changed everything, dynamited all that he did the way that he did, then just fucking *died*, Christ, that would have been movie-style perfect, a real horse-into-the-sunset sorta thing, but of course he didn't. He just went along, gripping his legend close then slowly slipping until all of a sudden he was just pissing on it. Or take Ian MacKaye, a giant with Minor Threat, forcing us to suffer through Fugazi record after Fugazi record (all of them fucking stink) and then bland, inoffensive (and at the same time extremely offensive) bands afterwards. If he'd just managed a Haagen Daaz for the rest of his life, then it would have been a life worth living. Does Minor Threat make up for Fugazi? I suppose so, but that doesn't make me like it.

You see, the term "Living Legend" has always seemed wildly offensive to me. A legend should be just that; one whose myth and spirit lives on after their demise. The Germs, for example, should be a legendary band, but they've erased all that by hiring a poor actor to replace their singer, and macabre and bizarre as it is, it isn't anything but a cheap and creepy cash-in by a couple no-talents and the guitarist from the Foo Fighters. Chaotic blast no more, the Germs playing in 2011 is more painful to the average punk than a thousand cigarette burns. Still, someone goes and sees these dinosaurs, though for the life of me I couldn't tell you who. I've often wished there was some form of punk Gestapo, a secret police that could go around brutalizing anyone with a mohawk over sixteen years old, that would gas old folks like Steve Ignorant or Nikki Sikki. But people persist in such insanities such as shelling out 24 dollars to go see fucking no-hits DEATH, so I guess popular opinion would be against this scheme (By the way, Death had maybe one good song and are only gaining so much attention because regular people cannot believe that black people would have been into punk in 1975, ignoring completely that black people were pretty good at guitar up until the late '70s). Do people into punk just completely ignore reality? Are they consciously aware of reality enough to ignore it in the first place? I have absolutely no idea.

So what does this mean today? Well, examine where you are. Has your band released one solid, great, classic record? Have you achieved a modicum of success and stardom based upon your talents and musicianship? Then off yourself immediately, in as spectacular a fashion as you can manage, rather than chugging along with feckless abandon, heading inexorably towards the middle, and then, eventually, likely quickly, the bottom. Leaving a legacy is more important than living to a ripe old age, and besides, the world is rotten as it is. Who wants to live longer?

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

It has been a pretty hectic month already. The Arthouse, a historic Melbourne punk venue, is finishing its tenure with a run of punk shows, and STRAIGHTJACKET NATION will play again with the reformed DEPRESSION in one of them this month. UV released our new *Homo* LP last month. I released #36 of *Distort* fanzine. Read about two books a week. Listened to a lot of the

Once Upon a Time in the West soundtrack by Morricone and the new White Fence LP. I also got a package of tapes from new UK hardcore band STAB in the mail, and this will be the subject for the rest of the column.

STAB is a band that mines the late '80s/'90s hardcore sound, specifically bands like RIPCORD in the UK and NO COMMENT in the US. One notable difference between STAB and the majority of bands that are currently stripping the marrow from the boneyard of power violence and hard edge fast hardcore is the emphasis they put on their lyrics. While many modern bands opt for clever graphic design use to associate their apt use of power violence imagery and sound, there aren't too many that are up front with left wing speak in hardcore 2011.

Today, if politics are discussed at all, it's generally a kind of provocative politically incorrect slur against hippies, squares, weirdos, for many an intelligible response to the heavily managed politically correct era that we have been raised in. However, because most people are not confrontational and have not got the stomach for presenting themselves apart from the pack, generally aggression in hardcore music is unspecific or self-directed. Exhausted from the misguided hopes and ambitions of the radical rhetoric so common in the early years of the last decade, it seems that people would prefer a blank lyric sheet so as to not suffer through a hideously malformed reduction of Marxism or gender politics into Ray Cappo-esque communal delight.

Historically, every time that hardcore develops this kind of apolitical tone (think specifically the development of early '80s hardcore in America into "post-hardcore" and emo, the disintegration of the youth crew into the post-rock and grunge era, the subsequent development into proto-nü metal) the political response has been devolve into self hatred after an ineffectual response to injustice or self aggrandizing asceticism. In other words, turn inward. Stab is attempting to intervene in what they have recognized as a decline in the value of modern hardcore, by again proclaiming the sentiment that turning inward is in itself a political statement. Remember BORN AGAINST?

A lot of power violence bands and UK hardcore bands of the era that STAB evidently draws influence and inspiration from were unabashedly political, playing benefit shows for liberators of animals or promoting an anti-capital, pro-vegetarian, vaguely left to extreme left agenda. Hardcore at this time was attempting to associate itself with progressive politics, after the successful proliferation of vegetarianism and straight edge ascetic ideals. It was a very short period of time before all kinds of political extremism occupied the lyric sheets and cover artwork of hardcore bands, and soon after we had militant straight-edge, veganism, animal liberation, gender / sexuality terrorism, freeganism, communism, anarchism, hardline. Interestingly enough, this heavily intellectual landscape of very profound political commitments has a fairly broad range of results, from far left communism to far right totalitarianism, from SPITBOY to EARTH CRISIS. If you pick up a fanzine from the era it is startling to remember just how broad the definitions of hardcore and punk were in a time without a regulative body like the internet existing to direct people their interests in a very concise package. I think STAB can recognize that the point before hardcore openly accepted a torrent of increasingly insane extreme politics was a very lively and exciting moment for this music, and some of the greatest bands came out of the energy and zeal for progressive politics in that era. STAB are pointing their knife back at this point in order to indicate how soft and comforting the sentiments of modern hardcore have become.

Around the time of the late '80s and early '90s, the Western world grew increasingly capable of supporting a class of white people who did not need to work to sustain their lives. These people were generally young and from the middle class, and some of these young white people spent a great deal of recreational activities channeling the guilt of their privilege into a radical political culture. The 1990s were an insane period of time. Anyone who listened to hardcore at the time would have been subject to all manner of political ideals, when emo bands would play shows with proto-nü metal bands and street punk bands, fanzines would interview them all and you'd be exposed to an argument against abortion on one page from a seventeen-year old vegan virgin straight edge girl from Brazil who thought that all life was sacred, on the next a mid-twenties anarcho punk from Footscray proclaiming that a woman's right to choose was more important than any tumorous growth in her abdomen. What a time!

What changed everything was first, the internet became easily accessible to most anyone in Western society, and around the same time, the towers fell. The cynical backlash to this calamitous event in hardcore was relatively congruous with the terror, fear and cynicism infecting the rest of the world.

The same young people who years previous may have felt a sense of guilt that their privileged lifestyle was at the expense of some brown person in a field across the world were now completely indifferent to this guilt. Apolitical cynicism defined the concerns of most popular hardcore bands in the last decade. Stab is a band attempting to break with this tradition.

It is important to clarify that I am generally indifferent to the development of apolitical hardcore and the decline of leftist politics. However, I think that it is far too easy for modern bands to be cynical and offer some kind of vaguely detached political beliefs to sell their false anger as having something with weight behind it, whether this be left or right wing. At some point the hip-hop sentiment of keeping it real became so entwined with hardcore that if there is one sentiment that characterizes the sentiments of much modern hardcore music / writing it would be some kind of vague sympathy for the "real." For most people, keeping it real means being intelligible to the herd instincts of modern hardcore, being vaguely aggressive, reasonably unreasonable, responsibly irresponsible, in short, having little substance behind your behavior or ideas but being boldly cynical enough to recognize this and glorifying it as honest and real. The result can make for excellent herdcore, certainly, but the gamble here is astronomically high! The vast result is laughable and droll. Those without talent or a work ethic will rely on the luck of the roll.

STAB are involved. They have put some work into their demo tape, more than most bands put into their first full-length download. I wouldn't give a shit either way if their music wasn't as good as it is, of course, but this is hardcore made by people who have their heads around what makes this music work, and the result is excellent modern hardcore.

Final word: Pay attention to Melbourne for the next couple of months. The new LP from LAKES called *Winters Blade* and a new tape from Flesh World will be released imminently! Both are highly recommended from AFJHQ!

If you don't live in the US, Japan or Sweden, you are a creature of rare cultural stock, and can mail me your fanzine, cassette, or record for review: A Foreign Junkie at PO BOX 239 North Carlton Victoria 3054 Australia Dot Com

ANDREW UNDERWOOD
COLUMN

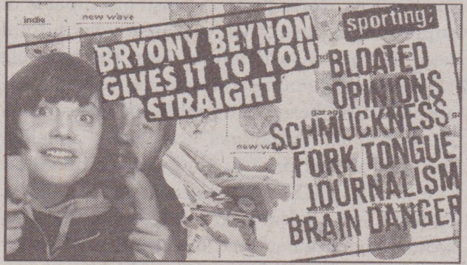
This will be a music-light column this month, as I spent the majority of my March preparing to be and getting married. Which was awesome, but didn't leave me a whole lot of time for the raw ponx, unfortunately. I won't bore you with the details, but aside from a few bumps in the road everything went great and I am now happily hitched. The icing on the cake was seeing some of my favorite punks and heavy metal rockers looking glamorous in their finest evening wear. Well that and the music of D.J. LEBOWITZ. Do yourself a favor and check him out, because you haven't lived until you've heard his solo piano arrangements of "20 Eyes," "Holiday in Cambodia" and all your other punk classic favorites. The guy is an absolute genius and if you're in or around the Bay Area you *have* to see him live if you get a chance.

Now comes the part where I weigh in on the Scion controversy (because I know everyone was just dying to hear what I think about it). First of all, I'm a little shocked that this is even a controversy. I know times and mores change but the punk ethic, at least as I've always understood it, precludes the notion of accepting corporate sponsorship-period. *MRR*'s landmark major label issue really shaped my perspective when I read it at the time, so much so that when Lookout and Fat Wreck bands came to town I was the dork out putting up anti-"fake indie" flyers around town (true story). While I have mellowed to the degree that I don't take the time to call anyone out because of who their label is distributed or financed by these days, I still tend to look askance at punk bands or events that rely on corporate handouts. That's my baggage I suppose, but a lot of what I'm hearing from bands that play these fests and people who attend them is suspiciously similar to the crying that BAD RELIGION did after getting slagged in *MRR* when they signed to Atlantic and now, as it was then, my stance is that what you do matters as much or more than what you say. I don't think any amount of onstage anti-corporate specifying will salve the wound one's integrity incurs when you take money from a major car manufacturer in order to make their product more appealing to a key demographic. On a related note: please, bands and concert-goers alike, *please* stop acting like you're getting one over on the man by participating in this shit. You're not. You are putting on your metaphorical Scion shirt and sloppily tongue-kissing the brand just by showing up at the gig. You are engaged in marketing. Own it. Of course that may be asking a bit much from a scene that has once again embraced dreadlocked A&R scumbag Keith Morris now that he's farted out some new mediocre punk-ish noise.

At least I can take solace in the fact that my beloved noize is far too un-commercial to ever be pegged as the next big thing that will convince people to buy stuff. Though, come to think of it...WOLF EYES did tour with NO FUCKER. At any rate, the CONTROL EP will put any corporate fucker off his lunch permanently. After a lurching dirge of a first track, this platter gets down to all noise all the time, though the sound is so grainy and washed-out it's hard to tell what all the fuck is going on. Indeed, this sounds more like an art project than an actual record, overshooting the classic *Spending Loud Night* sound by about a mile and a half and ending up with third-generation dubbed TERVEET KÄDET rehearsal tape sound quality. Beneath the overwhelming fuzz and screech there are some cool CONFUSE-ish bass lines and grunted vocals, but this is so spectacularly fucked up that you really have to consider static and feedback to be musical instruments to enjoy this mess. Hey, I like it (don't love it, it's a bit gimmicky even for me) but diehards will appreciate it for what it is. (Damaging Noise, PO Box 226720, LA CA 90022).

On the more "pro" side of the punk coin, I also received a fantastic looking cassette from SEE YOU IN HELL and Black Thrash records called *Raw Hardcore Blasphemy*. It contains eight songs recorded between 2008-10 for various splits with awesome Japanese bands (seriously, what a run! SYSTEMATIC DEATH, CROW, and CONTRAST ATTITUDE!), along with one comp track and an unreleased NEGATIVE FX cover. This is an awesome package, with a color j-card, spray-painted tape, and adorable tiny mini-poster. Of course, the contents of the tape are killer as well. I've been a bit critical of the SYIH sides of those splits as they came out over time, but listening to these songs on this format makes me like them a lot more. Maybe it's being free of the context of the splits, or maybe it's just giving them a bit of time to grow on me, but all of these tracks sound a lot better this time around. The songs from the CONTRAST ATTITUDE split in particular stand out as total fucking ragers. This is definitely worth tracking down, both for SYIH completeists and those who want to hear new material by one of the best and hardest-working bands going in Europe today without having to track down a fistful of 7"s. (Black Thrash records, www.myspace.com/blackthrashrec).

All right, I'm going return to my world of connubial bliss now, but if anyone has any advice, insights, rad demos, or a spare copy of the DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR 12" (yes, I'm still after that damn thing) hit me c/o *MRR* or at agunderwood@gmail.com.



There's a momentous clattering of glass. Only just discernable through the yellow haze of cordite from smoke bombs are a small group of figures collectively wielding a traffic diversion sign high above their heads, smashing it against the frontage of the Ritz. They have all hidden their faces and they have all chosen not to participate in the A-B police-approved march today. They probably don't know each other. That march is organised against the cuts to public services, including the proposed selling-off to the highest bidder of the system that allows everyone in the UK free healthcare, which is also Europe's biggest single employer. The media, almost without exception, will later report on this, the biggest demonstration in eight years as having been "spoilt" by "violent extremists hell bent on destruction." They charge now at a hotel whose doorstep is perennially slick with Arabian Oil profits, corridors cloudy with the baying laughter of the idle rich. Their symbolism isn't hard to read, nor is it meant to be. Only actions matter in this moment. The shattering that sounds like the end of the world is gone in a few seconds, but photographers are somehow faster than police, so the only thing captured is this image, and these breakers of glass, ciphers for decontrol, havoc, and referred to variously as "thugs / anarchists / morons / the violent minority / black bloc," all of which are a little off point, well they are faster still, long gone before that acrid smoke-screen has any hope of lifting.

•••

I was there, for a little while. On a lunch hour while working a pointless temp job that involves sitting in a room in case a telephone rings. I'd trotted around the west end (an archaic sort of "downtown" for tourists and cinema goers) and ended up just short of Regent's street as I stop for a rest. Even in their dress-down yellow jackets, even as they pose for tourist photographs, I am mildly uncomfortable at the police presence, and mindful of them as I slouch against a lamppost, watching the awesome array of embroidered Union banners float by, chewing on a strawberry. There are no protesters or demonstrators here, outside of the small section of the Union organised demo march that is visible from the square, which is following its pre-planned course. The atmosphere is that of a normal public event, where rarified clement weather brings out shorts in ever hopeful middle-aged men, and the march is quiet and obedient to the degree that I nearly move to inform the copper behind me that one of the diversion signs has fallen over and I've seen two curious tourists nearly trip on it. I find myself moving on up another closed street as there's nothing else to see and I need to buy some jeans. I'm nearly at the door of the shop, all of which are still open for business, when there is, out of nowhere, a very loud explosion. The thin smattering of tourists and shoppers that I'm walking nearby make sudden, wide eye contact with each other. We can't help it. Still, most of them move back towards the source of the noise with interest. I'm nearly a mile from work at this point, and the realisation that I'm alone and that I could get trapped suddenly dawns on me.

The police tactic of containment or "kittling" has done well to quite successfully deter me, and I suspect thousands of fellow lily-livered armchair anarchists from attending protests of recent months, and even on my lunch hour, today is no different. I make a u-turn and try to discern what the lines of cops, still standing to attention but allowing people through, might be saying. I study their faces. They have long batons. They all seem to be men. I am overwhelmed with fear and mistrust out of nowhere now, even though I have no trigger, no direct experience that would give me reason to be. Just stories, overheard, and images, studied and returned to. I imagine many citizens of other countries, even friends in America, feel this way as an active daily lived default setting but our police do not have guns here. (I am more scared of guns than I can possibly explain, I've never even seen one close up in real life. It makes me want to be sick and I couldn't tell you why, really.) They are like lined up here like soldiers, bustling now in the wake of the first blast. An armoured vehicle speeds down the closed street. I figure it was some kind of smoke bomb with a sound much louder than its visual impact. Who threw it? There are, to reiterate, still literally no protestors in sight here, just tourists and the small visible section of the main march, a never-ending snake of marching unionists and hospital staff in the south west corner of the Square. Another louder bang. The last time a pig moved that fast it was flying.

There is still no one here who looks like they could possibly have thrown an exploding missile, but the mood has suddenly and irrevocably shifted, although at this point I'm not in the business of soaking up the mood, eyes shifting to a possible exit, as road I walked down to get here becomes impassable within a split second, now sectioned off by a line of police who have suddenly donned helmets. As such they are unable to hear the plaintive requests of families of shoppers looking to get out, but still they seem as uncertain as to what is about to happen as anyone else. You can sense it as they shift from foot to foot. Each of them seems to be at least eight ft tall. All men. I edge to the wall to attempt to sneak past them. Again, the march is still moving, and as I'm let through I start moving faster. There is a clattering sound, it seems far off but persistent and as I speed-walk towards Leicester Square, I look up a side street and am stopped in my tracks. A thick line of completely helmeted and shield riot police with batons raised. They charge. In that glimpse, that moment, you can tell what is to come for the rest of the night. The headlines and the tutting. What this event will be "written off" as. I freeze frame that exact moment, as it all begins to kick off. Later on the Ritz will be smashed and the following morning a right wing tabloid newspaper will announce "Ritzkrieg!" and spread unsubstantiated froth about ammonia-filled lightbulbs. I think about taking a photo, and then decide to get the fuck out of there before I get stuck again. I hightail back towards the relative safety of Covent Garden, where my office in the museum is, that is very unlikely to play host to anything more civilly disobedient than a particularly raucous street performer who has paid thousands for his license to entertain tourists. My ears are still ringing from those two little blasts as I climb the stairs and slouch back down in my office chair.

If I had stayed indoors and carried on reading the websites instead of heading out there to watch the march and eat some strawberries, I'd have known that, a few streets north at that very moment, a blac bloc was weaving itself through narrow streets, smashing up banks in targeted rage, decimating the odd window as they went, completely evading the police. That line of riot police I witnessed about to charge was the very moment they caught up.

At the same time, PR-savvy "peaceful direct action" group UK Uncut had been honing in on their targets on Oxford St, the city's main shopping drag, where were mostly the flagship stores whose parent companies known for government-assisted tax evasion. The occupation and "conversion" of these stores into makeshift "art schools" or "hospitals" is their aim (techniques: paintbombs, banners, and some theatrical improvisation) a playful ad-hoc detournment making a real point, that has gained them celebrity fans and some media respect. They operate with a fluid honesty that's hard not to like and they generally speak sense. As such, they are a threat to this government in a way that neither A-B marchers or the so-called "violent minority" are (who are mostly just written off as being unrepresentative of "real British people," because having reservations about capitalism and voicing them seems to be the fastest way to get discredited as a crackpot idealist). This is why, after being repeatedly told by a senior officer that they were being contained by police in the high-end department store they had occupied (a known tax avoider not to mention the "Royal Grocer") for their own safety, 138 UK Uncut affiliates were systematically arrested and held for in some cases eighteen hours without food, strip searched and DNA tested. This is the state response to a non-violent group of young people, suggesting that big business should pay their taxes according to the law of this country, too.

Manning the un-ringing telephones in a locked annex in a dead museum. Listening to the helicopters. After lunch has settled, I am as close as can be to downing tools completely and heading out, but it doesn't happen. I'm alone with my thoughts until the sirens stop quite suddenly around 6pm, although the helicopter buzz stays for far, far longer. The official reports of the day are done, statements will be released, cells prepared, they could have been (and in all probability, were) written the night before, such is their predictability. So as darkness falls and all the major media outlets have filed their stories, it's just the right time for the police to seize upon a peaceful sit in at Trafalgar square, ruthlessly battering young men and women without provocation, breaking one man's arm and clobbering hundreds into hospital, a "tactic" based on a lie over attempted property damage to the fucking Olympic clock.

There has always been and will always be elements of an up-for-a-ruck-with-the-filth mentality mixed in with a political prerogative whenever you get in large crowds of dissenting civilians, but the hazy ground between the two is a frayed edge as old as time, and no doubt any form of civil disobedience that's ever even tried to manifest itself. The assertion that somehow only those who can articulate their rage or affiliate their feelings in a certain language are worthy of being listened to is a trite one. Indeed I can think of many of my peers who feel just slightly too hazy or disconnected to outwardly express that sick feeling. Engaging those people is crucial. The images of direct action from today are arresting, even though the content of these actions (always limited to property damage) in a global city, are not really so dangerous or all that unusual in themselves. I think of the broken windows all along Brixton's backroads, of graffiti and property damage as a common language of every brick in this city (whether its tolerated, tutted, at or ignored, its never an outrage)—these quotidian attacks on property are pretty small time in the scheme of daily socialised acceptance of rape, abuse, and murder, much less the state sanctioned violence against the very most vulnerable people that are about to be rushed through our parliament. There are different forms of violence and their outcomes differ to, as do their significance and their capacity to be either seized upon by a frenzied media or washed over with a weak "we're all in this together" sigh of economic fatalism that neatly discounts the fact that these cuts tear massive holes in the last few remaining safety nets available for the most urgently vulnerable people. All this from our Frankenstein bro-alition excuse for a lousy sham of receding hair suited pricks in parliament, complete with no less than thirteen millionaires and a prime minister with a face like the inflamed end of a recently discharged penis, obsequiously serving corporate interests, squeezing Thatcherite ideology from dribbling neo-liberals, looming ineffectually as particles of marketisation seep into every aspect of public life, waiting ready only to blame the previous administration when countering the lies they had to tell to get even halfway elected, and always with the stale mantra that they didn't have access to the real figures, that they could never have known the true weight of this country's debt when they made those "promises" to the electorate.

What happened last week in London will undoubtedly be condemned as an anomaly of the violent left, in opposition to the will of "reasonable people" and democracy, the argument being that those with genuine political grievances would never resort to such violence (that is to say, the apparently heinous crime of low level property damage.) In the coming months, every moment of improvised, creative, and defiant direct action taken will represent a tiny, decisive tear in the vast tarpaulin of grief and shame shrouding this small island, where the police do not carry guns and the parties in power got less than 25% of the public vote. We must act on the freedoms we do have, because that light, I suspect, is demanding to be let in.

MRR: Do you get »
George Tabb sez
Take my life, please!

I guess my world really began to unravel the second week of August, 2001.

My good friend and icon, Joey Ramone, had passed away a few months earlier and I was still reeling as I walked Scooter, my nine pound Yorkshire Terrier down Lafayette Street toward our home in Tribeca.

We had just made a short visit to my pal, Hilly Kristal, the guy who owned and ran CBGB. I hadn't seen him in a while and had been feeling guilty.

Hilly and I were good friends for a good long time. I was also good friends with his son, who at the time was not on speaking terms with his dad. It was the usual family stuff.

Anyway, Hilly was telling me that day that he hadn't seen much of me since I moved to Tribeca. I told him it was because I now lived further away from CBGB, and besides, the building I lived in had an indoor pool, a gym, and more hot models per square inch than F.I.T.

He laughed and we both talked about my good fortune of getting into the luxury building, Tribeca Tower, on Duane Street, as part of their 20/80 program.

It worked a lot like the Mitchell Llama plan my mom had got us those few years back. Although she was gone now, she would have been proud of how my future ex-wife and I applied and applied and applied and finally got excepted to a building where eighty percent of the people were really rich, and twenty percent were "low income artists." We were those, of course.

But in the building, no one knew who had dough and who didn't. It was beautiful. My next door neighbor was an investment banker, and some very famous actors and models lived only floors away from me.

Sometimes, I'd hang out with them at the gym or in the art deco lobby with my dog, Scooter. It was a wonderful life.

Anyway, Hilly had told me that day how sorry he was that Joey was gone, and how he knew how much the guy had meant to me. He also asked about my future ex-wife, and wondered why she never came to visit anymore. The two of them had opened the CBGB 313 Gallery a few years back.

I explained that my future ex-wife was busy with her blossoming jewelry business, and that one day, maybe we'd even break even.

He just smiled that Hilly smile. The one that said everything in the world was just fine as it is. God, I miss him.

***

As we made our way down Lafayette Street, Scooter and I enjoyed the summer air. He pulled very hard in front of me, with his tongue hanging out, being a “crazy dog” as usual. I'd slow him down every few steps. Then at every corner, I'd pull out a bottle of water and pour it into the palm of my hand for him to drink.

He'd lap up the water as fast as he could, and I could always tell when he was done when he would go into this coughy / sneezy fit and get dog snot all over me. I wouldn't have it any other way.

So I'm thinking about perhaps buying some fresh vegetables and making a huge salad for dinner. My future ex-wife never cooked, so it was up to me to forage for dinner. Fresh greens or some stir-fry sounded good to me. Then I'd take the elevator down to the gym and workout like I did everyday. When you play the punk rock and run around reporting on stuff, you need all the energy you can muster.

Anyway, toward Canal Street, walking north on the same side of the street is a guy about fifty yards in front of us wearing what looks like a Confederate Army uniform. Hat and all. It looked like he had a backpack on with a sleeping bag poking out of each side of him, as well as a rifle attached to his back.

“Strange,” I thought.

It was the dead of summer and he must have been boiling in what looked like a wool coat. Maybe he was coming back from a civil war reenactment or some movie shoot or something.

As Scooter and I got closer to him, Scooter started to bark and spin in circles like crazy. The man didn't seem to notice and kept walking toward us. By this time I could see his face, and it wasn't good.

He looked pale. Very pale. Like unreal white pale. And his face looked like a skull with skin, and deeply set blue eyes.

I looked him in the eyes as we got closer to one another, and he looked me back in mine.

Suddenly, Scooter's barking seemed to be a million miles away and everything was almost silent.

And freezing.

It felt like an Arctic blast had just blown up Lafayette Street and hit me head on.

I kept my eyes on the man as we passed within inches of one another, and he kept his eyes on me.

Somewhere in all of this I could smell death.

Like those rats Nick had poisoned and had died in the walls of West Fourth Street.

Then, like someone hit a switch, suddenly everything was “on” again.

Scooter was barking loudly, and the cold had left as quickly as it had come.

And the smell was gone.

I turned around to get a good look at the soldier's backpack and he was nowhere to be seen.

I looked up and down the street. Side to side.

I even ran back a bit to a short alley and looked for him there.

But I never found him.

It was weird.

But I was used to weird, so it didn't really bother me that much.

As I walked Scooter home, forgetting all about getting those vegetables, I told him, “Wow, Scooter, Death just visited downtown!”

Scooter just looked up at me, while this old homeless lady with her shopping cart mumbled to me that I should stop talking to myself.

I thought about what I had just said, then dismissed it as silly.

It was some actor guy. That's all.

Yeah, psychic shit ran in my family along my mother's side, and yeah, my Aunt Rose had been famous on The Lower East Side for seeing people dead behind deli counters while their hearts were still beating, but I wasn't her.

I was a punk rock musician and writer, and all that “old country” shit had no place in my life.

***

That night, over a dinner of Burritoville burritos, I told my future ex-wife about the soldier I saw.

“He was death visiting downtown,” I told her in a Rod Serling voice, “only, in The Twilight Zone.”

She told me it would make a good story but to stop making things up. I told her I didn't but she didn't believe me.

Until about one month later.

***

That's when September 11, 2001 happened.

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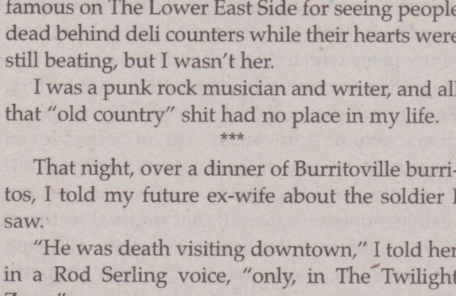
End Of Part 2.

Endnotes:

1. What has happened it Japan is heart-breaking. I have found that the International Red Cross gets help to people who need it the fastest. I know this *first hand*. I'm just saying…



“Sketchy” Humor: How far is too far?

All right, so the PC backlash is alive and well in 2011...still. It has been for the last few years, from my observations. I am a person who went through a militantly PC phase when I was in my early twenties... a phase that is long since a thing of the past. I have a sense of humor that would be considered unfavorable to certain people... That's something I'm somewhat known for, but mainly amongst close friends and word of mouth. It's also something I have grown to be no longer proud of, and honestly pretty fucking ashamed of.

I'm not accusing everybody or anybody in particular, and if anybody needs to listen to themselves, it's me, but we all need to take a step back at this point and ask ourselves how we want to be representing ourselves in public and in hardcore. You'd be surprised how many people don't understand the idea of keeping offensive humor strictly within a small group of people who will be comfortable and understand where it's all coming from. You'd be surprised how little people realize how their words can affect others. You'd be surprised how much a supposedly apathetic person (such as myself) is actually disgusted by the lack of tact some people have when they're making jokes and looking for attention. You'd be surprised, indeed.

It's simply not funny. It's destructive and it's dangerous. Be it prejudice, racism, sexism, homophobia, or any bigotry in general... it's dangerous to be promoting those ideas to the public, because not everybody is as smart as you may be. Those ideas have been responsible for some of the worst crimes and humanitarian disasters in the history of the world. I'm sure if you asked 100 of your friends if they wanted their public image to consist of those negative ideas and views...most of them would say no. Well, it's time to take a step back and realize that you're putting yourself out there in a way you don't want to if you're willing to allow your sketchy sense of humor to leak out into the real world.

Like I said earlier, I have been guilty of this in the past. I am not a perfect person, and I am not always a morally positive person either...but I definitely strive for it. This is an important problem that I have personally grown a bit fed up with in the last year or so. I have also seen how certain actions affect people in a negative way and I can honestly say I'm fucking done supporting it. It's not right and if you think hard enough, I have a feeling you'll agree and want to make a change as well.

I don't want the world, or let's just say “the hardcore community” for the time being, to become an uptight, uncomfortable environment for the people who choose to surround themselves in it. However, I would like to see more people start to take a stand against some of the shit I've been seeing lately. Bottom line is that if you're willing to suggest to someone that you are a racist or prejudice against gays, the opposite sex, minorities, etc., and in reality, you aren't?! Well, I don't think it's merely an opinion that you are fucking *stupid* then. Why would you want to promote something so hurtful and damaging if it's not something you truly stand by?

Hardcore is a place that feeds on negativity, anger, and sometimes violence. It's very easy to get wrapped up in ignorant ideas as a form of expressing other things you may be pissed about...but it's time to take a step back. There is no reason why this community should represent ideas of such unintelligent forms of hatred. All in all, this is a place you should be somewhat proud of and identify with. If it's not, do your part to make it so. Stop promoting ideas that you don't truly stand by. Think before you speak. Leave your sense of humor at the door. Keep hardcore free of social intolerance.

John Hoffman/Weekend Nachos, vocalist

KC/DC

GUEST COLUMN

Avoiding Co-optation

About a month ago, I wrote a guest column in *MRR* about the recent Magrudergrind release that was sponsored by Scion. This is the first time that corporate philanthropy has directly affected the lives of people I know personally. The article tried to explain the issue in terms of personal agency, and a lack of ideological cohesion within subculture. Almost immediately after publication, I started regretting taking such a moderate approach. Admittedly I was responding to the criticisms I'd heard about the release; most of these were based around punk anxiety within the United States. In addition, I didn't want to dog out my friends. However, just because you're friends with someone doesn't mean you have to agree with their decisions; I'd like to explain that more clearly here.

Punk anxiety about "selling out" can and should be about more than just worrying about the aesthetic of the "culture" being ripped off by the mainstream. The way I see it, the political meat of the issue of "selling out" ultimately has to do with the relations of corporate production, and a critical engagement of this issue is what my article lacked. If we consider ourselves part of a counter culture, we have to look at issues of corporate philanthropy from a larger perspective. If we fail to do this, then we risk falling into complacency on issues like cultural imperialism and western paternalism. In the age of global media, the spread of these ideas has become all the more insidious, and the neo-liberalist capitalist economic agenda has enabled them to masquerade as point-of-sale philanthropy.

I devoted a portion of the original article to explaining that the individual ethics behind Do It Yourself music vary greatly. I stand by this argument. Getting to know new people through DIY over the years has been much the same for me as getting to know anyone; some people I agree with, some claim to be apolitical, and some understand politics but just don't care. The people I've met through DIY that are politically engaged are some of the most amazing folks I know. In addition, bands like Crass and even Chumbawumba have demonstrated that DIY has tangible radical potential behind it—I don't think we can or should ignore that.

Granted, over the years there have been a lot of changes in punk and DIY in the United States. The rage over the Reagan era gave birth to the political punk movement that swelled to critical mass in the mid '90s. What most of us haven't started thinking about is what happened after that. Obviously, many different types of musicians and activists employ DIY practices today, but it is my contention that the secrecy and silences during the George W Bush years have had a lasting effect on the citizenry in this country. It's difficult to feel like there's as much anger and informed movement behind DIY as there used to be; maybe part of my feeling about this is stems from the fact that I'm older now and punk is nothing if not a youth culture. I've tried to break up with punk a few times, but I still wind up letting it back into my life. I think the reason for this is that I recognize the fact that punk can be a vehicle, an agitator. If we understand DIY as the method behind a COUNTER culture and don't relegate ourselves to being called a SUB culture, then we can use its methods to keep power in our own hands.

Given all of this, I had a hard time pointing the finger at Magrudergrind or the folks in Braddock because of my first world guilt over owning a car, eating meat, etc., but I think I see the difference now. Magrudergrind and the folks in Braddock have both worked pretty hard to get where they are. However, earning the privilege of being offered a large check by a multinational corporation doesn't mean you should take it and run. If you do that without questioning where this money is coming from, then you're sleeping. Rationalizing the action of publicly accepting money from Toyota—FUCKING TOYOTA, DUDE—means you lose the right to call yourself DIY. Sorry, holmes.

Also, I believe relegating critical thought and engagement with social issues to a "hobby" is a demonstration of privilege. Hegemonic ideology stamps down and splinters the political engagements of its citizenry; the exploitation of Riot Grrrl and the mainstream mutilation of activist Hip Hop are two examples of this. What we need to recognize is that every decision we make is political. Bands that claim to be apolitical are still political; writing songs about drugs, beer and partying is political. Friendship is political. Even writing about your breakup is political if the message you're laying out reaches more than just you. Seen from this angle, DIY has the potential to be an empowering and resistant framework.

So, keeping Do It Yourself ethics as a hobby is indeed a political act; it is one that directly goes against the formation of solidarity. Once we explain a radical lifestyle as a hobby, we condemn that lifestyle to emptiness. A decision to be tired of identity politics, to not apply what you read to your daily life, to not be accountable, or to ignore the voices of others is a decision to not be an ally. If you abstain from these activities, you risk missing the structural traps we are all tangled in. It's no surprise to me that the people who thanked me for being moderate in my column are all white, able-bodied young men. I love and respect some of them, but I have my fucking eyes open.

Ignorance is what keeps people oppressed, and we owe it to ourselves to keep our minds active. Optimism and activism are therefore survival tactics. I still don't feel like there's much political coherence across DIY communities, but I wish there was. However, it is my belief that the rise of social media, coupled with the crumbling edifice of the United States federal government provides a unique cultural moment for the citizenry in this country. Masculinist thought is quickly becoming obsolete; the world is so connected that it is becoming impossible to maintain American individualism. Collective good and real community service are (hopefully) beginning an ideological ascent, and DIY ethics can provide an important framework for action in these times, before the corporate "philanthropists" swoop in for the kill. DIY can be more than just an aesthetic; it's up to folks who give a real, honest shit about their communities to try and keep it from losing its salience.

DAN MCGREGOR

GUEST COLUMN

An alarmingly realistic hypothetical situation: You play in a DIY punk band. You get an e-mail one day from some amiable fellow that works in the advertising department of a large multinational corporation. He has a business proposition for you. They think your band is cool, you're popular, you're hip and happening. So he would like your band to perform at his company's large free concert next month. It's on the other side of the country, but they'll pay your travel and lodging expenses, plus a couple extra hundred to boot. They also want to release your record. They'll pay all the recording expenses, give you full artistic control, and give you several hundred copies for free. They'll distribute their copies through the hip, cool retailers they're partners with. In six months, you're free to do whatever you want with the recordings. The only catch? You need to display their logo prominently on the front cover for the time being.

There are certainly a wide range of possible reactions and opinions, but to me, there are three basic underlying ways to analyze this:

1. You're a band and you're here to succeed. You work hard, you're moving up in this world but you've also got bills to pay. This is a great opportunity to make some easy money, play a big show on the other side of the country, get your record released and distributed to your adoring fans. There's a lot of practical gain with

minimal effort on your part.

2. You're a band and you're DIY punks. You can't believe some big corporate fat cat is stupid enough to waste their money on you. Lucky day! It's great that a corporation wants to support the arts, but talk about misplaced generosity.

3. You're a band and you're DIY punks. You don't need the help of sketchy corporations to release a record and you don't want your art used as an advertisement for their product.

I'll address each of these analyses independently.

Analysis One: Your Band Is Your Life

Analysis One says you're a band that's trying to move units, make money, be popular, and be a successful business venture. Nothing wrong with that. If that's the case, then take the money and go for it. But let's be clear, you're selling out. What else do you want to call it? Admittedly you're getting a great deal, relatively no strings attached to the money, and it's on a smaller scale than the usual cases where such terminology is applied, but you're still signing your art over to a major corporation for their use and their benefit in return for money. You still lose your integrity for some quick material gains. If that's okay with you, hopefully you'll be able to sign to a major label, play stadiums, have your songs in iPod commercials, get your cabbage stacked high and live the dream of making music you love all day long. Take your art as far as you can. It's all the same dance with the devil. I won't criticize you because I understand the appeal.

But don't masquerade as a DIY band and pretend that you're part of our network when you're hopping in bed with multinational corporations to promote their product. The DIY network was designed to bypass the record industry and mainstream business community that we felt was immoral and illegitimate. We decided we could do it better by ourselves. Allowing yourself to become part of a corporate marketing plan places you back within the system that the DIY community was supposed to be standing against. It puts you back into the system of using music as a commodity and a tool rather than treating it as art and friendship.

Lots of bands using Analysis One claim that the DIY scene has failed to economically support itself. Anyone that tours regularly or releases records regularly knows this is true. But just because we don't doesn't mean we can't, and certainly I think it's a more worthwhile endeavor to work on making the "don't" into a "do" rather than abandoning ship for corporate sponsorship. I'm not arguing that bands should condemn themselves to poverty, but that being a DIY punk band holds you to a higher ethical standard than any band generically trying to "make it" regardless of the unpleasant implications. Fugazi is the easiest and most well-known example of a band that almost never compromised even in the face of popularity.

These bands have also expressed the pleasure of being able to release a "free record" courtesy of Scion. As if a dozen or more DIY labels wouldn't release a record by bands like the Nobunny and the Spits. Probably half of these labels would be willing to cover recording costs too. Others have covered the dangers that free records will have for the economic climate of the DIY community, see the end of my column. But the dynamics of this "free record" itself are quite fascinating and not yet explained in print. The band gets some copies for their own use, but what does Scion do with theirs?

They're sent out at random to stores that are partners with Scion A/V, stores that are deemed cool and hip enough by Scion's marketing team and that pay a significant monthly fee to Scion. Scion's been playing the corporate sponsorship game with hip-hop and electronic music for awhile now so a lot of these stores are geared towards those clienteles. There's also plenty of hip food spots, skate shops, and clothing stores partnered with Scion. These stores are sent a grab-bag of various Scion products, some Magrudergrind 10"s, some house music sampler CDs, some Scion socks, some Scion headphones, etc., which are to be given out for free to customers. They're also required to give a 10-20% discount to all customers with a Scion Partners card on everything in the store. For small struggling record stores, this prohibits them from carrying Scion-released records from Magrudergrind and the Spits. They can't afford to pay a large monthly fee and dole out discounts just to get their hands on a small and random number of Magrudergrind 10"s. So you can get this new release "for free". Just not from your local punk record shop you should be supporting. They're left in the dust.

Analysis Two: Fooling the Corporation

Analysis Two says you accept all of the above but don't see the harm in cheating a corporation out of its money. But don't fool yourself; you're not cheating a corporation out of anything. When you cooperate with Scion, you're helping them sell their product. On March 1st, the Detroit Free Press reported a nearly 42% increase in sales for Toyota, with Scion specifically selling 30% more than last year. You're playing a part in the marketing campaign of a company that has partnerships with the Burmese military junta, that allowed Mr. Kenichi Uchino to literally work himself to death, and that uses sweatshops in Japan filled with politically voiceless illegal immigrants from China and Vietnam (see: National Labor Committee's "The Toyota You Don't Know" report from 2008.) You're saying "this company is cool and I support them and their product," a product that was partially built on human rights abuses. This is a factor that bands using analysis two are often unaware of. And the important follow-up question is, if you're comfortable taking money from a corporation like this, who wouldn't you take money from? Where are we going to draw the line on which big evil multinational corporations are good enough for the punks and which aren't? When Scion's marketing successes reach the ears of other advertising teams, will you be prepared to accept money from Chipotle? McDonalds? Nike? BP?

But even more alarming to me than the lazy ignorance is the idea that your participation in their marketing scheme is meaningless. Many people think, "I'm not going to buy a Scion car just because they helped me see Integrity for free. What a bunch of dopes, pissing away their money." But you see, they already won! You're talking about Scion cars and associating their brand with a pleasurable experience. That's how marketing works. Thousands of people from a very specific and difficult to reach demographic have been talking about Scion cars for months. Each "free fest" costs Scion less than a single TV commercial, each record costs a fraction of that, but each creates enormous brand recognition far surpassing the 30 second TV commercial you use to go make a sandwich while watching *Avatar: The Last Airbender*. This is not to say we shouldn't even be talking about Scion's involvement in punk, we should be debating and discussing as we are. But we should be aware that our involvement with them is not cheating them out of their money, they benefit more than we supposedly do.

Some bands using Analysis Two champion Scion for supporting the arts. This is not supporting the arts. Toyota is not sponsoring artists out of cultural benevolence. They are a for-profit enterprise that is ultimately concerned with profits for shareholders. Let them "support" arts that aren't based around DIY culture.

Analysis Three: DIY or Die

Analysis Three is where I'm at. The corporate sponsorship of punk is a clear and direct undermining of everything I've always thought was cool, relevant, and interesting about punk. I got into punk for a variety of reasons, one of them was that it rejected the popular mainstream values and cultures that I saw as vapid, selfish, and stupid. It outlined as a goal that we could make our own culture and produce our own infrastructure through our own methodology, without outside help. That we could develop a viable alternative to the world around us. Obviously I was a bit naïve, but I do still rabidly believe in the DIY community and the power of the punks to control at least our own small little world, to take care of our own artistic enterprises and create an artistic culture that is independently viable.

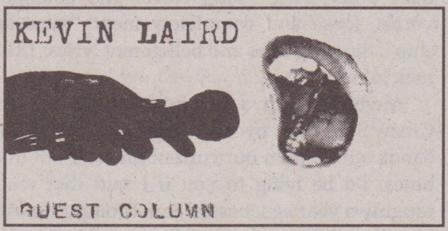
If we're taking money and accepting help from multinational corporations, then what's the point of DIY? We're reducing our culture to another avenue for information overload and branding experiments for multinational corporations. We're reducing our methodology to "DIY out of necessity because we couldn't get popular enough for corporate sponsorship," not "DIY because we don't need them, we can do it ourselves," We're opting out and saying we *do* need them rather than addressing our problems constructively to ensure that we won't want or need them in the future.

I don't see any difference between involvement with Scion and being in *Seventeen Magazine* posing with models, it's all "free exposure to do cool stuff." That's fine if you're a band trying to make it; but I expect a higher ethical standard out of punk bands, that "free exposure to do cool stuff" is not worth the loss of integrity and that we can, within our own community, accomplish similarly cool things without their help.

We don't need corporate handouts and we don't need to accept multinational corporations as members of our community. I'd rather see Scion do another billboard than make a punk record. Punks can make punk records, we don't need anybody else's help.

For another great analysis on this issue, please scope my friend Andy Stick's (theendlessblockade@ gmail.com) column in Short Fast and Loud issue 24. I agree wholeheartedly with Andy's analysis but for the sake of not covering the same ground I tried to write this from a different perspective.

For love mail, hate mail, or neutral thoughts mail, e-mail me at WhyDoTheyLive@yahoo.com. Please be patient for a response. For personal confrontation, come to Wasted Dream house in Washington DC and ask for Kamikaze Dan. Please bring lemonade. Respect to DCHC and VLV message boards for helping me gather my thoughts through online discussion, and gratitude to Joao from Birds and Wires and Tony from Celebrated Summer shop for providing me with research.



Чернуха (Chernuha)

During the late '80s the policies of Perestroika and Glastnost (openness) led to the relaxation of censorship in the Soviet Union. During the thaw that followed unofficial filmmakers began producing works that explored subjects previously taboo. These works, with their exploration of themes of crime, addiction and other social ills were labeled "Чернуха" or "the dark stuff" for their grim depictions of the negative aspects of modern Soviet society.

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My wife's always telling me how the only church she knows is the cinema. She grew up obsessed with film. She started hitting up foreign movie nights at the Wexner Center on the Ohio State campus when she was in High School. Her senior year she started working at a tiny onescreen theater called The Drexel till she graduated with a Bachelor's in Film Studies from OSU. Me? I left school at fifteen and caught my higher education on the streets of rural Wisconsin through the help of my beloved teachers: acid and cough syrup. She should probably be the one writing this column, but I'm the one here at the terminal with a bad case of Bruxism trying to chemically override the perpetually reoccurring case of writer's block I get every time I sit down to type. I did; however, find myself hip to my wife's message this past winter. We were living in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. I was strung out on dope, searching desperately for escape from the spiritual prison I'd crawled inside. I got a message from a friend about a new theater that had opened up in the neighborhood called The Spectacle. He told me they were showing a film by Mikhail Kalatozov, the Georgian born Soviet director responsible for *Cranes Are Flying*, a movie that had made a deep impression on me a few years prior when my wife put it on as we were coming down off a long night out with the members of Fabulous Diamonds and Psychedelic Horseshit, all of us wearing our kaleidoscope glasses. I was impressed to find that the sound of church bells that Grazhdanskaya Oborona had sampled on *Fsyo Idyot Po Planu*, the same album I scored on a sidewalk off the park in downtown Kurgan in 1992, were taken from this movie. I was taken aback by how beautifully the film was shot. It's hard to believe the film is from 1957 with its surgical contrast cutting bright across the screen. The definition is vivid. Everything is clear and sharp. The shots and angles twist and contort like the cubo-futurist photographs of Rodchenko and poems of Mayakovsky. There's a word in Russian for it.

Остранение (ostranenie) or "making strange" was the way the Russian Formalists first described the technique of forcing the audience to experience the common in an unfamiliar way, altering their perception. There were people who argued that revolutionary art must break from the past. The Russian Futurists who included Mayakovsky among their ranks issued a manifesto in 1912 titled *ASlap in the Face of Public Taste*. By 1932 Stalin decreed the establishment of Social Realism to be the Official Art of the revolution. Mayakovsky had already shot himself by then as things got tough all over for forward looking artists. Their work fell out of favor with the press (as was the case with Mayakovsky) and some were even erased from history completely. Eventually, however, Mayakovsky did have a subway station named after him. Though his namesake was underground, it is considered one of the most magnificent stations in a metro system famous for its beauty. There is also the Mayakovsky Square (named after the statue of him that stands there) that during the late '50s helped launch the Soviet dissident movement when people began meeting there weekly to read banned poetry.

When I looked up the address of this Spectacle Theater it turned out to be only a few blocks away from our apartment. I felt a pull. Something was up. This was just too perfect. I took a walk to the hundred block of N. 3rd St. where I'd heard the theater was, but I couldn't find the place. I did wander into Book Thug Nation and asked if they had any idea where this place was. They said it was S. 3rd and pointed to a flyer with a schedule for the place by the exit. I was excited to find that they were showing a documentary about shamanism narrated by William S. Burroughs that evening. When I was younger I used to love watching movies while on cough syrup. It felt like the screen dissolved and I was a present within the films, which expanded out past the third dimension. I'd recently found a connection for dust, which like cough syrup is also a dissociative psychedelic and seemed to share some of the same properties I'd loved about cough syrup when I was younger.

Maybe it was all the dust I'd been smoking, or all the Crowley I'd been reading, but it felt like I was tapping into some kind of cosmic current and it was directing me. I called up the cook and had him stop by. When he left I felt myself mechanically roll a stick and check the clock to find the time pressing down like a key through tumblers. I lit up and set out for the Spectacle. The city wrapped around me like the branches of a dead tree, bare and broken. I imagined myself as The Unmarried Mother in Heinlein's short story *All You Zombies* and D-503 from Zamyatan's *We*: apart from the masses writhing like maggots along the sidewalks of the decaying cultural factory farm that is New York City. I felt the frequency of my soul vibrate the music of the spheres.

I came to the corner of S. 3rd and Bedford where I expected to find the theater, but I saw nothing that gave any indication of an independent movie theater anywhere in the vicinity. I started to feel a bit nervous. I was poking around suspiciously trying to find something, a secret door, a helpful hand, anything but nothing. There was an apartment building; completely non-descript that reminded me of the spot close by I often scored stamps. It was located right where I felt the theater should be. It was the only place it could go. There was a young Puerto Rican woman standing in front of the door, but she paid me no attention, despite my obvious confusion. I asked her if this was the movie theater and she looked at me like I must be trippin'. By that point, I was myself questioning if I hadn't made some kind of mistake. I'd already ended up in the wrong place earlier that day. I looked again at the directions. She said "no," and turned away. I began to think the whole thing was kind of creepy. I took a step back on the sidewalk and stared at the buildings waiting for them to transform themselves into a cinema. I checked my phone. It was time.

"TONIGHT AT THE MAGIC THEATRE
FOR MADMEN ONLY
PRICE OF ADMITTANCE YOUR MIND."

"You here for the film?" asked a voice behind me. "Sorry I'm late, someone else was supposed to open up tonight." A door appeared in front of me. It was glass and metal with a black sheet obscuring the view inside. When it opened I entered into the tiny theater, handing a few dollars to the doorman and finding a seat in the middle of the room. Incense was wafting up from the front. There was exotic Southwest Asian music coming from the speakers. My vision began to soften at the edges, which crept in slowly till all I could see was a small box of light, which grew until it engulfed me. The whole thing carried a real witchy vibe. I felt as if I was being initiated into some occult society. Finally, I felt myself evaporate into nothingness. It was like a feedback loop turned inside out. I was blown wide open. I was not simply tapping into the universal consciousness.

It was like my body was an aquarium inside the ocean, and my soul was a fish trapped inside it when the glass all melted away. Just like Letov said when he once described death in an interview. He was a shaman. A holy fool spinning wildly through the ether. I felt the bacteria of life breathe and collapse with the rhythm of mechanical thrusts till the universe blew its load through the back of my skull. I scraped the back of my seat and collected the goo in my hands, wiping it back into the cavity left ajar in my head.

When I came to, I was surrounded. Hushed murmurings fell low in the seats. The theater had filled and people sat in the aisle and on all available open floors. I needed to get away. I got up and squeezed through to the aisle and exited the way I'd come in. I felt zapped. What had happened?

I walked in a daze for days after the experience telling coworkers at the junk shop I worked at about the spiritual awakening I'd had. I felt the jaded nihilism I wore like armor fall away. I quit smoking spontaneously. I didn't want to do it, it just happened. I didn't think about it. I just stopped. I also started seeing patterns and symbols everywhere. Everything was lining up to be deeply meaningful.

I was becoming obsessed with the subways. They were an archetype for all of my obsessions—dark and dirty, underground, lined with tracks. Barrack Obama through The Chinese Restaurants' *River of Shit* 7" spoke to me like the Beatles to the Manson Family. I was a guerrilla in the battle to liberate man's heart. I started talking to people in the subways: the musicians, coming from all corners of the earth. I befriended a junkie hustler who asked me for help one evening. I had conversations with Hassids and old women from Harlem. I picked up the habit of calling everyone "brother" from Sami, the Muslim owner of the bodega down the street from our apartment. I gave a hug to an old Polish woman who was swearing at traffic outside of the methadone clinic.

Eventually I stopped sleeping. My wife would wake up to find me in a trance having conversations with God. She'd come down from the loft, frightened, to check on me. I'd come to wondering what woke her up and why she was acting so strange. I was convinced she was going crazy. She was telling me I was scaring her. It felt threatening that the beauty and meaning in life that I'd rediscovered after what seemed to be an eternity of darkness would scare her. I called my mother to tell her about my spiritual awakening hoping that she might be happy for me, but I was disappointed with the response I found there as well.

I felt Helter Skelter coming down fast. Shit was about to get ugly. Paranoia took hold as I became convinced that my wife was Judas betraying me with a kiss. She had been calling doctors asking them questions about schizophrenia. I feared her love for me would leave me institutionalized.

That's when things got real messy. I wound up lost in the streets running from my shadow until I had a nervous breakdown. I tried to check myself into a hospital, but found there were no beds available for me. It was then that I gave up. I told both my jobs I had to leave the city and hopped on a plane back to the Midwest several hours later.

Turns out some of the visions I was having were not too far off mark. The pipes are so backed up they've blown from the pressure and the shit is rising to the top and spilling out into the streets. Radical Republicans are pushing a Satanic agenda trying to bring about the Apocalypse. Fundamentalist creeps are pushing hate. And the people are hooked.

SHIVA
GUEST COLUMN

Distort Suburbia

The best punk music made is no question the stuff that sounds and is *urgent*. Like it was frantically played: with toes curled, brows sweating, spines tingling, and heartbeats severely elevated. It's rare that live shows capture such intensity: some of the best bands out there are only on top of their "game" a fraction of the time (a tip of the proverbial hat and clink of the proverbial glass to anybody who has stayed up all night, staring at the ceiling, amped as fuck to see their favorite band and bug out, only to watch the set start and quickly disintegrate into a beerslide with an unplugged microphone, singer drenched in beer, a falling apart drum kit: and a band too drunk to make it happen) and honestly, it's rare that the right elements can throw themselves together in a recording session too. Even though heavily produced, studio recordings have been featured on tons of awesome and classic records (Gauze, Kriegshog, Framtid, Black Flag, and Young Wasteners wouldn't hit as hard without it. Can you imagine the sax intro to "Stained Circle" recorded on a 4-track, that'd be anarchy), my heart is in the hands of those who record *raw*. Since it is this savage muzak that binds us together to read these underground publications, to pack ourselves into dank and decrepit rooms to stare euphorically or freak out violently, and to do whatever else we may please, what better than to write about said noise? Especially in a rag called *Maximum Rocknroll*, fer fuckssake. So here is some incoherent rambling about some of the most frenetic, spine tingling sonic documents, recorded with obsolete contraptions like eight and four track recorders, cassette decks, boom boxes, and broken reel-to-reels.

Sex/Vid were all the cat's pajamas (lyke three yearsss ago!) for a while, and their second and third 7-inchers document some *great* hardcore. Noisy, belligerent, and loose as fuck. I read in an interview somewhere that they recorded these shits on a 4-track. Although the speedy thrashers have appropriate affect, it's when it gets slow that it just *crawls*. "Tania" has to be one of the best mid-paced HC songs ever, with stiff competition from everything from all your favorite Discharge ones, Poison Idea ones, Crazy Spirit ones, Otan ones....agh you get it! I dunno what the throat-master of S/V is saying at the beginning, but I hear "KICK IT" and willingly oblige. "Nests" is as hypnotic as the best tracks on the first two Stooges records, and exerts the same confused, helpless, and Neanderthal power that the Stooges harnessed in 1969.

Speaking of the Stooges, the only band that comes close to contention for those same confused feelings within that time frame (Before the Ramones, or whoever the rock historians say started punk now) is the ELECTRIC EELS. If their stuff was recorded on something more sophisticated than a 4-track, some fucker in a Cleveland recording studio owes them a refund. Gxd-damn. Listening to this band recalls that same panicked feeling you get as a young buck in your room putting on Black Flag for the first time and frantically turning it down so your parents don't hear. No matter how hard you try, if you put any song from "Agitated" to "Jaguar Ride" on a mix tape, it will be exponentially louder than every single song there. The obnoxious vocals, loose and completely inept "musicianship", the song titles and belligerent lyrics: This is rock 'n' roll.

Anybody with a fuckin' brain knows that Crazy Spirit are by and large one of the best bands out there in our current times, if not in all times. I'd be lying to you if I said that when, roughly a year ago, bassist Sam brought up early Brazilian HC as a huge influence, that I wasn't surprised. Nonetheless, the parallel made a lot of sense. Any lovers of visceral grime and dirt pervading through their speakers should look no further than Sao Paulo circa '81-84. Olho Seco were one of the first to storm through the floodgates created by the maniacally oppressive Brazilian government, and they were one of the best. Arm and arm with other greats like Cólera, Inocentes, Lixomania, and Ratos de Porão; they played punk music under the most repressive circumstances. As noted in the liner notes of the (highly recommended) *Tropical Viruses* comp tapes from the '80s, these punks recorded on fucking tape decks and 2-track recorders: Lo-fi hipsters take note, these freaks did it better. Olho Seco melded gruff vocals, fuzzed out guitars, and broken drum-kits, paired with unflinching passion and anger, and oh is the result sugar to my bleeding ears. Thrash monsters like "Nada" and "Botas" from their first 7" will triple your heartbeat, and the ugly and primitive stompers on the Gritos Suburbano 12" and *Os Primeiros Dias* 12" will make you want to roll through mud, dirt, and gravel. To those of you fascinated with the shaved heads and primitive tempos of "Oi!" style shit, skip 4-Skins (or whoever the fuck) and wrap 'yer ears around Cólera. Pal-pe-Brite! Speaking of Latin American punk, I'm dying to get my hands on the *Brutales Matanzas* LP, if anybody has an extra copy to spare. Ratas Del Vaticano and Inservibles are some of the best knuckle dragging and feral punk bands out there right now.

The only band that has a release recorded in fidelity close to that of Olho Seco or Inservibles would be CCM, with their first 7″ and subsequent split demo tape with I Refuse It!. This is feral, feral, fucking noise. The tortured, grunting screams, the buzz saw guitars, the drums fighting to be heard, the careening bass. Fuck! The first 7″ has to have one of the shittiest quality recordings I've ever heard, but it's so damned good! It is in high possibility that this was recorded on a voice recorder, methinks. The Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers not only have one of the best band names ever, but they are one of the most vivid, livid, grimy, and scummy sounding bands I've ever heard. This is the true sound of someone losing their mind on recording.

Most of you know this, but that country that funded the whole "Columbus Day" holiday where you kick off your filthy Vans™ and put your feet up to the sounds of your favorite vinyls for an extra day in the week, Spain, they've been continually producing some of the best punk music ever. Basque Country is Burning. So is Barcelona. The Crimen De Estado / Sudor split 12″ was one of the best records of 2010, as with the Firmeza 10 12″, but I've spilled ink on those elsewhere. Like Olho Seco and Cólera in Brazil, like Wretched and CCM, the punks in Barcelona 2011 are making some of the most vital and passionate hardcore out there. Remember Invasion/ Destino Final? Remember Destrucción? Well members of those bands do time in another band, which is a little slower to get their records out (only two 7″s in their six or seven year existence) or finish interviews (ahem), one of the best HC punk bands ever, Otan. Otan have to be one of the most distinct and memorable bands in the history of noise and music. Their songs are short and primitive (like all good r'n'r, let alone punk…) and they have this familiar, yet fresh, anthemic style. Their chords ring with dissonance and emotion; their vocals ring with disgust, hope, and anger, all at once, and their aesthetic rings with passion. The first 7″ (*El Indomable*) is sick as hell, unfortunately, I don't own it, but I do own the second one (*Sociedad Despreciable*), and it has been a go-to record since the day I got it. In seven minutes the band crashes through seven songs, blown out, heartfelt, and affecting.

There is a certain rabidity that all this shit shares in common, something to do with that image emblazoned into your head when you drop the needle, press play, or do whatever the fuck you do, of a group of punks packed into a room with primitive, malfunctioning equipment, standing on edge with their hairs standing rigidly tall, banging out this music. Obviously there are loads more recordings, bands, and whatnots to look into, many which I've written about elsewhere, many which I haven't. Stuff like the School Jerks EPs, early Lebenden Toten recordings, the Perdition 2010 tour tracks, the HHH demo, all early Brazilian HC records, the Firmeza 10 12″s, the Silenzio Statico demo tapes, the Confuse demo tape, some Tyvek stuff, early Reatards, Los Saicos, State Children, Insurgents—Fad Cash 7″, early Italian HC, and others I'm forgetting. If these bands teach us anything it's that, please, don't cheat yourself, it's not the recording quality, the equipment, the whatever, it's up to you. Punk requires feeling and desperation over all else, and maybe songwriting (but that's up for debate.) Long live noise.

eggmangel@gmail.com or Shiva / 61 the Terrace / Katonah, NY 10536 / USA for whatever.

Endnotes:

1. Record collectors are pretentious assholes. You think I own half this shit on vinyl? You are sorely mistaken. Lose the ego; whether you're jamming to mp3s, tape dubs, bootleg discography CDRs or LPs, or the real deal reissues or originals, the format is hardly what counts, at all.
2. I write a fanzine: *Accept the Darkness*. I have issues #4 and #5 right now, 3 USD for yanks, 4 USD for everybody else. Write me for a copy. Sorry if I'm a little late in response, nothing personal.

TONY GUNNARSSON

GUEST COLUMN

It first starts with a lot of noise. You can't really make out what it is you're listening to. It's the first innocent meeting of not knowing, yet being intrigued, but more importantly wanting to find out more. Yeah, you know precisely what I am talking about. Remember that feeling? For some people that feeling, that something, is something that belongs to young people only. "Yeah, yeah, yeah," they say, "it was like you say it was when I was fifteen, then I grew up. But now I am dead." But as I say, for some people that something is a goddamn calling, and out of those people a few will stay true to that calling throughout life, throughout careers, marriages, divorces, shit, whatever. I am not talking about facial tattoos. In my case, sure, I was already attracted to outsiders. A kid from a broken family, I was one myself! By nature's logic the child I was sought friends that I could relate to. We were attracted to shit that the other kids at school weren't. Burning down houses. Smashing windows. Sniffing glue. *Not fighting*. Not being a fucking idiot. So you see noise was a sure thing. Had it not come our way back then it would have come along later on. For me, it was the same thing with books, although that came at a much later age (I don't think I even finished reading any books before I turned twenty, even if I probably told people I read all the time!).

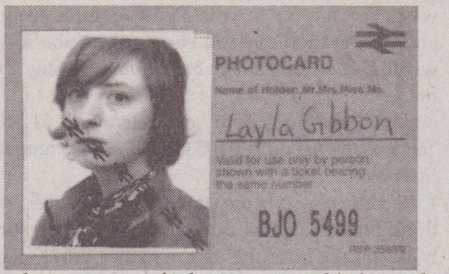
You're reading this shit in *MRR* so it's a foregone conclusion that I still listen to noise. But I still like to think about how insane it was that those first few mixtapes I got from my friend Ola Beglert that first week of school in 1987 (that he had probably stolen off his older brother Henrik who was a punk) included bands like Blitz, Ramones, Heartbreakers, Cortex, Discharge, Black Flag, Rövsvett, KSMB, Protes Bengt and Arnesplasthjärna. Let me tell you about one summer that stands out perfectly in my mind. I had moved with my family to some shitty coast town. It was so fucking square, even compared to the hick country town where I had grown up and grown feral. Not finding any friends with interest in being an outsider I ended up with the real outsiders, the high school dorks. It was hilarious going through that first period of early teenage experimentation with alcohol and cigarettes and girls for a second time with a bunch of nerds. At the same time I became more punk than I had ever been—before it had always been a mix of everything, punk, skateboarding, comics, video games, horror films… One day we'd dress punk, record tapes in someone's basement and then hang out in some park and be outrageous to pensioners; other days we'd be on our BMXs in the forest and we'd find some cabin to break into.

But there, in the big city where even the cool kids strived to become like their parents, I turned into a full-blown punk daily. I mean I never had any money, so I ended up wearing the cheapest old army surplus clothes I could find. It is punk not to be able to afford to buy studs. (It is so fucking punk). That summer my mum and her boyfriend were away for days on end and the house was left empty to me. My mum had left some beer in the fridge and in a marvelous growing-up ceremony told me casually while leaving that I could drink the beer if I wanted. I was fifteen or maybe sixteen, and while I had been drinking since I was eleven or so it was no big deal, I appreciated the parental reaching out. That day was a great Swedish summer day. I was drinking a beer and playing a tape of *Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing* in the kitchen. I was amping myself up until my head was buzzing and bursting with raw teenage energy. I knew I had to do something so I pick up my skateboard, which was now pretty neglected (because I only ever wore Dr Martins). So I went skateboarding by the parking lot at the DIY shop.

That day there were some other kids skateboarding—which back then, in that town, was fucking unheard of. I had spent three years in that city and only ever saw other skateboarders a total of five times. Once I saw a dude on a skateboard on the other side of town while driving past with my mum in the car. As soon as we got home I took my skateboard and jumped on a bus and went back to the other side of town. I rolled around for hours, but never saw him again. No wonder I eventually stopped skateboarding to become a punk full-time. I was so disappointed in the kids of the big city. But on that summer day, wearing my old army fatigue shirt and thrashed-up jeans, I had to go out. Down by the parking lot, with the other stupid kids, I was skateboarding as hard and fast as I could, and I lost myself doing it. I was probably trying to prove something, to myself and to those retarded kids who never ever skated anyway. In the evening as it got dark, I was sitting down to smoke a cigarette and one of them, a long-haired poodle metalhead who I had talked to once or twice before, came up and said he liked how I skated. He said I skated fast. It was really embarrassing. What a fucking retarded thing to say. But I still to this day remember that day. Not because of the stupid kid but because I had the song "Warning" by Discharge playing in my mind. "Poison poison poison your mind." That line of words means more to me than any vinyl record ever will. I mean I barely knew anything about Discharge in those days. It was noise and it made my teenage legs vibrate.

Not much has changed since back then. I mean, sure, I go to a job everyday. I look at lots of numbers on a screen; write articles, reports and presentations about shit I am not really interested in. I play Discharge and drink 50 cups of coffee until I am tapping d-beats with my fingers on my desk. Later on as I get off the train I'll probably walk past the off-license and buy a bottle of beer. Drinking it and smoking a cigarette walking home through the East London Siberia where I live—mostly immigrants, mostly poor people, mostly ugly houses everywhere you look (ours included)—I'll be hearing a hardcore punk song in my mind ("Poison poison poison your mind") and it will launch a daydream about some fantastic hardcore band that I will never start (but it doesn't matter). If the weather allows, once my daughter is in bed, I might take my skateboard and skate as fast and as hard as I can up the long hill to the supermarket, doing tricks on the way. On my way back, I'll be bombing the hills, carrying a bag of groceries, drinking a bottle of beer, smiling and thinking of nothing much... Later on in the evening we might watch some retarded Polish arthouse movie, or maybe I'll write for my stupid fanzine, maybe I'll play some stupid punk noise. At one point of the night I'm sure to be trying to persuade my girlfriend that the 7" record that came in the post was a so-called "free review copy" but she'll insist I have bought it using money meant to keep us alive until the next time I get paid.

I mean—I could grow-up properly. I am practically halfway there, or more than halfway there to be brutally honest. I could rise on up the fucking career ladder and earn £100,000 in a year or two if I wanted to. It's within my reach. It's within your reach too. But I have been poor my whole life, and I don't mind it so much. Someone sang that everyone knows why he is so damn down, come on, that's how you end up in the underground. Yes, exactly. But I don't care. Shit. This is my guest column for *MRR*. I remember reading *MRR* at someone's house when I was sixteen or seventeen. Dig that you American imperialist swine. We read *MRR* on the other side of the world too. It is our magazine too! But I probably never owned a copy back then. I probably pretended to read the columns, but to be honest I don't think I could even understand what the columnists talked about. Not because of the language barrier, being Swedish and all, but to be honest I have no idea what some columnists talk about even today. You're probably still wondering if you just wasted your time reading this shit. Well I guess this is the last time *MRR* will ask me write a column. So let's talk hardcore punk! HC is incredible to listen to and I love to disappear into hardcore noise. If I no longer react violently, say if some youngster were to play me a Wretched record in twenty years time: kill me. To quote from a letter I got today from the person responsible for the best Swedish hardcore punk recording ever: "LISTEN TO PUNK. THE END."


PHOTOCARD
Name of Holder Mr.Mrs.Miss.Ms.
Layla Gibbon
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BJO 5499

Fuck power pop, fuck new wave, this is punk rock, you're a slave: *MRR* needs a coordinator! Could it be you?

We are still looking for a content coordinator to replace me. We have gotten some great applicants, but as you will see my name is still on the masthead and we gotta do something about that. Maybe you can help? I know you can. *MRR* is a life consuming organism. As well as, uh, coordinating the magazine coordinators (right now, me and Mariam, or as I should say Mariam and I in order to appease the grammar oppressors), have to work other jobs (apart from *Maximum Rocknroll*, duh) in order to do things such as eat food, fix our bikes, fight the man and go to shows and so on. Or you know maybe you have student loans to take care of? Did you know the magazine allows you to live in the *MRR* house at no financial cost?! Yep, it pays yer rent, but you still gotta work. The bookstore I have worked at for the past five years went out of business, so I have been unemployed for four months. I got a job at City Lights books, in North Beach, but they only had one or two days a month open. Not enough to actually exist on. So I figured I would have lots of free time to make tapes and go on bike rides and so forth... attempt to live offa government cheese. But as always seems to be the case with me and *MRR* the magazine pretty much ate up all that free time.

There is always more to do. You could easily work 60 hour weeks and still not finish all that *could* be done. I got another job this week, and had to work six days in a row, plus putting together the magazine, and I am pretty tired and burned out right now. This is our busiest week, when we have to put the magazine together and get it to the printers. Sometimes this means sitting in front of a computer from 9am to 3am, and still not getting it all done. The longer you have been here the more it weighs on you.

This is the sort of job that you sort of learn as you go, and the more you learn, the more the responsibility and weight of what you are doing takes over. Most people that have coordinated the magazine you are currently reading have not run a business before, or edited a magazine, or had access to over 40,000 records. Some of the skills needed to do the job will be already there: maybe you know everything about Danish post punk and the history of Memphis garage rock, plus you can photoshop like a maniac and also are really detail oriented and budget conscious. Being able to construct a sentence is important; you will be editing the entire magazine. You are in fact the editing department! Every single article, review, interview, column and scene report is on your shoulders my friend! Does that semicolon belong there? Or is it just a trick of the eye!? Maybe there's no such thing. It's 3am! Who knows. We have shitworker proof-readers, but essentially most of the editing falls on the coordinator's shoulders. From George Tabb to that Bulgarian scene report, you must make sense of it all. You are also in charge of advertising, financial affairs, plus you are the motivational task force, the mail order department when shitworkers flake. You are the music editor, the news editor, the person who has to figure out why the toilet is leaking and you also get to pick what runs in the magazine! And what plays on the house stereo. Bear in mind we have to cover a wide range of music, not just shit you like, so being aware of what punks are currently listening to is important.

If there is something that's missing from the magazine that you think you could bring, as stated we are still looking for someone to replace me, so if you are under the impression that you have what it takes... you should email us for an application. You will be running a business so you must be a legal citizen of the USA, and not have say, the IRS or the CIA on your back. You gotta have a vision and sense of what you want to do for the magazine. This is a great opportunity. While there are certain things that we can't change due to Tim Yohannon's wishes, and we do work within a certain structure, chiefly only covering underground DIY non-corporate sponsored punk, hardcore and garage... you are in charge of the content. You! You have to contact bands that you think should be in the magazine and attempt to get an interview out of them. You have to write the kids that distro the zine in Kuala Lumpur and ask em why they have never done a scene report... You get to uncover endless crazy records in the record library and figure out a way to write about said experiences in the magazine. We are looking for someone who could run a business, someone who could carry the weight of this thirty year old punk rock institution in the face of the death of print media, of bands selling out for pennies to Japanese car conglomerates who apparently make killer tube socks. We want someone who has an idea of what they want from punk, and what punk and DIY culture does for fuck ups like us and how important it is ultimately to make our own culture on our own terms. By the punks for the punks. But also someone who knows why kids lose their shit over RVIVR and Weird TV, over iceage and Isterismo, who knows about the all girl teenage punk band that just put out a 7" in Oslo, about what's happening in Japanese hardcore, about the various offshoots of the Marked Men... You gotta know your history too.

One of the reasons I didn't apply to be coordinator after Paul quit (in like 2004?!) was that I didn't think I knew enough about music. This was just some stupid undermine-y lady probs bullshit; I have been obsessed with music in an all consuming way since I was thirteen. Maybe I didn't know the history of Polish punk at that point in time, but the shitworkers at the magazine and the aforementioned insane record collection, along with my own endless curiosity about music filled in the gaps. Everyone has areas of musical knowledge that are more focused or pronounced, but *MRR* is the self-proclaimed holy bible of punk rock, right? So you gotta have a solid and broad based foundation on which to build. Even if you don't like Scandi-crust, you must understand its importance and significance to punk rock. Same goes for pop punk, garage, post-punk, shambolic DIY Messthetics-core, power pop, hardcore, thrash, and so on into infinity. We're looking for music nerds not casual listeners you know? An international punk rock and hardcore obsessive. We also want someone who can reflect and stand up for the magazine's radical political agenda. This is not a place for group hug personal is political coffee mug sentiments. We are not interested in bumper sticker homilies or casual indifference. Up against the wall motherfuckers!

Basically we are looking for someone who is consumed by DIY, who is ready to move to San Francisco and give this magazine and punk rock the next two or three years of their lives. Are you ready? If this sounds like something you could handle, that you have been waiting for, if you are someone who makes things happen rather than just watches shit pass them by you should fuckin' email mrr@maximumrocknroll.com and ask for an application and tell us why we should hire you. This isn't a casual situation, this is punk rock, it's do or die. You gotta be passionate about it, don't send us some shitty email as if you're applying for a job at Starbucks ya know? We want to know why you should be here, writing a column every month and making sure the world's punks are getting their monthly fix of inky fingers and esoteric music nerd talk, even if it means you are up at 3am, and you gotta go to your shitty retail job at 9am the next day.... And the night is still young, the workload so endless. Insert appropriate Minutemen lyrics about punk rock being your life, corn doggy. There is a reason this magazine has been around for thirty years, and we need someone who has the vision and focus necessary to continue this tradition!

Whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com
Layla@maximumrocknroll.com

THE DICKTATOR

mariam bastani

I was going to write about some really profound theory that would revolutionize punk and shock the masses into a state of autonomous bliss and restore full faith in the common man surpassing all borders and color lines, but if George Tabb can write about video games, I get to write about movies.

We have an interview with two of the creators of the wonderful book *Destroy all Movies: The Complete Guide to Punks on Film* and it got me thinking about being at a show a few months back and realizing that the drummer of the first band was the dude that I rent movies from at the local video store down the street. I walked up to him after they played and drunkenly blurted out, "Hey, man, you're my video store guy." Realizing what a dumbshit I sounded like, I immediately apologized and he immediately responded in the calmest, eerie voice," Bastani, right? Mariam…You like Film Noir, gangster movies and Horror… especially Val Lewton and Hitchcock." What the fuck do you say to that?

Anyway, my point here is that it was, and is, weird to talk to another punk that you barely know and have them know something other than your music tastes right away. In a subculture that is heavily based on fashion, it is indeed weird to have some one know what you like to eat, drink, watch—basically all the shit you do in the comfort of your home or among company that are more than acquaintances. I told my friend about this encounter with my video store guy and he told me that after he quit working at a coffee shop he ran into a former customer at his new job at a grocery store. He was checking the guy out and said, "Two small Chais for here?" and the guy looked at him like he was a nut. I believe the description of his expression was,"Who the fuck do you think you are?" The story is similar, but there is one profound difference…the Chai dude was not a punk, he was a yuppie hippie shitbag that wears Tevas, Patagonia fleece lined parkas and lives in Santa Cruz. When I worked for Whole Foods in Chicago Billy Corgan used to come in all the time with the same weird older spacey guy who wasn't his dad. Not giving a fuck about the Smashing Pumpkins, I was one of three people who would serve him without acting totally strange. Billy Corgan loves Black Forest ham and that is a fact. Anyway, I was walking home late one night where I lived down the street from a 24 hour diner and by chance I looked in the window where I saw good ole Billy Corgan sitting in a booth (probably eating ham steak) with someone. He looked up right as I passed and we waved at each other. I paused at the window and mouthed, "You *love* Black Forest ham." He nodded and said, "I do." I have no real direction or purpose telling this story, except that it was just plain bizarre (and a little nightmarish if you think about it). Imagine Billy Corgan fashioning a deli plate for himself at home made primarily of Black Forest ham… that's fucked up, but I bet that shit happens.

Back to my point… as punks, many of us are pretty much "flagging" all the time. We wear punk shirts and let people know what we are into, which is bad ass to me, but there is something that rubs me the wrong way when someone at an SF fucking bike shop playing the latest "ironic" throwback they are listening to tells me my Gasmask shirt is "tight." I don't mean to sound like a snob or that everyone should know who Gasmask is even if a little part of me wishes it were true, but there is something to say for "what we do is secret." There is something about punk that many of us feel protective over it. For some punk is something that they gave up on because it failed them or something they feel exclusive ownership over. We are dealing with the abstract, I get it, but there is something that keeps us alive, coming back and making it anew. It may be intangible and it's true that there is no definitive doctrine, but to some degree, it is indeed important to us.

I have said before that when I was younger, if you saw a punk walking around your neighborhood, you would approach them, tell them about a show, invite them along and share a beer with them on your stoop. You think that shit happens now? It does actually and it always will. Now that many of us are adults, at least chronologically, what's to say that we can't extend some of that camaraderie in other facets of our lives?

After seeing the video store guy at that show, we now hook each other up. Without fucking over the people we work for (both independent business), we use whatever resources we have to help one another out with menial things. He is more permissive with us taking movies out in regards to late fees, I bring him a copy of the magazine. He will hold old movies they have for sale that he knows I will like; we exchange flyers and give each other heads up about movies, bands. Eventually, we started talking about random things, including "non punk" projects we do and even "non punk" stuff our punk buddies do, including where they work or businesses they own. It may sound silly or hokey, but I love it. I don't think that video store guy and I will ever be close pals, but seeing him at a punk show and having that mutual realization that we have common ground between us beyond customer and patron, did indeed lead to a mutual appreciation of punks in "normal" settings. Now I feel like I have another resource for finding out where other punks work, places they own, places we can support. There are punk minions out there that have jobs and businesses that we most likely do not know about. I am not implying that we can readily set up some sort of sovereign punk nation and proudly sew our flags on to our ass flaps...not yet anyway. Nor am I saying that punks should do things for other punks for free. What I am saying is that even if we had or have to keep our "punk" lives apart from other aspects of our lives, or even prefer to have our "punk" live separate from our "real" lives, we now have some choices to actually interact with punks on a "professional" level. I don't mean that taking money from a corporate entity in their guise of "philanthropy" and giving it to our community is legit…because it's fucking not… I mean that we can probably extend our patronage of DIY labels and products to services.

MRR hasn't had working heat in many years. We can't fix it and the landlord won't. We finally decided to find out what the fuck is wrong with it and we called some punk pals that are heating and cooling guys. They checked it out and told us what was going on. We then talked to one of the shitworkers here who processes the online orders who was a realtor for many years, and now has his own business about what our rights are as tenants. We then called a former shitworker who is still active in punk who is now a lawyer and asked him about any legal areas we should be concerned with. I know that this is much easier for us to do because we have the resource of having punks around all the time, but I am willing to bet even in the smallest town, there are places that are better to support than others. And even if buying a record from any number of DIY record labels online or at a friend's distro at a show is a no brainer, we still have some ways to go with everything else we purchase. Instead of getting a guitar pedal from Guitar Center, why not order a custom made pedal for less from Sioux City Guitars? That dude is a punk! Do you realize how many punks own restaurants these days? Right now I can name ten punks in different cities that do everykind of contract work as professionally as a big name company. Why don't we know about this? I know this might sound trite to some and I also know that there are plenty of towns that have not much to offer beyond a Walmart, but punks are everywhere and they are skilled. Why not support that?

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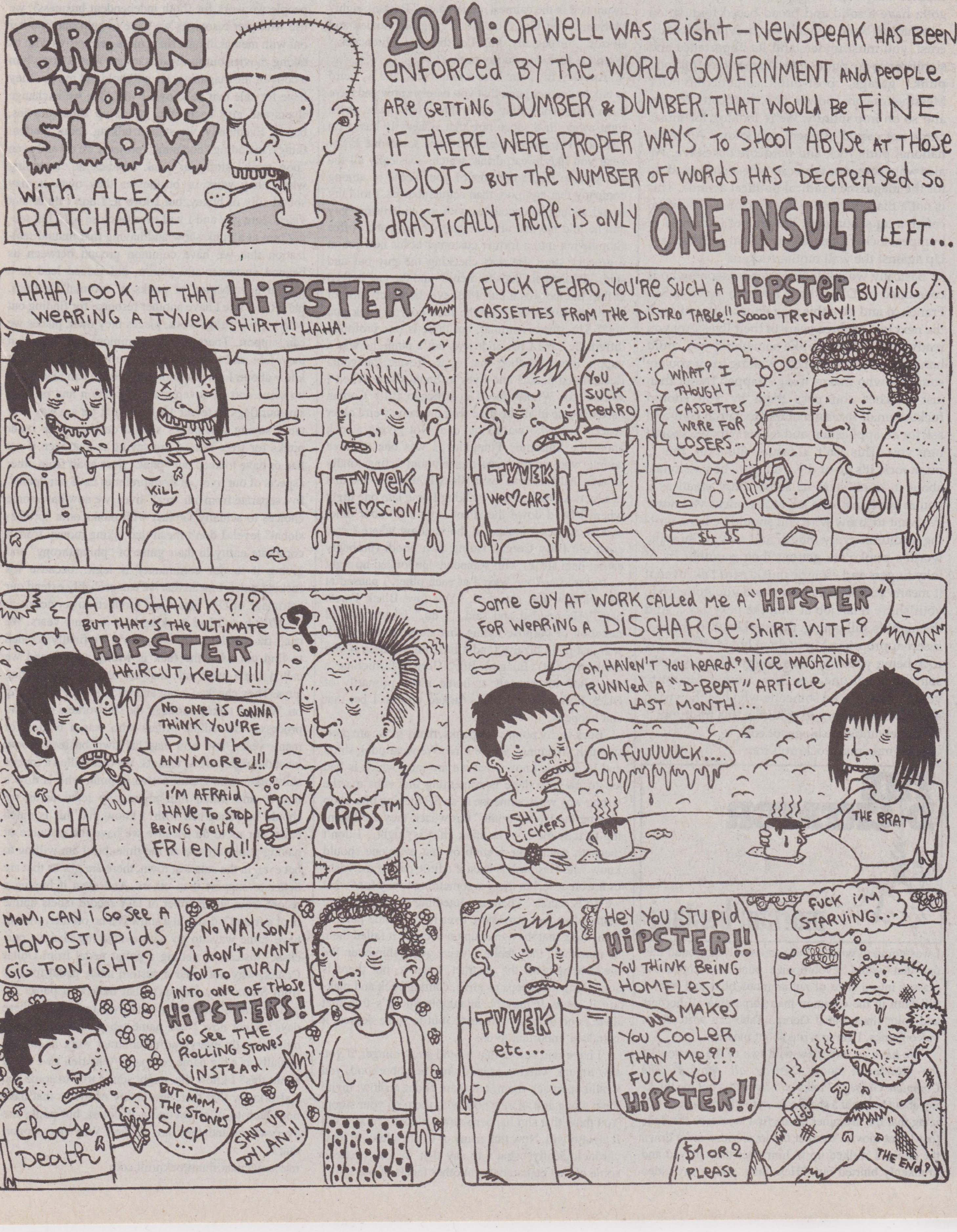
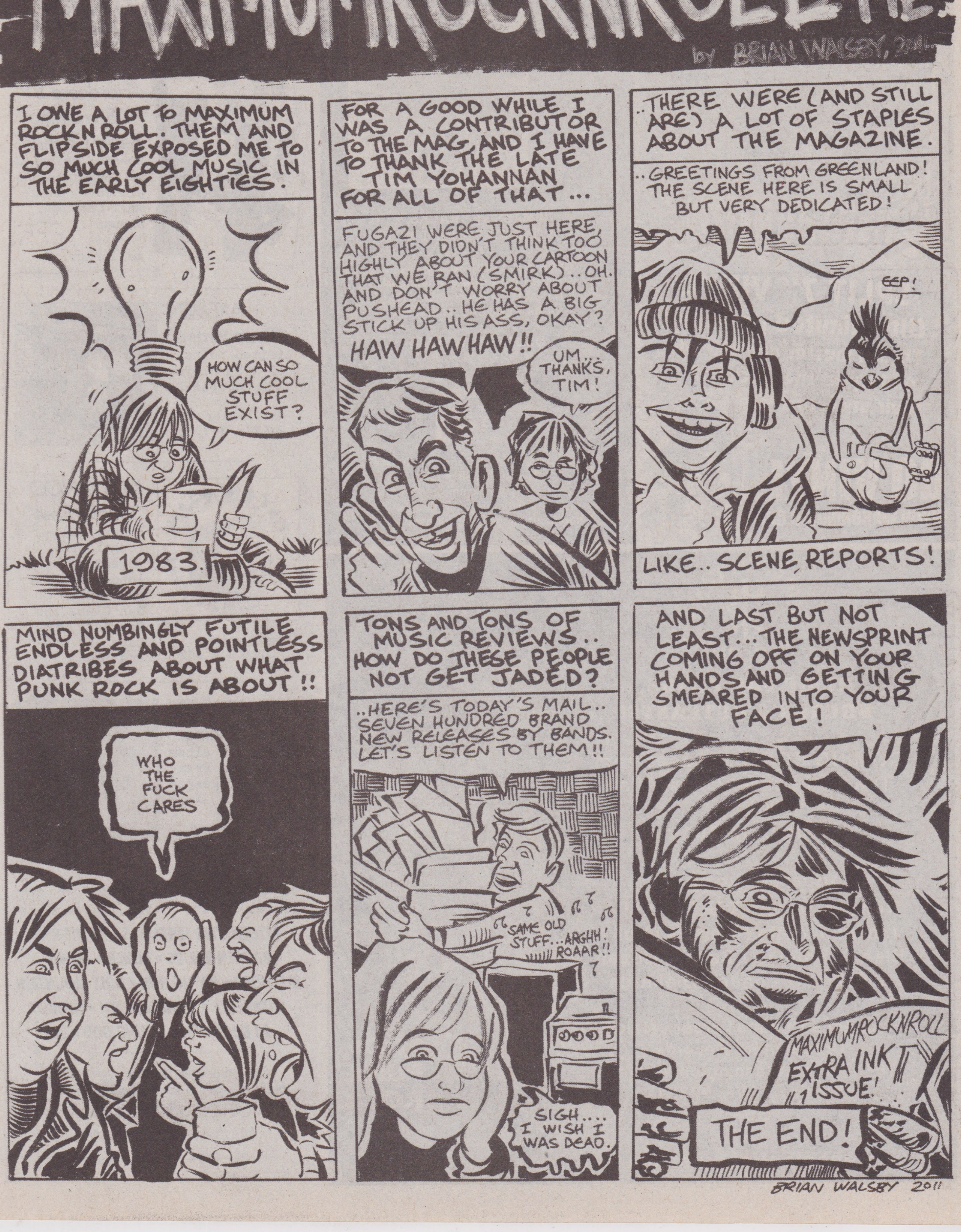

BRAIN WORKS SLOW
with ALEX RATCHARGE
2011: ORWELL WAS RIGHT – NEWSPEAK HAS BEEN ENFORCED BY THE WORLD GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE ARE GETTING DUMBER & DUMBER. THAT WOULD BE FINE IF THERE WERE PROPER WAYS TO SHOOT ABUSE AT THOSE IDIOTS BUT THE NUMBER OF WORDS HAS DECREASED SO DRASTICALLY THERE IS ONLY ONE INSULT LEFT...
HAHA, LOOK AT THAT HIPSTER WEARING A TYVEK SHIRT!! HAHA!
Oi!
KILL
TYVEK WE ♡ SCION!
FUCK PEDRO, YOU'RE SUCH A HIPSTER BUYING CASSETTES FROM THE DISTRO TABLE!! SOOOO TRENDY!!
YOU SUCK PEDRO
WHAT? I THOUGHT CASSETTES WERE FOR LOSERS...
TYVEK WE ♡ CARS!
$4 $5
OTAN
A MOHAWK?!? BUT THAT'S THE ULTIMATE HIPSTER HAIRCUT, KELLY!!!
NO ONE IS GONNA THINK YOU'RE PUNK ANYMORE!!!
I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO STOP BEING YOUR FRIEND!!
SIDA
CRASS™
SOME GUY AT WORK CALLED ME A "HIPSTER" FOR WEARING A DISCHARGE SHIRT. WTF?
OH, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? VICE MAGAZINE RUNNED A "D-BEAT" ARTICLE LAST MONTH...
OH FUUUUUCK....
SHIT LICKERS
THE BRAT
MOM, CAN I GO SEE A HOMOSTUPIDS GIG TONIGHT?
NO WAY, SON! I DON'T WANT YOU TO TURN INTO ONE OF THOSE HIPSTERS! GO SEE THE ROLLING STONES INSTEAD.
BUT MOM, THE STONES SUCK...
SHUT UP DYLAN!!
Choose Death
HEY YOU STUPID HIPSTER!! YOU THINK BEING HOMELESS MAKES YOU COOLER THAN ME?!? FUCK YOU HIPSTER!!
TYVEK etc...
FUCK I'M STARVING...
$1 OR 2 PLEASE
THE END?

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL AND ME.

by BRIAN WALSBY, 2011.


I OWE A LOT TO MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL. THEM AND FLIPSIDE EXPOSED ME TO SO MUCH COOL MUSIC IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES.
HOW CAN SO MUCH COOL STUFF EXIST?
1983.
FOR A GOOD WHILE I WAS A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE MAG, AND I HAVE TO THANK THE LATE TIM YOHANNAN FOR ALL OF THAT...
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NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY MARIAM AND TIM BROOKS

POLY STYRENE VS. POLYSTYRENE

By Mike Pudd'nhead, Photo by Falcon Stuart.

Poly Styrene, the iconic singer of '70s punk band the X-Ray Spex, died of cancer this past month. In her memory, I offer this no holds barred five-round bout between her and her nemesis, Polystyrene, aka. IUPAC Poly(1-phenylethene-1, 2-diyl), the aromatic polymer commercially manufactured from petroleum.

Round One: Fun

Poly Styrene ran away from home at fifteen and spent her high school years living hippie fest to hippie fest. After seeing an early Sex Pistols show on her eighteenth birthday, she put an ad in the newspaper looking for "young punx who want to stick it together" to form a band. That band became the X-Ray Spex, and Poly Styrene became a wild singer, excellent dancer, and vocal critic of the world. She also performed with braces on her teeth and railed against punk and mainstream's rock's expectations of how women artists should behave. Very fun.

Polystyrene IUPAC, with just a touch of polybutadiene thrown in during polymerization, will chemically bond to form a graft copopolymer resulting in the sturdy "high impact" polystyrene used in children's toys. It is an essential element of for example—Mr. Potato Head, Barrel-O-Monkeys, Tickle-Me-Elmo, and Etch-A-Sketch. Undeniably fun, but still no match for Poly in a dance-off.

Round One goes to Poly Styrene.

Round Two: Positive Impact

With lyrics like "I wanna be instamatic / I wanna be a frozen pea / I wanna be dehydrated in a consumer society," Poly Styrene spoke to young punks about the dangers of consumerism, conformity and racism. She also confronted patriarchy in punk rock and popular rock and she has since been credited as a major influence on the Riot Grrrl movement of the '90s. All in catchy danceable punk format.

On the other hand, polystyrene petri dishes, test tubes, and microplates have contributed to countless breakthroughs in biotechnology and are a staple of the pharmaceutical industry. Birth control pills, vicodin, and whatever antibiotics they give you for scabies all owe a debt to polystyrene. And in music, polystyrene CD cases are an industry standard.

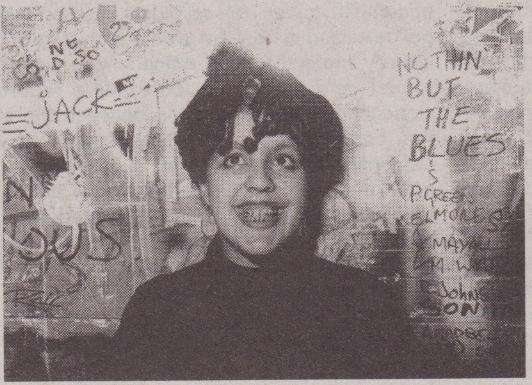
This is a close one, but I'll take Bikini Kill on wax over antibiotics and prophylactics.

Poly Styrene Two, Polystyrene IUPAC 0.

Round Three: Versatility

X-Ray Spex are pretty much known for their single "Oh Bondage Up Yours!" and their only album, Germfree Adolescents. The single's sweet and the album's fantastic—I've been re-listening to it ever since I read the bad news and I swear every song's a hit. But other than that Poly Styrene's musical contributions were minimal. She released a solo album that's garbage and more recently a solo album I can't say I've heard.

Polystyrene IUPAC in contrast is extremely versatile. Besides petri dishes and CD cases it's also used to make plastic forks, foam cups, and non-load-bearing-decorative-architectural-structures like the hideous columns on the Shit Biscuit porch. The keyboard I'm typing this fight on is polystyrene, and so was the pen I used to take my notes. No contest here.



Round Three goes to Polystrene IUPAC.

Round 4: Popularity

Historically Poly Styrene did not handle popularity well. She quit the X-Ray Spex after receiving a vision on stage and subsequently underwent one of several stays in a psychiatric hospital. In the '80s she joined a Hari Krishna sect and more-or-less hid from public view while suffering with bipolar disorder. Also when Terracide played last night and I talked about her during our broken-string interlude I got the impression that the majority of the audience had never heard of her.

Polystyrene IUPAC revels in its popularity. A major player in modern industry, you'll find it everywhere from auto plants to 30th floor law firms to punk house basements. The EPA estimates 25 billion polystyrene foam cups alone are tossed each year. You might not like it, but you can't deny its social impact.

Poly Styrene 2, Polystyrene IUPAC 2.

Final Round: Legacy

Poly Styrene will be remembered for the timeless impact she had on punk rock. She was a strong intelligent woman who carved out a space for women in punk and in the process wrote one of the best records of the 20th century. At the end of her life she said she knew she'd be remembered for "Oh Bondage Up Yours," but would have rather people remembered her for something more spiritual. No dice.

One polystyrene foam cup takes about 500 years to biodegrade, meaning they'll be with us for a while. During biodegration, polystyrene products will mostly hang out in landfills releasing carcinogenic liquids and gases. In its old age polystyrene will also become a major component of plastic debris in oceans, where it is toxic to marine life. The more adventurous of the foamed polystyrenes will simply float around in the air, where the wind and sun will degrade it to—you guessed—carcinogens.

Since Poly Styrene died of cancer, it's tempting to give this round to Polystyrene IUPAC. In a mortal match, our heroine is clearly no competition for the aromatic polymer.

But though Poly is gone, her music and legacy will continue to inspire and excite the alienated and dissatisfied among us. Until the Revolution and probably after as well, we will continue to need Poly Styrenes breaking down barriers and having a blast doing it.

I can imagine a world without fake columns and foam cups, but I wouldn't want to live in a world without the X-Ray Spex.

Winner by Decision: Poly Styrene, 3 rounds to 2

"Some people think little girls should be seen and not heard, but I think OH BONDAGE UP YOURS!"

—R.I.P. Poly Styrene

PRISONER PROTESTS INJUSTICE WITH HUNGER STRIKE

By Steve Champion from San Francisco Bay View.

William Wright, a prisoner on San Quentin's death row, began a hunger strike on Monday, Jan. 17, to protest a myriad of discriminatory actions aimed at him. It seems apropos the day of his protest fell on the same day the official holiday for Martin Luther King Jr. was being observed.

But why the protest? Anyone slightly acquainted with prison is aware it can be a cruel and harsh place that bleeds with problems like an open wound. Visit any maximum security prison and pry open the gates of any super-max, special management unit, security housing unit or adjustment center in any state and the open wounds are present and visible in stories told by those locked inside them—those who have spent decades segregated from the general prison population because they've been targeted by the prison administration. William Wright falls in this category.

In May 2010, he was placed in the adjustment center (AC) for a fistfight, which should have been written up as "mutual combat," but instead he was charged with an attempted murder, even though no weapons were involved. The charge of attempted murder is serious in itself, but more so for a death row prisoner for two reasons: 1) In case of a penalty phase retrieval, the attempted murder can be introduced as aggravating evidence; and 2) in 2009 new guidelines for rules violations called the "Matrix 608" were created for death row. Under the Matrix 608, a guilty charge of attempted murder is an undetermined sentence in the security-housing unit, better known as SHU. As it stands today, William has an undetermined SHU program.

Since his arrival in AC, he has been subjected to a string of malfeasance that can only be described as harassment. For instance, I have seen him twice placed on property control—he is currently on property control for a bogus write-up—where his personal property was confiscated and he is prohibited from purchasing food items from the canteen. I am aware of 602 grievances he filed mysteriously disappearing or getting delayed, and then he is told the 602 cannot be processed because time expired. I have seen him complain about his incoming legal mail being pre-opened when the policy is all legal mail is supposed to be opened in the presence of the inmate. I have seen him complain vociferously about some prison guards' snide remarks and bigoted comments toward him as an impetus to provoke a confrontation. I have watched him endure and internalize all of this and more with steady calm and confident nobility.

A hunger strike is a courageous step. William has decided to take this step. And we must support and stand with him as we stood with the Lucasville prisoners' hunger strike, the struggle for human rights in Georgia prisons, and all prisoners who are fighting for justice and human dignity.

We can't allow William to struggle alone or for his situation to go unmonitored. We can't trust prison or medical personnel to follow protocol to ensure his safety. We must demand proof! I call on all people and activists who are concerned with prisoners' rights to support William by flooding the Warden's Office with a sea of phone calls and emails about his condition. That way they'll know our brother isn't fighting alone.

[Contact Warden Michael Martel by phone at (415) 454-1460 or by writing to him at San Quentin State Prison, San Quentin, CA 94974. – ed.]

Send our brother some love and support. Write to William Wright, T-59840, San Quentin State Prison, San Quentin, CA 94974.

Read Champion's new book, "Dead to Deliverance: A Death Row Memoir," available at amazon.com or Split Oak Press, splitoakpress.com. Steve Champion is also on California's Death Row at San Quentin. You may write him at Steve Champion, C-58001, San Quentin State Prison, San Quentin, CA 94974.

CHRISTIANIA'S LAST STAND

From the Guardian

For four decades, the freetown of Christiania has existed as a testimony to an alternative way of life, where hash was sold openly and squatters' shacks jostled comfortably with architect-designed eco-sheds. For some, the commune was a human jungle in the centre of Copenhagen; for others a bastion of irreverence. But now residents have erected its last line of defense against the Danish government attempts to "normalize" one of Europe's most famous squats after 40 years of legal wrangling. Residents have erected fences at entrance points which they patrol, handing out flyers which declare that "Christiania will be temporarily closed until further notice". Cafes and shops were closed as residents began meetings to debate their future.

In what residents see as the final attack by the right-of-centre government, and property developers eager to get their hands on the valuable real estate, they have been given until 2 May to decide whether to take up an offer to buy the properties – collectively or as individuals – for 150m kroner (£18m). Many argue that, for residents who have renounced materialism, this is impossible. The other deal tabled by the government is to turn the freetown into a public housing association. For many, the battle has already been lost. In February the government won a legal tussle over the rights of use after the supreme court upheld a 2009 ruling which handed the state control of the area.

Christiania, on the site of an old barracks and home to almost 1,000 people, has become a tourist destination. Cannabis is openly on sale, even if other bans – on arms, hard drugs and insignia on leather jackets – have been imposed by the commune over the years. Since its creation in 1971 by a group of hippies and squatters, its 34 hectares have become a warren of micro-neighborhoods, with cutting-edge eco-houses placed alongside restored shacks.

Initially labeled a social experiment by the government, in the last decade the Liberal-Conservative coalition has made a number of attempts to "normalise" the freetown. Critics argue the area has become a haven for criminals. Earlier this month, police seized almost 1m kroner and 24kg of hash in a raid by more than 100 officers who were met with rocks and molotov cocktails, reported the Copenhagen Post. Tensions between the state and the commune are long-standing. Four days of demonstrations in 2009 saw 1,500 people arrested after protesters set fire to barricades and hurled fire bombs at riot police, who responded with teargas. Police were accused of being heavy-handed after using controversial kettle tactics and more than 200 official complaints were filed.

The government has been accused by its rightwing support party, the Danish People's party, of being too generous in its recent offer, but Christiania residents fear any deal would lead to the end of the autonomous enclave. In the statement handed out at the blocked-off gates, the residents said: "We believe that the ultimatum issued by the Danish government about dividing up Christiania and selling off parts of the land will mean the destruction of the open, self-managed, experimental and socially inclusive Christiania as we know it." The finance ministry, brokering the deal, has demanded that Christiania reopen. Meanwhile, the police were content to bide their time. "We will do nothing about the closure," an officer told the Ritzau news agency. "It would seem odd to me if the police were to use force to reopen something we have spent 39-and-a-half years fighting to shut down."

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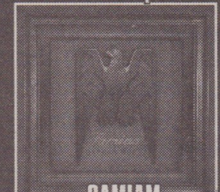

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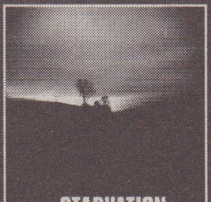

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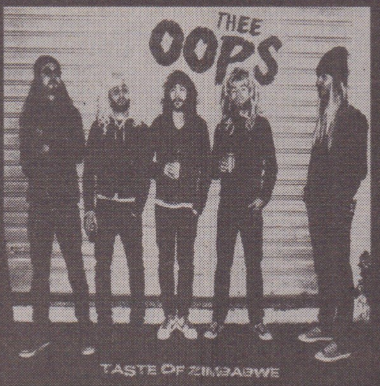
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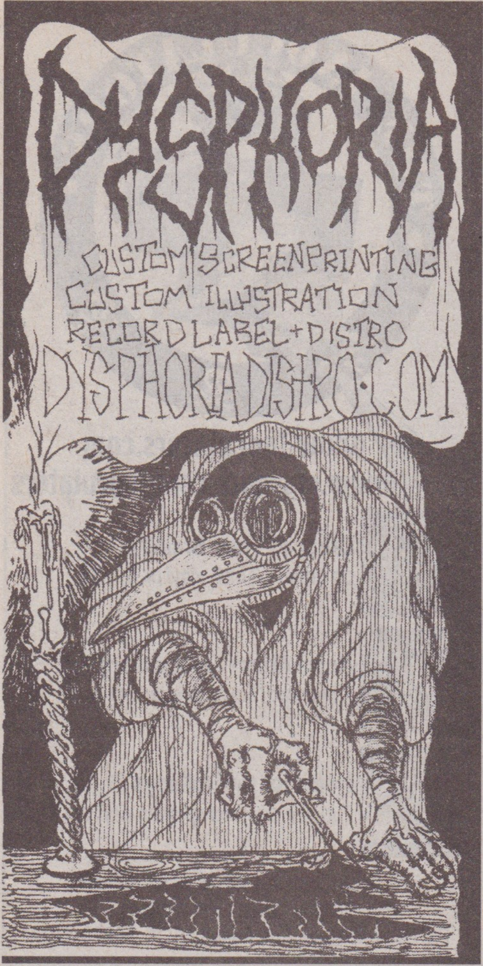

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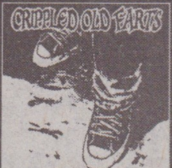

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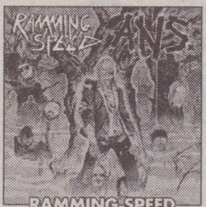

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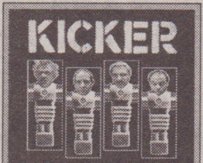

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TANKCRIMES

buffalo scene report

It's been seven years since Third Party records founder, current Chicago resident and Buffalo expat Nick Baran submitted a Buffalo scene report, so I think it's time for another. A lot has changed in Buffalo DIY punk since 2004, both in terms of faces and tastes, so let's get to it!

By Dan Carosa / photos by Clint Carr

On a national scale, LEMURIA (www.lemuriapop.com/) is the most well known of the bands to emerge from Buffalo's DIY scene. Formed in 2004, the band has toured tirelessly and issued a slew of releases, which have charmed folks across the world with their infectious indie-pop sound. After releasing a number of EPs and splits, they released their first proper full-length LP *Get Better* in 2008 on Asian Man records. They've since surprised followers by signing to noted hardcore label Bridge 9 records and releasing their newest LP *Pebble* in January of 2011 on B9.

Closely linked to LEMURIA in both members and timeline are '90s-style indie rockers FAILURES' UNION (www.failuresunion.com). The band has been through a number of line-up changes and hiatuses, but has managed to put out some of the most compelling rock'n'roll in Buffalo history. Their style usually draws comparison to GUIDED BY VOICES, SUPERCHUNK, and DINOSAUR JR, as well as brothers-in-arms CHEAP GIRLS, with whom they have toured and released a split EP. Their most recent full-length, *In What Way*, was released on Paper and Plastick records in 2009, and their prior full-length release, *Sinker*, was recently issued on vinyl for the first time by One Percent Press.

Following this same stylistic vein, UNWELCOME GUESTS (www.myspace.com/unwelcomeguests) play a brand of rock'n'roll combining their love of both straight ahead pop-punk and classic American roots music. They have released a number of split EPs with artists such as SICK SICK BIRDS, ORPHAN CHOIR, and ANNIE SAUNDERS from THIS IS MY FIST!, but their best moment as a band thus far was their debut LP *Don't Go Swimming*, released on Kiss of Death records in 2010.

The most pleasant surprise in the Buffalo punk universe in 2010 had to be the return of the punk rock powerhouse known as PLATES (www.myspace.com/platesplatesplates). With their crushing blend of sludgy yet hooky rock'n'roll (think FLIPPER meets the GUN CLUB), and led by one of the most compelling front-men in recent memory, they were on the cusp of being Buffalo's top hardcore punk band until they went on hiatus in late 2008. Appropriately, the band that represents everything I love about this city played their first show in over a year to a raucous crowd at the so-called Polish Library in Buffalo's rough and tumble East Side. PLATES has set up multiple shows for the coming months, so be on the look-out if you're a fan of blunt, honest and poseur-free hardcore punk, and don't mind the possibility of having a microphone stand thrown at your face. For the consumer-minded, PLATES has two 7" EPs currently available, the *Garth Butcher EP* from 2008 and *Taking Pictures of Poor People* from early 2011, both on Feral Kid records. They have also recorded tracks for a full-length which will be coming out on Big Neck records in the very near future.

One of the wildest bands in town is the group of mutants known as BROWN SUGAR (www.myspace.com/brownsugar2012). Formed in 2008, they quickly released their *Deportation* EP before hitting the road with Rochester's RATIONAL ANIMALS. Their initial recordings reminded me of early '80s Midwest hardcore with a subtle, noisy garage undercurrent, but that undercurrent has come more to the forefront on their recent material. Eddie Edge is probably Buffalo's most unpredictable and athletic front-man, who will skywalk over the drum set one moment before flinging himself recklessly into whomever's nearby the next. Their latest release is the *Songs About Birds* tape, a lo-fi and chaotic collection of recent material.

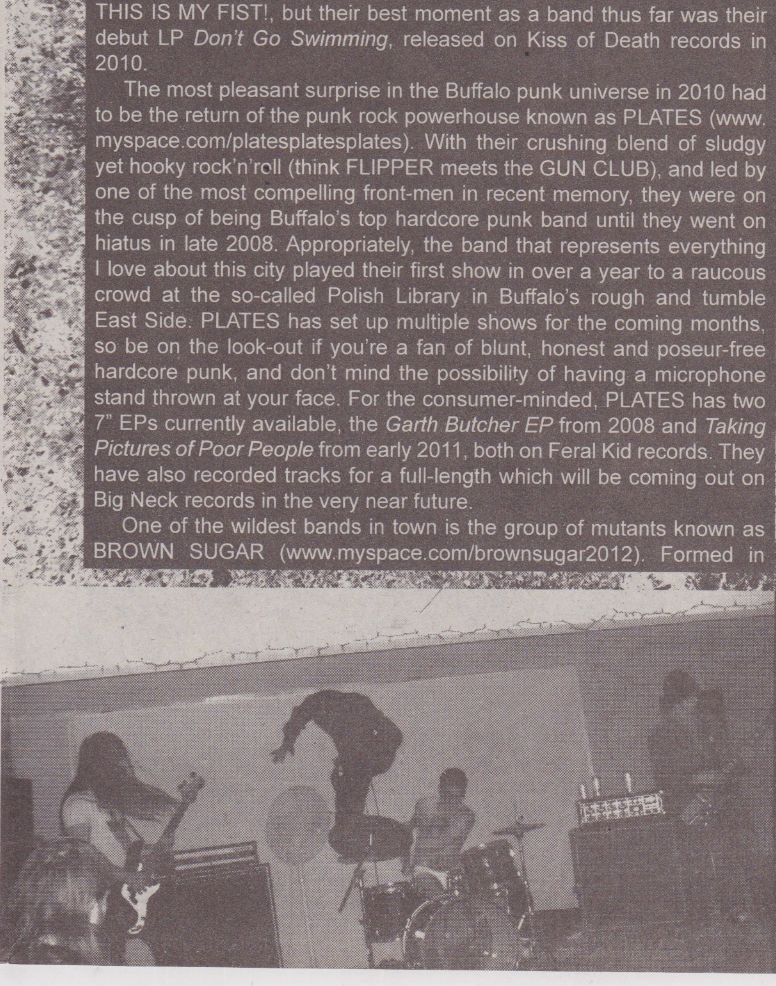
My personal pick for favorite Buffalo band of 2010 goes to the surf-punk trio MAYDAY! (www.myspace.com/seasonalgeese), who sound like AGENT ORANGE being fronted by PENELOPE HOUSTON and FRED SCHNEIDER and playing a frozen beach party on the polluted shores of Lake Erie. After MAYDAY! released a cassette demo in 2009, Feral Kid records issued their self-titled debut EP in 2010. The B-side, a super-catchy surf-dance nugget entitled "Blüd Beach," quickly became my anthem for summertime 2010. Keep your eyes open for a split EP in early 2011 with the aforementioned BROWN SUGAR.

EVERYTHING FALLS APART (www.everythingfallsapart.org) is one of Buffalo's longest running and continually active hardcore punk bands, having formed in 2006. EVERYTHING FALLS APART began as a fast hardcore band, but as they've matured, their songs show more of a WIPERS and NAKED RAYGUN influence. This is most prominently displayed on their 2009 full-length *Tension*, as well as their most recent record, the *Ghost* single, both self-released. In addition to the odd weekend tour in the northeast, EVERYTHING FALLS APART has done two stints in Europe, most recently with the German band A BIT OF BRAINDEAD. Their first two EPs have been collected on twelve inches of vinyl by Germany's Blackflash records.

Half of EVERYTHING FALLS APART also play in garage-punk trio WHITE WHALE (www.thepalewhale.com), but any "side project" talk was put to rest with the release of their self-released, self-titled debut EP in the summer of 2010. With a sound that should please fans of the MARKED MEN and SCARED OF CHAKA, and the good taste to cover one of the greatest songs of all time ("Mannequin" by WIRE), WHITE WHALE is definitely a band to watch out for in 2011. Keep your eyes peeled for a new White Whale single to be released this year on Big Neck records.

RESIST CONTROL (resistcontrol.webs.com) is a lightning fast quartet of local hardcore veterans, with a sound that reminds me a lot of NO COMMENT and a name that is more than likely a BORN AGAINST reference. Members of RESIST CONTROL have done time in other local hardcore bands such as RUNNING FOR COVER and LIEUTENANT. Their only release thus far has been a 12-songs-in-12-minutes CD, but I believe that a new EP should be on the way shortly.

GAS CHAMBER (gaschamberhardcore.wordpress.com/) is a chaotic and noise-addled hardcore band that boasts strong influences from the original west coast powerviolence bands, the weird side of UK anarcho-punk, Japanese fastcore, and the rawest of noise music. The band boasts multiple former members of Buffalo hardcore icons THEY LIVE and RUNNING FOR COVER as current creative forces. Their only official release is a self-titled LP released on the Warm Bath label, and mixes these noise elements with short bursts of hardcore fury. Unfortunately,



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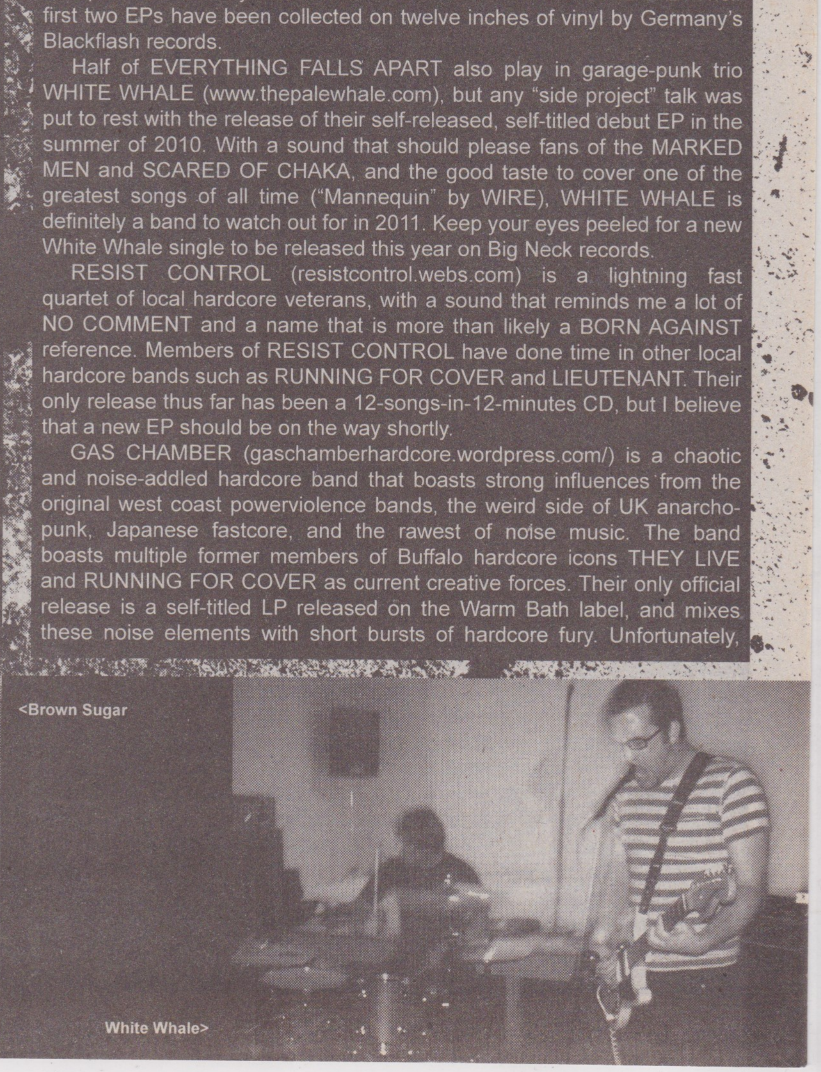

White Whale>

some members of GAS CHAMBER are currently outside of the 716 area code, making their incredible live shows sporadic at best, but I have it on good word that GAS CHAMBER will be much more active in 2011, both in terms of releases and live shows.

Bass-and-drum duo SONOROUS GALE (www.myspace.com/sonorousgale) have been bringing serious riffs to the Queen City for the past few years. SONOROUS GALE has released a number of records on the Wrong Foot label, including a split with Milwaukee's CRAPPY DRACULA, and a full-length LP featuring guest vocal contributions from Spoke (formerly of Montreal's BALLAST). Their sound has often been compared to other heavy guitar-less bands such as BIG BUSINESS, but I'm not sure if that's entirely accurate.

COWORKERS (www.myspace.com/coworkersrights) is a two-year-old band that was initially most notable for containing half of the defunct Buffalo hardcore favorites ABUSING THE WORD, but they have distinguished themselves as their own vital entity. Drawing heavily from BORN AGAINST and the JESUS LIZARD, they have released a cassette demo and a split EP with INERDS on Wrong Foot recordings. All of that aside, what better town to produce music ostensibly about being laid off than Buffalo?

The aforementioned INERDS (www.myspace.com/inerds716) share SONOROUS GALE's views on guitar players, but add two stand alone female vocalists to augment the rhythm section's battering ram grind-punk attack. This band wears their MAN IS THE BASTARD/BASTARD NOISE influence on their sleeve, most notably when it comes to their infusion of electronic noise into their live sets, to the point where one of their most recent shows featured a collaboration with local noise artist BLACK BLOC.

The rhythm section of INERDS makes up two-fifths of HOGLUST (www.myspace.com/hoglust716), a fast and heavy hardcore band that has drawn favorable comparisons to HATRED SURGE. The band initially began as a three-piece with the drummer carrying the vocal duties, but they've since moved him out from behind the kit and added an additional (female) vocalist, which has drastically improved their live presence. Their only release so far is a pro-sounding CD demo loaded with uplifting titles such as "Cold Piss."

The IDA SESSIONS (www.myspace.com/idasessionsny) are a three-piece made up of the current tenants of the Amy's Place Upper (the apartment above the beloved and very punk-friendly local diner), who share a mutual love of '90s post-hardcore bands like JUNE OF 44 and CAP'N JAZZ. Two years ago they released a limited CD-R demo, but I've heard they have material for a new EP recorded, and it will hopefully see the light of day in 2011.

The two guitar players from MAYDAY! and BROWN SUGAR team up for the license-infringing, super-snotty party rock of UTAH JAZZ (utahjazz666.blogspot.com). To my ears, they bear marked similarities to noisy-yet-hooky grrl garage bands like the HEADCOATEES, but hyper-charged and much more abrasive. UTAH JAZZ has recently recorded a wonderfully raw demo, and will hopefully be releasing it in the very near future.

BESTOWER (bestower.bandcamp.com) is a relatively new Buffalo hardcore band that bears a strong resemblance to our former neighbors to the north in CURSED. They've recorded a relatively polished sounding seven-song demo, with most songs clocking in around the one-minute mark.

Joining INERDS and SONOROUS GALE in the lead-guitar-less rock'n'roll crew is DIRT EYES (dirteyes.bandcamp.com). Formed in the very recent past by two transplants and Amy's Place Upper residents, their membership in heavy Rochester bands such as STRAIGHT NO CHASER and ORDINARY MEN AND WOMEN can give you an indication of what to expect. They recently released a gnarly sounding three-song demo that should please fans of doom influenced blown-out punk rock.

FATAL FIGURES (www.myspace.com/fatalfigures) are essentially the continuation of defunct Buffalo garage-punk favorites the BLOWTOPS, in both membership and aesthetics. Big Neck records recently released their debut EP, *Blue Zed*.

MALLWALKERS (mallwalkers.bandcamp.com) is a new band featuring members of UNWELCOME GUESTS, EVERYTHING FALLS APART, STATE LOTTERY, and others. Formed from the remains of the very short lived garage-punk band METH MOUTH, MALLWALKERS plays a brand of garage-fused post-punk with a three-piece horn section, reminiscent of KING KHAN AND THE SHRINES and BLACK RANDY AND THE METROSQUAD. Be on the look out for a demo in the very near future.

Aside from the relatively active bands mentioned above, there are a few notable Buffalo-based bands that play and record extremely sporadically. LIEUTENANT is a long running Buffalo hardcore punk super-group that played its first shows back in 2005. They will be releasing a new LP in March on the Art of the Underground, Warm Bath, and Peterwalkee labels. HUMAN TOUCH (www.facebook.com/pages/Human-Touch/151206628235214) is a split-gender youth-crew tinged hardcore punk band that formed this past summer. They recorded a pro-sounding demo that will be seeing a limited run vinyl release on

Utah Jazz / Clint Carr

Plates

Hoglust

Everything Falls Apart

SHEA'S
BUFFALO

Feral Kid records and One Percent Press. RAT MASK, the ultra-negative hardcore punk outlet for the IDA SESSIONS/DIRT EYES crew, self-released a demo tape back in 2009 that is worth seeking out.

THE PRODUCTS

The most well known DIY label operating out of Buffalo would probably be Art of the Underground (www.artoftheunderground.com). Run by Alex Kerns of LEMURIA-fame since the early 2000s, AOTU has nearly 100 releases to it name. Many of those releases comprise the AOTU single series, which currently releases one 7" 45 rpm single every month. Notable single series participants include CHEAP GIRLS, OFF WITH THEIR HEADS, the BAYONETTES, and the ERGS! AOTU has issued a number of local releases in various formats, including current bands such as LEMURIA, FAILURES' UNION, EVERYTHING FALLS APART, and UNWELCOME GUESTS, as well as ex-bands like SKATE KORPSE, ROBOT HAS WEREWOLF HAND, and ABUSING THE WORD.

Feral Kid records (feralkidrecords.com) is Western New York's most prolific punk-centric label, releasing records by Buffalo bands like BROWN SUGAR, PLATES, MAYDAY! and SKATE KORPSE, as well as Rochester bands such as RATIONAL ANIMALS, the INSUBORDINATES and BAD TASTE. Feral Kid has also released music by national and international bands such as ANS and DEAN DIRG. Started by Eric "Biff" Bifaro (current BROWN SUGAR and PLATES bass player) in the mid-2000s, Feral Kid has established itself as the go-to label for new Western New York punk rock.

Recent Buffalo transplant Stephen Floyd (and current EVERYTHING FALLS APART bass player) is one half of the duo that runs One Percent Press (onepercentpress.com), a diverse audio and print label that has released records of Buffalo bands such as FAILURES' UNION, the EXIT STRATEGY and EVERYTHING FALLS APART, as well an acoustic compilation EP of Buffalo scene veterans entitled "Born to Kill."

Current RESIST CONTROL bass player and former Albany resident Matto LaQue operates Peterwalkee Records (www.peterwalkeerecords.com). Peterwalkee has released records by a number of Albany bands like TO HELL AND BACK, KITTY LITTLE and GIVE UP, and will have a hand in releasing the new LP by LIEUTENANT.

Warm Bath (www.myspace.com/warmbathlabel) is a label run by current GAS CHAMBER bass player Patrick Bolger. This label specializes in the brutal side of Buffalo hardcore, and fittingly released a recent compilation EP called "Buffalo Brutality," along with records by GAS CHAMBER and LIEUTENANT. Warm Bath's first release was the *Sound Cartography* LP, an improvisational noise and spoken word collaboration between members of GAS CHAMBER and Seattle heavyweights IRON LUNG.

Aaron Weese's Wrong Foot recordings (www.wrongfootrecordings.com) has issued vinyl for local bands such as SONOROUS GALE, COWORKERS, and INERDS, as well as Milwaukee's CRAPPY DRACULA.

There is a distinct lack of print punk zines in Buffalo, as it seems most Buffalo punks have turned towards their computers instead. The Buffalo shows forum (www.buffaloshows.net) is probably the best way to find out about the majority of aboveground and underground punk shows in the area, even if you have to wade through the typical internet nonsense to do so. Terminal Boredom (www.terminal-boredom.com) is a fantastic quarterly webzine run out of the first-ring suburb of Kenmore, NY. Each issue contains an extensive review section, interviews, and contributor columns, with an aesthetic and attitude similar to the original "Punk" magazine. The Termbo crew also produces a print zine called *Scratch and Sniff* (scratchnsniffzine.blogspot.com), whose name will make more sense after reading the "places" section. *Subject* (turnuptuneout@hotmail.com) is a new Buffalo punk zine, which should publish its first issue sometime in the early spring.

For fans of first wave punk and new wave, a roughly made documentary entitled "BFLO PNK 1.0" has been circulating around, featuring interviews and extremely rare live snippets of early Buffalo bands like the JUMPERS, the VORES, the ENEMIES, PAULINE AND THE PERILS, the FEMS, and many others. Aside from the bands, the film also discusses venues like McVan's in Black Rock and the Continental in Downtown Buffalo, as well as Play It Again Sam's record store (later Home of the Hits) in the Elmwood Village. The copy of the film I have seen looks far from finished however, and would benefit from a bit more technical expertise and editing. Word has it that this film is a work in progress, so hopefully a more polished product will be available in the near future.

THE PLACES

Punk friendly venues in Buffalo are a bit sparse. Mohawk Place (47 E. Mohawk St, www.themohawkplace.com) is the primary aboveground rock'n'roll bar venue, and hosts many of the larger punk shows within the city. Big Orbit Gallery's Soundlab (110 Pearl St., www.bigorbitgallery.org/soundlab) is friendly to DIY acts, but tends to host acts that have more of an avant-garde side to them, although that is certainly not necessarily a bad thing. The Sugar City Arts Collaborative (19 Wadsworth St., www.buffalosugarcity.org) is Buffalo's only aboveground all-ages DIY venue, and hosts a wide variety of events, from music shows of all genres, to workshops, readings, community group meetings, etc... Similar to all-ages venues like 924 Gilman, Sugar City is not only punk friendly, but also drug-and-alcohol-free. The Adam Mickiewicz Library and the Dramatic Circle (612 Fillmore Ave.), known to locals at "The Polish Library," is a hundred plus year old Polish club on Buffalo's East Side that has allowed members in the punk scene to use the Library's main hall as an occasional large venue. As far as underground venues go, The Funeral Home (which actually is a decommissioned funeral home) in Riverside has become the go-to spot for illegal punk shows, and has hosted a number of heavyweights in the past couple years such as IRON LUNG, UV RACE, and BONE AWL. The Last Stand in the University Heights neighborhood is probably Buffalo's longest running house venue, and boasts AGAINST ME!, GORILLA ANGREB, MASTADON and MUNICIPAL WASTE as past guests. For the sake of the current Funeral Home and Last Stand residents, I will omit their addresses, but i'm sure most of Buffalo's weirdoes will be able to point you to their actual location.

The only true punk record store in the City of Buffalo is Spiral Scratch (291 Bryant St., spiralscratchrecords.blogspot.com/). Initially located in the former Sit and Spin location in North Buffalo, Spiral Scratch moved into the hipper Elmwood Village area following a late-night fire. Aside from selling all your favorite rock and roll records, they've hosted in-store appearances with folks like GREG CARTWRIGHT and GARY HART, as well a recent below ground show with Cleveland's HOMOSTUPIDS. Some folks outside the area might be familiar with Spiral Scratch for being one of the record stores FUCKED UP chose to grace the cover of their Record Store Day 2010 limited *Daytrotter Session* EP.

That's all for now, thanks for reading!

Bestower

Mayday!

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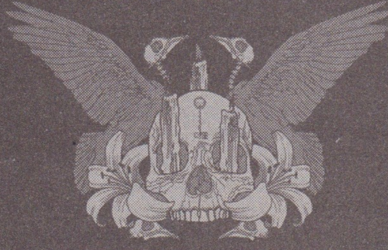

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w/ See You In Hell and Lotus Fucker
June 10th Detroit, MI at the Shelter
w/ Nightbringer, Wind of Death
June 11th Cleveland, OH at Now That's Class
w/ Wind of Death
June 12th Pittsburgh, PA at Helter Shelter
w/ Nightbringer
June 13th Richmond, VA at Strange Matter
w/ Parasytic and Aghast
June 14th Baltimore, MD at the Barclay House
w/ See You In Hell, xBrainiax and Lotus Fucker
June 15th Philadelphia, PA at the Millcreek Tavern
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Destroy All Movies *is a compendium of every appearance by a punk in the movies, of course there are the well-known classics like* Decline… *and* Suburbia*, but the authors unselfishly took it upon themselves to catalog every single punk appearance on film, whether it be straight to VHS exploitation or high art. Every mohawked extra who perished at the wrong end of a chainsaw finally gets their fifteen seconds extended… Participating in this interview were: Zack Carlson & Bryan Connolly (*Destroy All Movies!!! *writers/editors), Judd Taylor & Dave Harvey (Sex Vid), Ben Trogdon (Nuts žine, Olympia WA) and Blake Carlisle (End of an Ear Records, Austin TX).*

GO AWAY
NADA

GET CRAZY

MRR: My first question isn't about the book at all. Do you guys consider yourselves punks personally, and if so, what is it about punk that inspired you in the first place?

Zack: Yes. I mean, I don't consider myself the Grand Wizard of Punk by any measure at all. But by default, as a lonesome, awkward kid that felt out of step socially, I luckily found my way into that lifestyle when I was about thirteen. But I never tried to affect all the fashion stereotypes that were so prevalent in most of the movies we ended up writing about. Well, I did have colored hair all through high school, and this was before Nirvana and Green Day and all that. I'm old as fuck, I guess.

Anyway, I definitely identified as a punk more so than anything else throughout my entire life. At the time—and still, hopefully—it was the most interesting place for a person to go when they didn't want to be just…average. It's the only "way of life" that would probably have a lot of people like us. So, back then, it was exciting to find a social life at that age, and even better that it was more varied and exciting than anything else around. A lot of people that become punk in smaller towns and very unfashionable communities do so for that same reason. The real reason. And that's what was exciting about it to me. It wasn't about which records I liked, initially. It was more the realization that I was a total goof that no one would ever want to touch sexually, but there was a place for me.

Bryan: When I was in high school, I wanted to be a part of it but I was just too damn nerdy to be a punk. I was scared of breaking any rules.

(ALL LAUGH)

TCHAO PANTIN

ROAD WARRIOR

I was always the guy who'd say, "Oh, I don't know. I don't think we should do this. It's against the law to trespass!" All my friends were punk and had bands or exhibited punk style in some way, but I was the square. They tolerated me.

I didn't like what most of the kids liked in high school. I hated it. I was either listening to *The Chronic 2001* or a Clash album through high school. I think rap is fairly "punk," by some definitions. I mean, NWA sure do hate cops. (MORE LAUGHTER)

MRR: Yeah! That's all punk is, right?

Bryan: And I think that the things that made me angry at age sixteen still make me angry now at age thirty. I still hate people with lots of money. I still hate people being treated unfairly. Once you stop being angry at things is when you stop being punk. Once you're comfortable with the way things are, you're just a jerk like everybody else.

In some of the past interviews we've done, I've off-handedly said that punk is dead in a lot of ways, and that made some people mad. What I should have said is that I don't think punk is dead, but using it as a fashion aesthetic is now a waste of time. Any grandma has a pierced nose and a tattoo or some insane haircut. As shock value, punk means shit.

But there's always going to be teenagers angry about something and they need to express it, and they're going to go out and do it using music and writing and any other means, and that should and hopefully will always happen. That's the core of what punk is, and it's not dead at all.

Zack: How many of the more punk kids you knew in high school have now become more straight-laced than you are?

Bryan: All of them.

Zack: Now you're still working at an independent business…

Bryan: Yeah. Some of my punkest friends from high school now have cushy state jobs. They hit a point where they suddenly wanted security and health insurance. Even in college, people that were really angry gave up their artistic outlets pretty quickly when they weren't making any money. At first, they seemed to understand that money isn't the goal, but then they wanted to go to the dentist or buy a new stereo, so they gave up their beliefs and got a job in the mayor's office.

Zack: And we haven't been to the dentist in like ten years! All right!

Bryan: Yeah! My teeth are falling out! We're the most real! True punks forever!!

Zack: We are such insanely true punks, we spit on a RedBox on the way over here.

Bryan: Fuck you, RedBox!

MRR: Generally, how are punks represented in movies?

Bryan: When we first started, we thought there'd be a 50/50 division. That there'd be the realistic version of what it's like to be a punk without all the crazy fashion crap. That it'd be more about a lifestyle, how punks really are. And then there'd be Hollywood's false punks that eat broken glass and pee on their grandmas.

But as we watched the movies, we realized that it was way *way* more of the inaccurate punks busting their head through car doors and eating frogs. Behavior that wouldn't make sense in the real world, and didn't even make sense within the movies we were watching, most of the time. We were constantly saying, "Whaaaat? What the hell is this?"

MRR: Was there anything that ended up on the cutting room floor, where you weren't sure whether or not to include it?

Bryan: There were several where we had the entire review already written, but when we were combing through at the end we'd realized that a character was more of a biker or a metalhead or a junkie and we'd drop it.

But the strong ones are unbelievable. There's this movie called *Traxx*, sort of a low rent *Naked Gun* but it's amazing. For no reason at all, the villain's son is this crazy, ridiculous version of a punk with an arrow through his head—seriously—and all these tattoos that are obviously drawn on…

Zack: The tattoos actually say "PEE-PEE" and "CA-CA."

Bryan: Yeah…and he's wearing a diaper! What were they doing? The movie was made in '88 so it wasn't like punk was some new thing, but whatever white man made that movie had no goddamn idea. So there are way more movies like that, where they're not just unrealistic, but they're actually borderline offensive. Where did filmmakers get this idea that punks are just retarded animals? Even something as innocuous as *Star Trek IV*, the punk is less than human.

But it proves that people at the time were really that intimidated by the haircuts and clothing. So they wrote punks off as these vile creatures that ate tin cans for breakfast and loved it!

Zack: This is something we've never talked about before, but there's a shocking number of movies where something terrible happens to a person and the result is that they're physically transformed into a punk rocker! Like in the movie *The Party Animal*, the lead character gets beat up by a bunch of big guys at a party and later assaulted by these two maniacs, and when it's all over…he's a punk!

MRR: Are you serious?

Zack: Yes. It's not the only time we saw it. If you piss off someone stronger than you, than can apparently hit you so hard that you'll immediately have a mohawk and a pierced face. So punk is portrayed as the result of abuse. That's what some movies show us!

Same with movies like *Surf II* and *Class of Nuke 'Em High*. Characters in

THRASHIN'

LIQUID SKY

those movies became punk because they drank toxic waste. And then they immediately had leather jackets and pierced ears and anarchy symbols drawn on their faces. So you can basically only become punk via toxins or if you've been beaten to shit.

Bryan: So the only reason you wouldn't like football or smooth jazz is because something bad happened to you. Like there's something wrong with you. It wasn't a choice you made on your own. Something horrible must have happened.

MRR: Just so people have some context, what were the criteria for films being included in the book?

Zack: It boils down to any movie—whether it's a documentary or narrative film—that contains a punk or new waver, even in the background, for half a second or more. That was it.

MRR: And it can't be an actual punk playing a non-punk character in a movie…

Bryan: The character itself has to be punk! We wouldn't count Lee Ving playing a regular mob enforcer or Deborah Harry in *Videodrome*, where she's just more or less playing a standard lady. In the movie *Heat*, Henry Rollins is just a cop.

Zack: The anti-punk!

Bryan: That's why we didn't count something like *Straight to Hell*, which we caught a ton of undeserved shit for. There's plenty of actual punks in that, but they're all playing cowboys or hitmen. So we didn't count it! It's just that easy.

Zack: Even Alex Cox agreed that there aren't any punk characters in that film. Regardless, the entire reason for the book was to look at the way punks were depicted on film, whether they were being documented or the punk characters were fabricated for a narrative feature. Period.

Bryan: Yes, but idiots just can't understand that. Yes, we know, we love those other movies, but they're not what the book is about. If we were making a book about actual punks playing other roles in movies, then we'd write about those films all day. But that's not as interesting anyway.

The people who've really seemed to hate the book—to where it was clearly almost a misplaced raging hatred—have always been these music snob types who are just obsessed to the point of being territorial and defensive.

MRR: Oh, of course!

Bryan: They're like, "I was there and I was at the beginning and I write a blog and these guys don't know the True Meaning of Punk, so their book is a bunch of buuullshit!"

Zack: Which is funny because the very first sentence in the book states that people that have those kinds of concerns are the exact type of lonely, joyless people who'd argue these points at record conventions. But we knew when we decided to make a book that movie and music nerds were gonna see, that we were going to have to hear some self-important beefing. And of course we did.

Bryan: But every book critic or movie critic—even Leonard Maltin!—who's written about it seems to see that it's all in the name of fun and genuine appreciation of punk and '80s culture. Even if they have a problem with the book, they present it in a constructive way. We couldn't believe that Leonard Maltin wrote about it, and he said "I don't even care about this book or punk in general, but it was fun to read!"

Zack: We started at the point where the terms "punk" and "punk rock" started being used, in the mid-'70s. So the documentary *Blank Generation* is our jump-off point. And we went all the way through the end of the 20th century. Partly because we needed a cut-off date or our research would have never ended, but also because the '90s were already such a massive dive in movie quality. And even worse for punk culture quality. So going into the 2000s would have been suicidal.

Bryan: Music and movies…everything seemed to turn to shit once it was 1993. It was just some big Lollapalooza turd.

MRR: What was the inspiration?

Zack: The broad inspiration was just that there hasn't been any group of people or subculture in our lifetime that has been more brazenly maligned and misrepresented than punks. They way they were portrayed in Hollywood movies of the '80s—specifically party comedies – it's like they're always below the intellect of a dog. They'll walk into a room, and just scream something like, "Oh cool! I love walls!!" True neanderthal moron idiots in these movies. And their hair looks like crazy straws and they're wearing trashbags…it's unbelievable. Anything Hollywood could have done wrong with punks, they did. And with this completely fearless abandon, because they knew no one was ever going to call them on it. If you did that to any ethnic or political group, people would have been in a rage. But for various reasons, punks were open game.

Ben: But was there a specific movie or event that made you think, "I've got to document this!"

Zack: The original *Suburbia* from the early '80s was a movie that I loved so much as a teenager that I later assumed that it couldn't be as good as my memories. We screened it at the theater we worked at and realized that it really *was* that good. It was inspiring to see that movie again and realize nostalgia has nothing to do with it; it's just a really, really great movie.

Shortly after that, we showed the movie *Joysticks*, which is really just an '80s party movie. It's a boner comedy in a video arcade. But they have a bunch of punks and new wavers in that movie that are the exact opposite of the ones in *Suburbia*. They're these shit-eating, glue-drinking punks. They're more the "Bleeeegghh! Kill your parents! Bleeegghh!" type of movie punks.

These two types of movies collided and made us realize: whoa! There are these completely warring versions of punks! And both sides are equally fascinating. Totally incorrect and accurate are both fun.

Bryan: He saw them both the same month. I was living on Zack's couch, and he came home after watching *Joysticks* and was just

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LE RETOUR DES MORTS VIVANTS
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saying, "We have to write a book about this! Let's do it!" He was just like, "How hard could it be?" That night, we thought of about a hundred movies, particularly punk titles and also little scenes and moments from movies like *Short Circuit 2* or *Star Trek IV*. We then started researching at Scarecrow Video, and the employees there were excited to run more titles by us.

And then Zack had the idea of just basically going through every movie ever made. Scarecrow Video has a separate room for each movie genre, so we just spent several entire days going through each room, looking at every video box, and trying to figure out if the movie *might possibly* have a punk in it. If it did, we added it in our notebook. When that was done, we typed up the list and it was huge. And as we'd watch movies, we'd constantly be adding more titles to the "Maybe List," and it was constantly growing. It never seemed to get any smaller, for years. Even though we were always bringing home garbage bags full of movies to watch. We went through….so many movies.

Zack: We've estimated that we went through between 17,000 and 22,000 movies—

Bryan: Ugh.

Zack: And that was just us and another book contributor named Spenser Hoyt. If it was a movie you actually wanted to see, sure, you'd just watch it. But only one out of every ten or fifteen movies we'd scan would end up having a punk in it. And many of the movies were just this unwatchable late '90s indie drama crap. So you'd fast forward until there was a crowd scene, at which point you'd have to pause it and scan through every tiny face, on the lookout for spiked hair or a Black Flag t-shirt. And if a punk DID show up in the background of the laundromat or whatever, you'd have to rewind and watch the entire terrible movie straight through.

Bryan: It was really horrible.

MRR: Did you guys have other writing experience?

Zack: We've been best friends forever and we've been writing unsold screenplays for years. I got suspended from high school for doing a free zine that we passed out—

MRR: Whoa, what was it called?

Zack: It's an embarrassing title. I was in 9th grade. But it was called *Nation of Freaks*.

(All laugh.)

MRR: (Ben) That's awesome.

(Blake): Were there any particularly insane moments that came up while you were doing the interviews for the book?

(Judd): There are some interviews in the book where people seem to get pretty tense. I remember one person really felt like they were avoiding talking about a movie.

(Blake): Someone like Nick Zedd must have been interviewed so many times in his life. And then here comes a book that wants a Nick Zedd interview. Was he standoffish?

Zack: It's definitely true that people like Nick Zedd and Richard Hell get hit up all the time. But it was totally surprising. Richard Hell was genuinely fun to talk to. He was really open, and almost got a little zany at times. He told stories that were clearly very personal and would be damaging for most people, but he'd talk about it like he was, y'know, giving you a recipe for baba ganoush. People would talk about drug histories and personal wars and all kinds of stuff.

MRR: Was this all on the phone?

Zack: Hell and Zedd were. Most of the interviews were done via phone. And I was intimidated to call those two in particular because they're probably in such demand considering how iconic they are. The intense moment came when Hell started talking trash on a director he'd worked with. I mean really nailing on the guy in every possible way, personally and professionally. And I tried to say constructively, "By the way, we can edit any of this down later." And he said, "No, it's fine. Leave it all in. That guy's a real lowlife."

But there weren't many negative moments during any of the interviews. The Nick Zedd one went fine but the whole time I was struck with the feeling that he was just tired of talking to people. His voice was monotone. I kept thinking it wasn't going to be a very compelling interview. But then, when I transcribed it, I found out it was a great interview and he was saying all these incredible things. But because he talks in a flatline, I'd had no idea.

The most intense situation was when we were interviewing Sickie Wifebeater of the Mentors in person. He went off on this homophobic rant. Which is in the book.

(All laugh.)

MRR: It's awesome. I love it. I've read it out loud to a lot of my friends, like "Check this shit out!"

Zack: He referred to Portland as "a fag colony."

MRR: But then he ends it on this uplifting note, by saying, "I like fags."

Zack: Oh! The craziest moment for me sadly wasn't on tape. We'd just finished interviewing Eddie Deezen, who's the ultimate '80s movie nerd. He really does look and talk and behave like he does in movies, a true spazz. It's his genuine personality. So we'd just finished the interview and we walk out of the restaurant, and this expensive car zips around the parking lot and almost hits him. So Eddie Deezen yells, "Jesus CHRIST, what a maniac! Oh, it's John Stamos!" And it really was.

MRR: You told me about when you called Ian MacKaye and he was practically railing against Hollywood the second he picked up the phone.

Zack: That's true! He had agreed to talk about punks in movies, and even though he wasn't as prominent in documentaries as some others, he still wanted to participate. He said, "Yeah, sure! Call me at 4:00. No problem." So normally, you call and introduce yourself, get through some small talk and then get started. But he answered, I said hello, and he just exploded, "So here's the problem with the movie industry!..." He immediately flew into it and everything he was saying was true and perfect, so I'm fumbling to hit the record button to capture this lifelong rage he'd felt due to the depiction of punks.

I lost about 30 seconds of the interview right off the bat, but he says so many amazing things that made it in. He says that trying to depict a musical scene through a film is like watching through a keyhole as people are fucking. That there's no way to accurately translate that type of thing into the film medium. He had endless quotes, and they weren't prepared, but they were brilliant. He was incredibly insightful.

He's another person like Richard Hell, where we were intimidated. We figured he's got to be harassed all the time and just be sick to death of interviews. But instead, he was not only impassioned, but also interested in having a discussion instead of just preaching from a soapbox. He asked me questions about what we thought, what movies got it right, etc. He was really engaged and really excited to be angry about this topic, and it made for a very funny, smart interview. It's easily one of the best in the book. He talks about Art Garfunkel and all kinds of shit. He's unleashed. Which is great because there's this misconception of him, that he's a dry, stoic man, and he was exactly the opposite.

MRR: Since you guys worked on the book for seven full years, was there any point that was more hardcore than any other period? When were you watching like twenty movies a day?

Zack: The beginning and the end were especially crazed. There was a sort of brown-out in the middle when Bryan and I lived in separate states for a little while. But in the beginning, we thought, "If we really buckle down, we can get this thing done in two years!" Which was completely incorrect. We thought we could basically watch every movie made between 1976 and 1999 within two years. Stupid. We couldn't. But that was a point when we were taking home so many videos that it was just ridiculous.

Blake: So independent video stores like Scarecrow; they were essential to the book getting made.

Zack: Yes! The internet was barely part of the foundation for our research in any way. It was probably almost 90% video stores, and most of that was through Scarecrow Video in Seattle, which really is the largest accessible video library in the world. They were so amused by our ridiculous project that they let us have free rentals.

Bryan: If this whole thing had started in our grim future of online streaming and RedBox, we wouldn't have been able to do the book's subject justice. We needed to see the actual boxes to get a feel if the movie might be applicable. You couldn't just see a movie's title or plot description and have that be enough. Most of the movies we needed to find were VHS only. They still haven't been released on DVD. So you can only get your hands on them at an independent video store.

Without the Scarecrows of the world, it couldn't have happened. Even just sifting through videos Zack would buy at swap meets, we found just as much as we did through the Internet Movie Database. I've avoided computers my entire life, but at the end of our research, I got a little more internet savvy. But even then I just ended up hitting mostly dead ends. People were credited as "punks" in movies as far back as the '50s, so that type of online word search hunting didn't bring up many new titles at all.

Out of maybe a thousand movie titles we dug up online, probably just a hundred or so ended up making it in the book. Largely foreign stuff or movies that weren't well distributed when they were released, as well as some completely unreleased titles.

Zack: We ended up writing to the filmmakers pretty regularly. They'd have a movie that maybe played a couple film festivals somewhere but never got a theatrical or video release. So we'd hit up the director or producer and ask if he'd send us a copy, and sometimes they would.

Bryan and I are way too technologically retarded to know how to do the…what's it called? Bit torrent crap? We have no idea. So we'd just have to buy the video tape. It was really the most short-sightedly masochistic research project we could have ever taken on.

MRR: Have you made or lost any friends through this project?

Zack and Bryan: We've lost girlfriends!

MRR: Both of you?

Zack: Yep.

Bryan: I don't know if I can blame the book directly, but I definitely had to pay more attention to these movies than I did to who I was dating.

Zack: We gave ourselves this task and we had to carry it out. So whoever was dating us would inevitably be in the room while we were fast-forwarding through 25 movies a day when we weren't at work. So they'd just be sitting there watching the weakest early '90s Canadian made-for-TV movies. And this would go on for years, and eventually manifest in total hatred.

Bryan: I'd come home and my girlfriend would say, "What do you want to do this weekend." And I'd say, "Oh, I'm gonna scan through 200 shitty independent comedies. That's what I'm doing this weekend."

MRR: What are some of your favorite punk segments from movies?

Bryan: There's this movie I can't stop talking about, called *Madam Wang's*. It's what Zack did the Mentors interview for. It's sadly not available in this country. It's never even been on VHS here; you have to get it from England. It's a Paul Morrissey movie about this East German spy that comes to California to infiltrate the punk scene. There's this scene where this horrible guy is trying to teach people "how to be punk," and he's truly disgusting looking. He's like if Iggy Pop was…even uglier. And he's teaching these guys that look like Philip Seymour Hoffman how to be punk, and their way of doing it is by wringing their hands and wailing.

MRR: It's funny…you guys have said a lot about how punks were so maligned by Hollywood, but this made me think about how queers get poorly represented in major movies as well. And then here's this movie where gay stereotypes are trying to learn how to be stereotypical punks.

Zack: Huh, that's true. Supposedly, Paul Morrissey was really excited about punk, and he was gay. But then he makes this movie that more or less mocks both. Maybe it was deliberate and he's a genius.

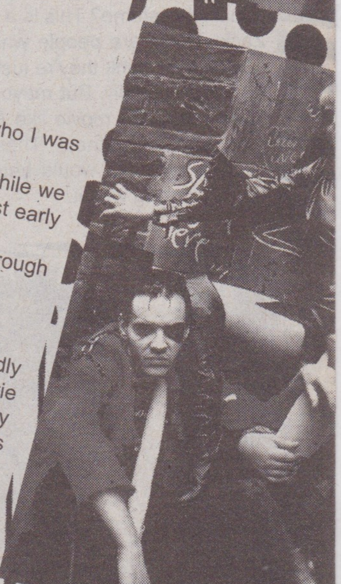
MRR: What about your favorite?

Zack: The reason the movie *Joysticks* was one of the inspirations for the book was specifically due to one man's performance. The book was actually co-dedicated to him, a guy named Jon Gries. He's still doing a ton of acting work. He played this punk guy named King Vidiot. He's this cartoonified punk dude that's just absolutely obsessed with video games, to the point where he makes Pac Man noises when he walks around. Everything he does in the movie is unbelievable. That shit is raw. There are scenes where you can tell that the other actors just weren't ready for him because he's so amped up and spazzed out through the whole movie that he's actually scaring the other actors. He'll walk by a houseplant, rip it out of the pot, take a big bite out of it and throw it on the ground. Clearly, none of it was planned because the other actors are either laughing when they shouldn't or they're just running away from him.

MRR: His performance comes from his own inspiration, because it sure isn't based on punk.

Zack: It's a great example of someone who saw a picture of a really garish punk and said, "I bet they act like this!"

THE WRAITH



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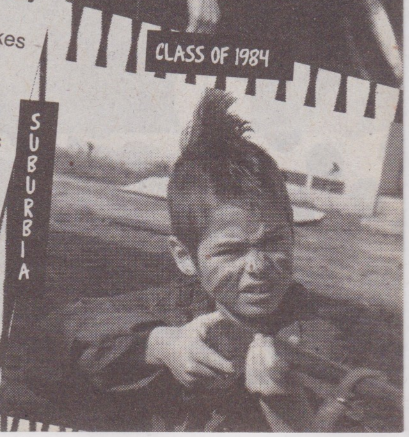

SUBURBIA

MRR: That makes me think of the Lee Ving performance in *Get Crazy*…
Bryan: That is major. When he does that insane stagedive.

MRR: From the second story.
Zack: That's great to bring up, because in *Joysticks* you have a regular dude playing a punk character and just winging it, but in *Get Crazy* you have Lee Ving—who's obviously a genuine punk—but he does the same thing by just acting insane and having fun. He's aware of that world and just plows through it anyway.

MRR: "You want me to act like this?? Okay, then I'll *really* act like this!"
Zack: Exactly. There's a scene where a woman is running up the stairs and Lee Ving grabs her and pulls at her pants. I met that actress by complete accident and she said he actually sprained her knee just by tearing at her pants so hard. Out of control. They had him on a leash in the movie. He bangs his face against the trunk of a car and he leaves a real dent…with his real forehead!

So *Joysticks* and *Get Crazy* are good, comparable maniac punk movies. But then there are also dramatic punks in movies like Penelope Spheeris' *Suburbia* and this amazing French movie called *Tchao Pantin*. That one's about a depressed 45-year-old man who works at a gas station, and his only friend in the world is this teenager with a punk girlfriend. The boy gets murdered, so the older man decides to get revenge, and allies with the punk girl. So the entire premise is that this guy who looks like Bob Hoskins allies with a punk lady and inadvertently wipe out half the organized crime in France. Brutally. They're just climbing up the criminal ladder and there are all these beautiful, dramatic scenes between this teenage punk and this fat dad. It's a completely unlikely relationship, but the movie is incredibly done. It's like the movie *The Professional*, except it's not completely terrible and stupid.

MRR: I saw *Return of the Living Dead* when I was in high school, and I was so amped on it. The punks in it were so cool, and the car they drive with "SUICIDE" on the hood.
Bryan: There's that great speech in the graveyard. "You think this is a fuckin' costume? This is a way of life!"
Zack: There are people who frown at the zany representations of punks; they think they're just above it. And that's fine if they want to take it personally. But maybe kids in the Midwest or away from big cities will see a movie like *Return of the Living Dead* and think it's really exciting. Y'know, "These people live how they want! They wear clothes my mom would hate!" If that inspires people, then there's nothing wrong with it.

PUNK IN LONDON

AFTER HOURS

WHISPER AND SHOUT!

MRR: It's true. I saw that movie when I was growing up. There was like one punk in the entire town and after I saw the movie, I wanted to know him. It made him seem important.
Zack: Right! So as stupid as some of these movies were in putting forth their fucked image of punk, if it excited someone and led to them pursuing that life, then it's completely valid. Maybe it resulted in them finding something genuine.

MRR: It's amazing when you see a movie like *Night of the Demons*, and the stereotypical disposable dumbass character is still just a mohawked punk. I mean, when that movie came out it was practically the '90s, and filmmakers were still leaning on that crutch.
Zack: By that point, things got really confusing. Filmmakers had seen punks and metalheads around for years but somehow still had absolutely no idea what they were dealing with. So you'd get these characters that would show up, where you'd have this big hairy guy wearing a Stryper tank top, a leather jacket with a radiation symbol and then like blue lipstick. What is this man?

It's hard to say if they were wanting to continue using a punk stereotype, or if it was just because filmmakers still hadn't found a more current way to indicate that their main characters are in a shitty part of town or whatever. Usually, punks were used as set dressing, to indicate that the hero's car has pulled off in a crime-ridden neighborhood or something. "So, we can either have an African-American teenager walk by holding a boombox, or we can drop in a punk rocker." The lazy man's way to indicate crime and low culture.
Bryan: I think it was the early '90s when that finally started to die down and instead you started seeing "dangerous" background characters that looked more like Eazy-E instead.

MRR: I watched a new comedy in the theater yesterday, and there was the classic type of scene where they go to a party where a bunch of misfits are hanging out. And in the '80s, these characters clearly would have been punks, but now they're guys who maybe listen to Pantera. They have tattoos on their necks and goatees and shaved heads and modern leather motorcycle jackets. They just don't make those scenes in movies like they used to.
Zack: I don't think lazy filmmakers know how to handle it. Now that music and culture and everything is all jumbled, and there are new rap-folk-klezmer bands coming out…

MRR: They don't know what the subculture is and who to be scared of anymore. They need to start using juggalos now. THAT would be scary.
Zack: Except that wouldn't be the bad part of town. It'd be the suburbs.

MRR: I remember in the late '80s, they were selling green "Punk Lipstick" at 7-11. And then there's the duck on the Bubble Yum wrapper, a punk duck.
Zack: Yeah! He has a nose ring and a pink mohawk and a studded collar.
Bryan: Jesus. A punk duck!
Zack: But it's clear to me that nothing that stupid could exist without all the Hollywood movies that fucked everything up. Those movies and that duck are grown from the same garden of lies.

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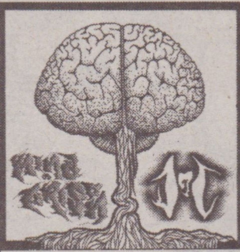

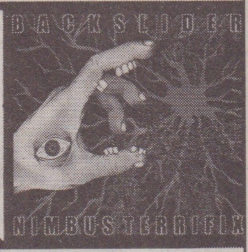

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UZI RASH

hem.

Who a interview by Lew Houston

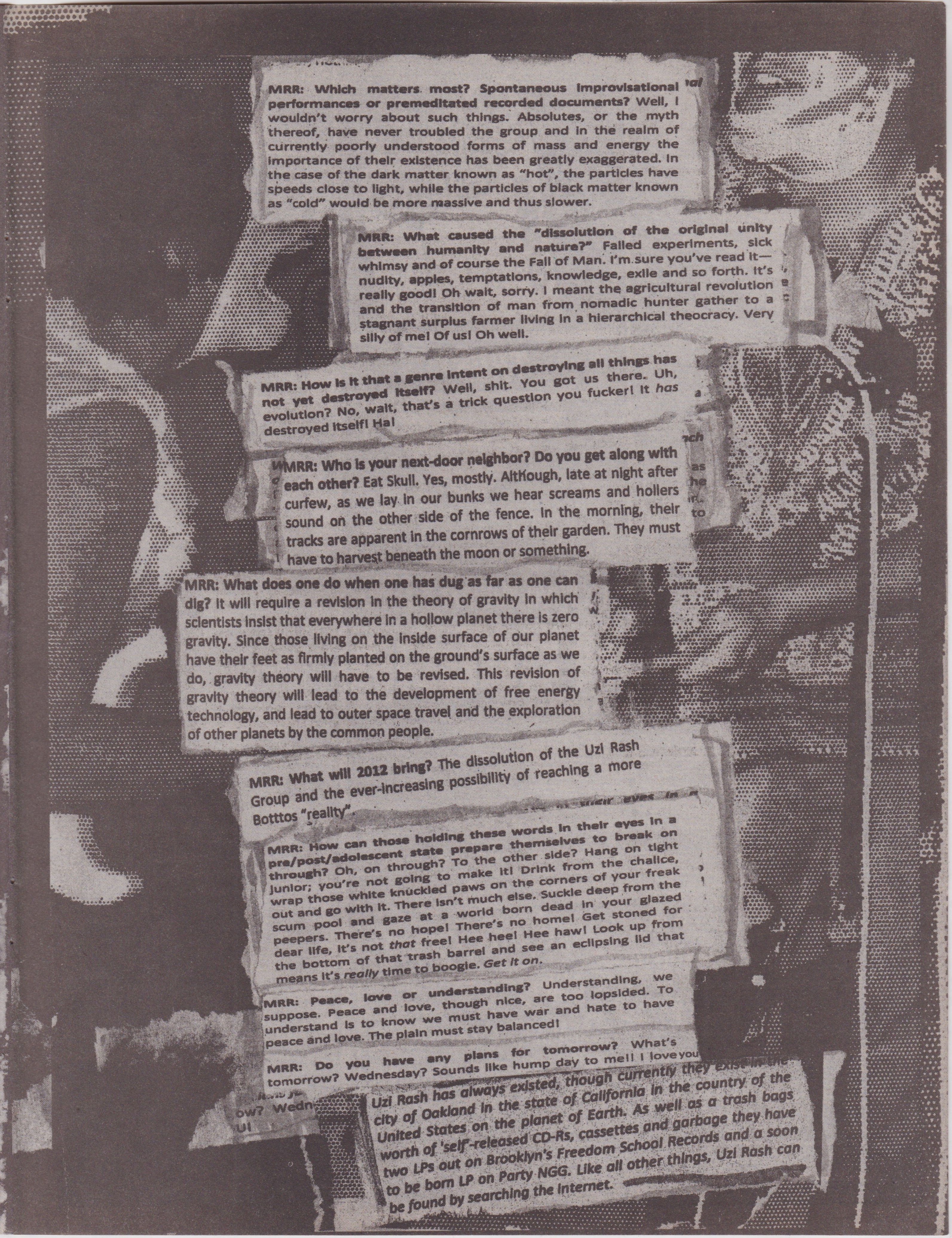
MRR: Who was Uzi Rash? Who is Uzi Rash? Who will Uzi Rash become? We is legion: Andrew Henderson, Liz Lies, Cody Blanchard, Benjamin Heykes, Owen Cook, Dani Golomb, Sweettooth, Mike Hunchback, Danny Zajakowski, Hunchback Craig, Johnnie Heinz, Lauren Orso, Matthew Melton, Ian Amberson, Courtney Crusher, Kandis Defect, James Luster, Erin Williams, Dylan Craver, Steve-O, Max Nordile, Ian Dugas, Lelah Maupin, Perrin Cloutier, Keegan Blundell, Nato Coles, Nate Penn, Colleen Green, Justin Champlin, Alese Osborn, Mick Crosby, Paddy Shaw, more to come.

Uzi rash will become controlled filth, but only to survive. But that's just an excuse: as the Little Trashman sez, "you can't control filth!"

MRR: What are the aims of the group? Re-sacralization of the world versus materialism, natural social hierarchy versus an artificial hierarchy based on wealth, the tribal community versus the nation-state, stewardship of the earth versus the "maximization of resources," a harmonious relationship between men and women versus the "war between the sexes," and handicraft and artisanship versus industrial mass-production.

MRR: From what source or sources do Uzi Rash draw inspiration? Everything: swamp, slime, ooze, pus, snot, cum, blood, shit, piss, poverty, riches, detritus, trash, garbage, waste, eggs, spores, spawning, mating, queers, liars, freaks, mental illness, civilization, vermin, serpents, snakes, reptiles, rats, pigeons, spiders, insects, scavengers, farming, crops, *Altered States*, nothing.

MRR: Where are you right now, and how do you feel about where you are? Location location location. Those are our buy words, passwords, and safe words. You never know when you will need them!



MRR: Which matters most? Spontaneous improvisational performances or premeditated recorded documents? Well, I wouldn't worry about such things. Absolutes, or the myth thereof, have never troubled the group and in the realm of currently poorly understood forms of mass and energy the importance of their existence has been greatly exaggerated. In the case of the dark matter known as "hot", the particles have speeds close to light, while the particles of black matter known as "cold" would be more massive and thus slower.

MRR: What caused the "dissolution of the original unity between humanity and nature?" Failed experiments, sick whimsy and of course the Fall of Man. I'm sure you've read it—nudity, apples, temptations, knowledge, exile and so forth. It's really good! Oh wait, sorry. I meant the agricultural revolution and the transition of man from nomadic hunter gather to a stagnant surplus farmer living in a hierarchical theocracy. Very silly of me! Of us! Oh well.

MRR: How is it that a genre intent on destroying all things has not yet destroyed itself? Well, shit. You got us there. Uh, evolution? No, wait, that's a trick question you fucker! It *has* destroyed itself! Ha!

MRR: Who is your next-door neighbor? Do you get along with each other? Eat Skull. Yes, mostly. Although, late at night after curfew, as we lay in our bunks we hear screams and hollers sound on the other side of the fence. In the morning, their tracks are apparent in the cornrows of their garden. They must have to harvest beneath the moon or something.

MRR: What does one do when one has dug as far as one can dig? It will require a revision in the theory of gravity in which scientists insist that everywhere in a hollow planet there is zero gravity. Since those living on the inside surface of our planet have their feet as firmly planted on the ground's surface as we do, gravity theory will have to be revised. This revision of gravity theory will lead to the development of free energy technology, and lead to outer space travel and the exploration of other planets by the common people.

MRR: What will 2012 bring? The dissolution of the Uzi Rash Group and the ever-increasing possibility of reaching a more Botttos "reality".

MRR: How can those holding these words in their eyes in a pre/post/adolescent state prepare themselves to break on through? Oh, on through? To the other side? Hang on tight junior; you're not going to make it! Drink from the chalice, wrap those white knuckled paws on the corners of your freak out and go with it. There isn't much else. Suckle deep from the scum pool and gaze at a world born dead in your glazed peepers. There's no hope! There's no home! Get stoned for dear life, it's not *that* free! Hee hee! Hee haw! Look up from the bottom of that trash barrel and see an eclipsing lid that means it's *really* time to boogie. *Get it on.*

MRR: Peace, love or understanding? Understanding, we suppose. Peace and love, though nice, are too lopsided. To understand is to know we must have war and hate to have peace and love. The plain must stay balanced!

MRR: Do you have any plans for tomorrow? What's tomorrow? Wednesday? Sounds like hump day to me! I love you

Uzi Rash has always existed, though currently they exist in the city of Oakland in the state of California in the country of the United States on the planet of Earth. As well as a trash bags worth of 'self'-released CD-Rs, cassettes and garbage they have two LPs out on Brooklyn's Freedom School Records and a soon to be born LP on Party NGG. Like all other things, Uzi Rash can be found by searching the internet.

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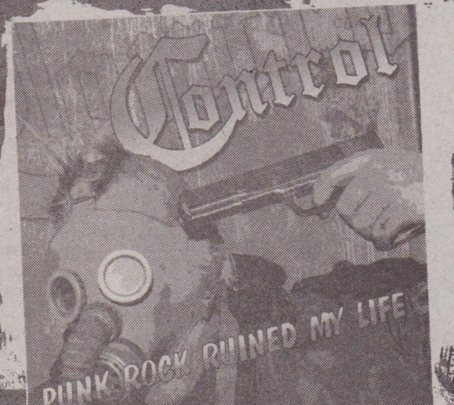
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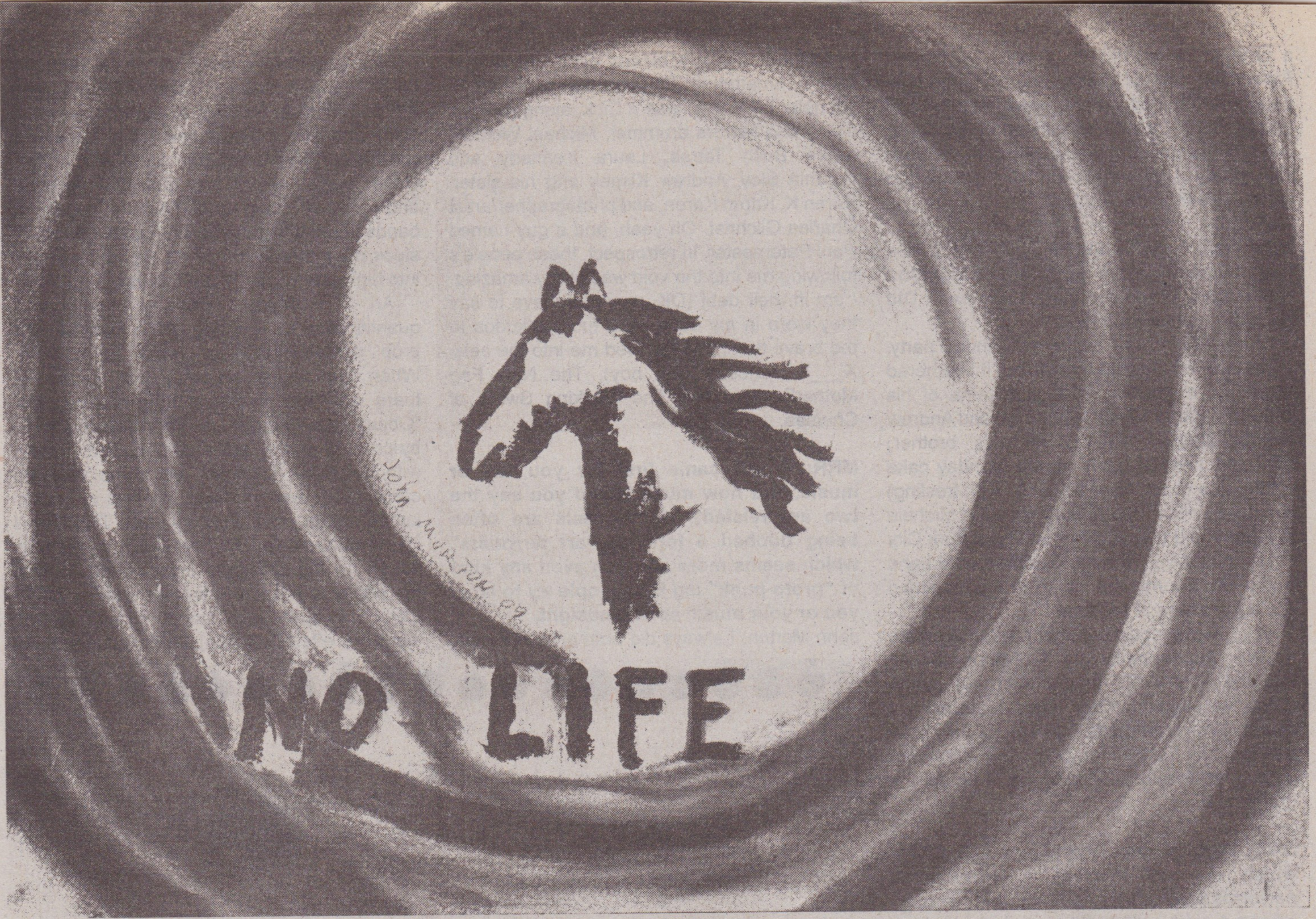


There's been much written about the musical exploits of the early '70s Cleveland, Ohio band known as electric eels (yes, lower case as per lead vocalist Dave E's intention) over the years, some of it true even. The band deservedly looms very large in under-the-counterculture sound circles and I strongly encourage anyone reading this to seek out their music, read about their exploits in a pre-punk world if you haven't already done so. The liner notes to the 3x10" vinyl comp offering on Scat Records Those Were Different Times: Cleveland 1972-1976 *is a great place to start, with plenty of other stuff out there to read as well. One could even be justified in calling them the very first "punk" band, whatever that means—if nothing else they remain to this day one of the most intense sounding and unique. After all of these years, it very much still is artastic. In honor of his inclusion in the Violet Times curated art show, Foggy Notion, happening throughout June at Live With Animals gallery in Brooklyn, NY, I decided it would be a good time to find out about some of band leader John Morton's other little-known doings over the years, specifically his visual art and other music he's done post-eels.*

Interview by James E, Comic By Sonja Ekland

MRR: I've been told that only about 100 people total ever saw electric eels. Do you agree and would you care to elaborate on their reactions, if any? Especially at the two Columbus shows, pre-Extermination Night, where the other performers Mirrors and Rocket From The Tombs would at least be of a non-mainstream music making mindset, also making their own music of a sort not yet known or accepted by the mass ear. What about the non-members of those bands, just "regular" audience members? Who the heck were they, why'd they show up, and what'd they think?

John Morton: One hundred sounds like a plausible number. Our fan base consisted of persons, made up of people, (who like people), who knew us, such as Bradley Field, Charlotte Pressler, other like-minded band people, such as Dan Didonato and Peter Laughner, who at least *understood* what we were attempting. Family members such as Jill Marotta and Michele Zalopany...well, they *had* to like us.

Our first gig was August 1974 at the Moonshine Co-op in Columbus. We had the power pulled on us. I've heard that that is not a unique occurrence with punk bands, but there were no other "punk" bands at the time.

We opened for Hard Sauce fronted by Jamie "Little Bit of Soul" Lyons. Jamie had one of the best set of pipes I ever heard. Davey and I were arrested that night. I remember every detail. Dave E. wore a trench coat festooned with rattraps, and I wore a safety pin jacket. Jamie bailed Dave E. out of jail. Our career? *All downhill* after that.

We thought the eels were going to be a huge success on a par with David Blowie (meant affectionately). *WE WERE NOT!*

I am gratified that we've had a modicum of post mortem success.

MRR: Now for some post-eels band stuff, starting with the eels '76 session. Everyone knows electric eels ended in '75, so what's this and how'd it come about, and was that truly the end then?

John Morton: Those sessions were the electric eels with additional side musicians and just for *feces and laughs*[1]. I called us The Men From Uncle. It was meant to go on, but never got further than that recording session. We were ostensibly (obviously in error) recording

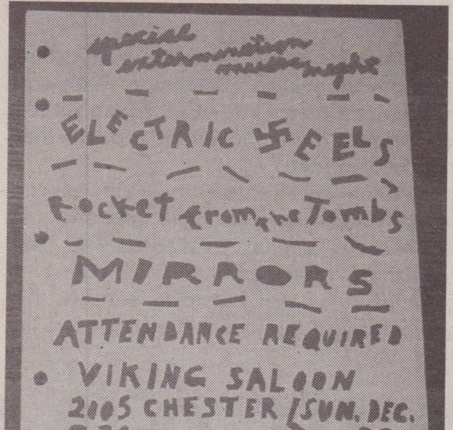
JOHN MORTON

a tape to be played on WMMS as Rocket From The Tombs had done. I remember Laughner remonstrating the radio audience to [paraphrasing] "Record your own tapes, man!" in a sort of combo meritocracy/noblesse oblige kind of way. It does mean *something* to be less acceptable than the Rockets.

MRR: Which leads into X___X, which has been receiving more and more recognition these days. When did it start and end? Did you play out much more?
John Morton: I was having a birthday party, maybe 25, 26...I could figure it out if I bothered to do the math. Jim Ellis, and some of his junkie friends who later robbed us, and Andrew Klimek (Jamie "Mirrors" Klimek's brother) attended. I remember I cut the birthday cake with a judo chop (hand smeared with frosting) because it was punk. Wife #1, the artist Michele Zalopany and I were moving to New York City in seven months. I thought I would form a band that lasted six months. Why??? Just seemed like a good idea at the time.

X___X. You could put anything between the Xs, like, "Appearing tonight, X 'Charles Manson and the Family' X." In our short six month career we played out four times, recorded two 45s on Drome Records. We were a very tight band, not by design. Tony (Anton) Fier[2] added a lot of professionalism with his work on the drumbo kit.

MRR: What about Johnny and The Dicks, which is very interesting, very much performance art and not as music-oriented, with a "fake" band photo making the rounds, an LP release with no record included, and the pre-recorded backing track done by The Styrenes independent of this band?
John Morton: I was just a touch grandiose (or "grandiose") in those days. I loved being an artist, but it didn't fulfill the exhilaration of performance, so I decided I would form a band that *didn't* play music, but did *"art!"* Visual *art songs* like making polyester resin sculpture, posing for photos (one of the Dicks was a professional photographer) and lip-syncing to the tape of a song I performed with The Styrenes. We did release a self-titled album that didn't contain a record, each one unique with a smattering of polyester resin on it. Michele, (Wife # 1) was a Dick, along with my friend and Mirrors drummer, Michael Weldon, future Bush Tetras, Laura Kennedy and Cynthia Sley, Andrew Klimek and his sister, Karen K. Karen Karen, and photographer/artist Charles Gilchrist. Oh yeah, and a guy named Paul Paternoster. In retrospect, these people's following me into the void was pretty amazing. I am in their debt (OK, now they have to say they were in *my* debt). And fucking kudos to the brave that have followed me into the eels, X___X, Amoeba (raft boy), The New Fag MotherFuckers and The Dunking Swine of Chelsea.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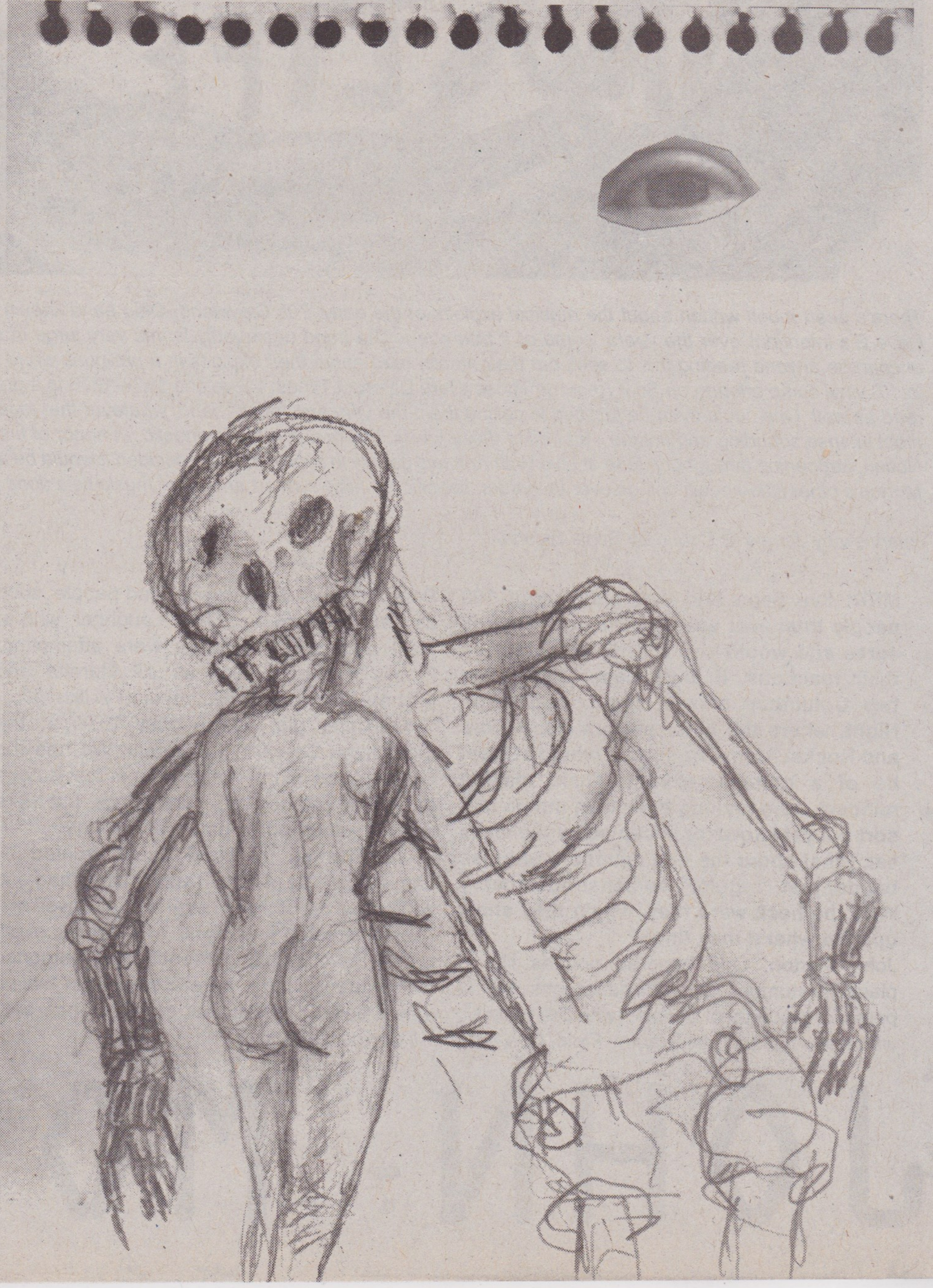
MRR: Which came first for you, art or music, and how much would you say the two are related? electric eels are often being dubbed a form of "art terrorism" which seems more apt than even any kind of "proto-punk" tag that people try to label you or your music as in hindsight.
John Morton: I always did both art and music. I got to play twelve string whilst the nerds of Lake Ridge Academy[3] sang "Michael Row the Fuckin' Boat Ashore." They all wore white shirts and dark trousers and skirts. *I* however got to wear the "Roger (nee Jim) McGuinn folk singer outfit,"—bulky knit turtleneck sweater and corduroy jacket. Cool! I did the junior high bands (faking the lyrics to "Louie Louie" ("I stuck my boner in her hair"), worked my way into high school bands, then it was the eels.

Art Terrorism was a purposeful quantification or updating of the Dadaist agit-prop nihilist/annihilation twisty band thing. When conceptual art was just beginning, there were two strata. In both divisions the "Object" was deemed un-important simply the by-product of the more *golden idea*. (Down with the Mona Lisa! It's just some very old canvas with some fucking paint on it. Fuckin' lumpen objet d'art worshippers!). The path I chose (also known as "the wrong path") was based on the Dada/absurdist sensibility that the object is not important *and neither is the idea.* The successful branch Conceptualists were the effete [pseudo] intellectuals making



cherished *"golden and geniused"* and oh so collectable *ideas.* Conceptual artists, reading Wittgenstein (which they had no fathom of) and drawing fucking numbers on the wall AND FUCKING SELLING the fucking photographs of the fucking numbers (photographs, which, by the way *are* objects.) Sour grapes? I'll let you, Dear Reader, decide after you digest the following anecdote. A little dog and pony show of a conceptual art piece where the artist (me) actually understands Wittgenstein (at least a bit). Wittgenstein had a proof against solipsism.[4] He postulated that the solipsist could not maintain his or her solipsism in the close proximity of another human in intense physical and/or emotional pain. I informed my philosophy professor that when I was on heroin, I could have beheld a chopped baby at my feet and said, "Oh wow man!" The Prof excitedly waved his hands and outburst, *"Why you've disproved Wittgenstein's theory!"* Fuck you *right path conceptualists AND I* got an "A" in philosophy for taking drugs!

MRR: When was your first visual art show? I know a little about *Murder, Suicide and Junk* from the web and something in Buffalo at an Arts Center (maybe it was just a Johnny and The Dicks performance?). Any other shows over the years and how do they compare with the most recent *Photo Falling-Word Falling* in '08?
John Morton: Kinda' Wittgensteinian stuff continued. One of my greatest exhibition coups was exhibiting at MoMA without knowing it. People were telling me they saw a photograph of me shooting dope at MoMA. In 1980 I had organized the *Murder, Suicide and Junk'* at ABC No Rio. I had Tom Warren take a photograph of me hitting up. Thirty years later MoMA mounted a lame and [ludicrous] exhibition called *LOOKING AT MUSIC: SIDE 2'* replete with pictures of Sonic Youth, Television, my wiki-enemy Richard Hell and the most unpunk of punk, The Talking Heads. It was supposedly the New York [oh so hip] music/art scene of the '70s and '80s, and for the back-story they printed a poster from the ABC No Rio book including (you got it) *THE JUNKIE PHOTO!!* Look at me [Made it,] Ma! Top of the world!

I was exhibiting art since the early '70s, but I found my niche and peers when I moved to New York, exhibiting with Collaborative Projects Inc in *The Times Square Show, A Real Estate Show* etc.

MRR: The loft in what's now known as (the quite different from back then) Carroll Gardens that you lived in with Paul Marotta staged a few multi-media events throughout the '80s, were you around for these, and if so, in what capacity did you participate?
John Morton: The event we did was freezing our asses off in the winter and having to import water from outside.

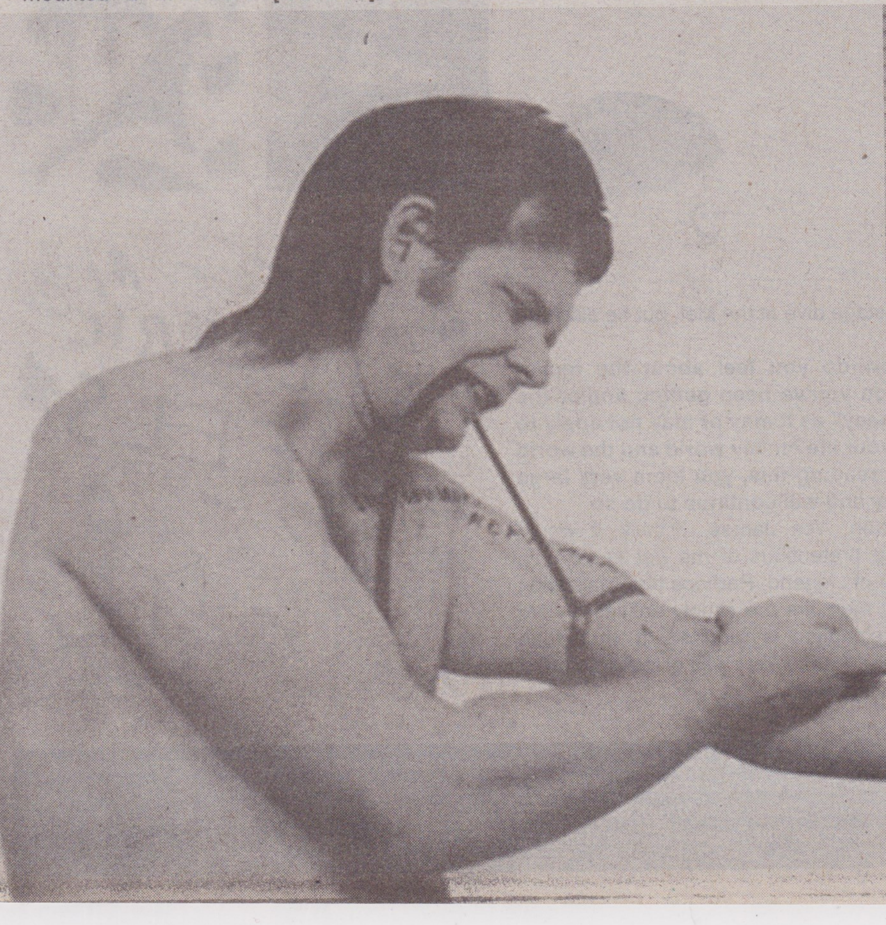
MRR: What about the "lost years" of the '80s and '90s, of which the public knows hardly anything Mortonian? I've read that piece you wrote in a '90s *Cle Magazine.* Is that basically how it was for you, making art, surfing, doping, writing?
John Morton: Wife left, left bereft, crying, suicide attempt, further suicide attempts, sublimated via *"Why kill myself when they've invented this nifty drug, heroin, which will do it for me!"* Couple years being a junkie, then stopped taking heroin. *"At least I can drink!"* and boy *could* I drink! Proudly made it to stage four on the Jellinek Scale of Alcoholism. That's the stage that includes jails, institutions and death. Jailed in Madrid (jails), hospitalized (institutions) after a nasty pistol whipping (or more properly, Uzi whipping) for saying "Fuck You" to a carabiniere in Venice. I've heard that normal people don't engage the services of a psychologist in Lisbon when they are on vacation. Stint on the *flight deck.* Depression, post traumatic stress disorder, bipolar II, co-occurring psychiatric and substance abuse disorders. Time just seemed to fucking fly by.

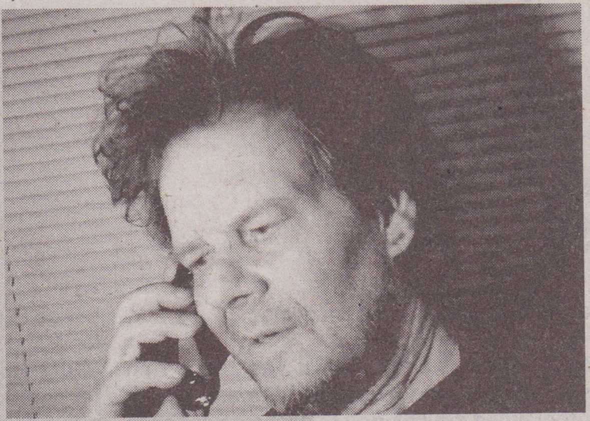
MRR: Which leads us to your more recent activities. How did The New Fag MotherFuckers, Amoeba (raft boy) and/or any other bands you've had more recently come about and why did they end so abruptly? Anything to say about the recent Dymaxion Tour marking the 35th anniversary of The Styrenes, of which you were a participant?
John Morton: The bands came about because I wanted to do a band. Just like forever. Why did they end so abruptly? That's what bands always seem to do, unless you're the Rolling Stones. Bands are costly and a lot of work. In New York City the rhythm sections expect to get paid to practice.

I talked about forming a new band for twenty (count 'em, twenty!) years in bars. I finally formed a band Amoeba (raft boy) seven months after I got sober in 1994. I'm not at all advocating sobriety; it just worked for me. Twelve step groups can be a haven for musicians that are still alive.

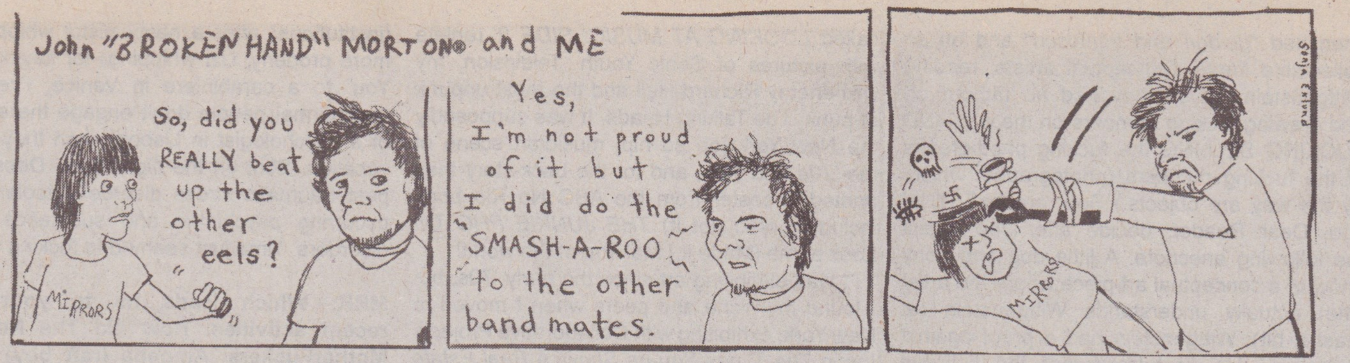
Confidentially between you and me, I was spared the final crushing embarrassment of being drunk on Facebook as a Cleveland colleague recently did as evidenced by his *"slurring of written words."*

RE: The Styrenes Dymaxion Tour, I wanted to leave off the 35th Anniversary stuff or at least call it 25th Anniversary. I had a great time.





MRR: Recent art you've been doing? Including the youtube videos you've done in recent times which are pretty great and funny, how's the comedy career coming along? Also, Mortonia (http://mortonia.com/wow/anhedonia) has come along as less of a "fuck you" to the world and


John "BROKENHAND" MORTON and ME
So, did you REALLY beat up the other eels?
MIRRORS
Yes, I'm not proud of it but I did do the SMASH-A-ROO to the other band mates.
MIRRORS
Sonja Eklund

more a fine, fine showcase for much of the art and music that you've done over the years. Any reason behind that you'd care to share?

John Morton: Comedy career? Punk Henny Youngman, "Take my wife...*fuck you!"*

(I forgot to ask, but can *MRR* afford *italics?)*

I was once asked what kind of music do you do 30 years after the eels? The answer is "the kind of music I would do 30 years after the eels." Same with visual art. I'm doing what I'm doing because it's what I'm doing.

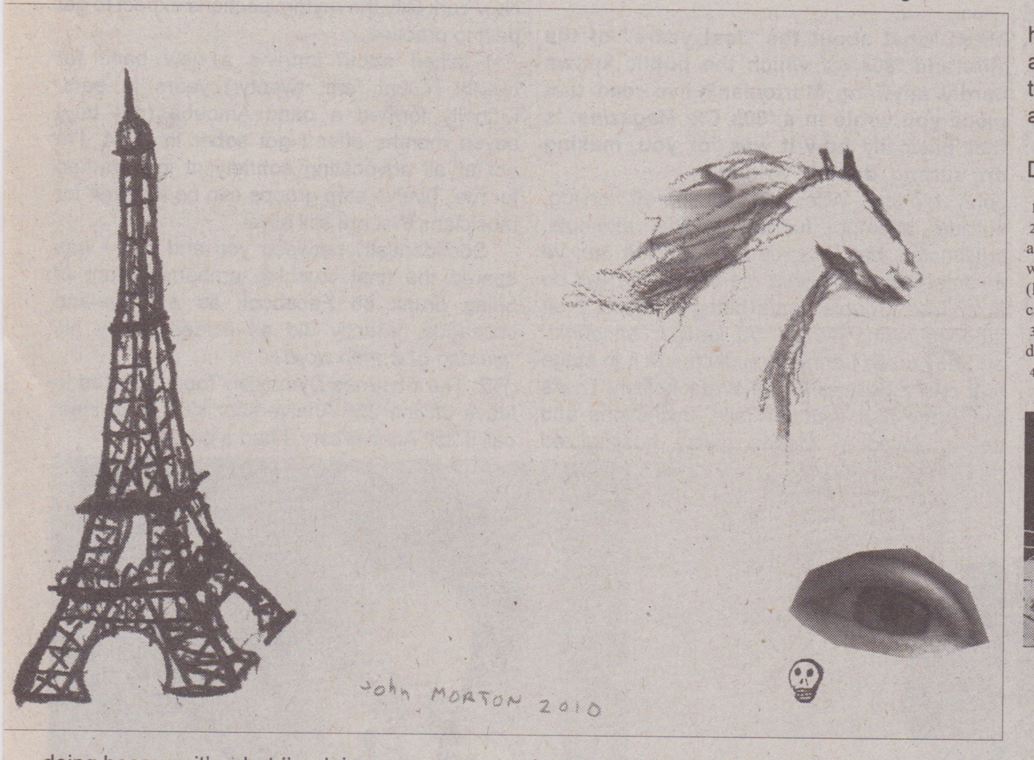
MRR: For being known as such an extreme persona over the years and a self-proclaimed nihilist, you really seem at peace with your world when I've spoken with or emailed you. Even more so than others I've dealt with from back in the days just post the Cuyahoga River catching fire. How did this come about? Or am I just being the set up man here for the "fuck you" punch line?

John Morton: Fuck you, James. I've reached a point in my life where nihilism and peace are not a dichotomy. More than one wife (actually #s two and three) had felt it necessary to admonish me with "No Swastikas!"

Who would *self-proclaim* oneself as a nihilist? Is one a *self-proclaimed* Muslim or Jew? Everyone thinks a nihilist kills his or her roommate's cat. We get a lot of bad press. Nihilism is *the new* existential morass!

A nihilist is just a sociopath that has taken a college course in philosophy.

I usually do my art (and in this case music) site-specific. What is appropriate can change with the venue. I mean, I wanted to get James Levine to stage dive at the Met, but he didn't go for it.



MRR: How do you feel about the recent recognition you've been getting and/or the word "legacy" as it may or may not apply to you and your life? In my world and the world of others reading this, you loom very large to this day and will continue to do so.

John Morton: Yes James, I think it would actually be pretentious of me *not* to take on the mantle of...legend. Perhaps that realization is why my memoirs are simply entitled *"I."* No further explanation is required. It should be out this year. And I said I was grateful before. I won't say it again.

MRR: Finally, did you really beat up all of the other electric eels? And when's the last time you saw Dave E.?

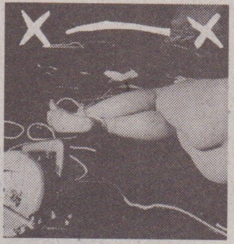
John Morton: Yes, I am not particularly proud of it but I did do the smash-a-roo thing to the other band mates (except Nick Knox.)

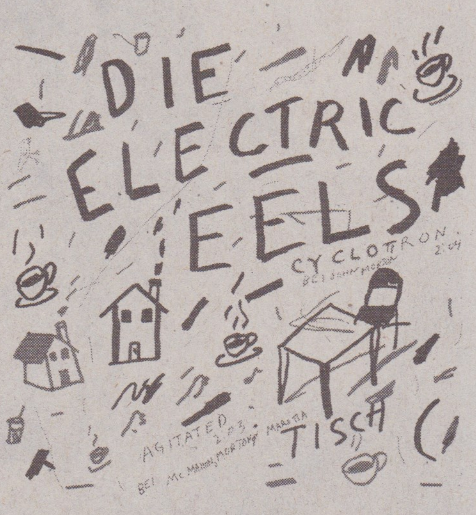
Dave E. is very private these days. I saw him maybe ten or twelve years ago. He is born again (as in born again Christian), married with doves, a cat and a dog.

The eels Dave E. surfaced when I told him that Brian McMahon was working on his autobiography. He got his eels-incredulous look that only he could countenance like when he asked Nick, *"Why do you stink so bad?"*

Dave and I were glad to see each other. Don't tell him about *my* memoirs.

1. Shits and giggles
2. I knew Tony as Tony for years, I couldn't suddenly adjust to him as Anton, (and Anton said it was OK to call him Tony) however I would insist on people calling me by my various noms de guerre, (Blue Tree, Johnny Lightning, J. Regular etc. (can dish it out, cannot take it!))
3. My parents sent me there to straighten me out. I was expelled for doing a drawing that had the word "Fuck" on it.
4. Look it up!





Morton will be performing with John Morton and the Dunking Swine Of Chelsea at the opening or closing party (exact lineups not available at present time) of the Foggy Notion show, which will also include visual art and performances by Neil Hagerty (of Royal Trux, the Howling Hex, Pussy Galore), Hamish Kilgour (of the Clean, the Great Unwashed, the Mad Scene), Peggy Snow (the Cherry Blossoms),Tim Lampinen (aka: Timmy Vulgar of Clone Defects, Human Eye, Timmy's Organism), and Ju Suk Reet Meate & Oblivia (both of Smegma, the Tenses) at Live With Animals 210 Kent Avenue Brooklyn, NY 11211

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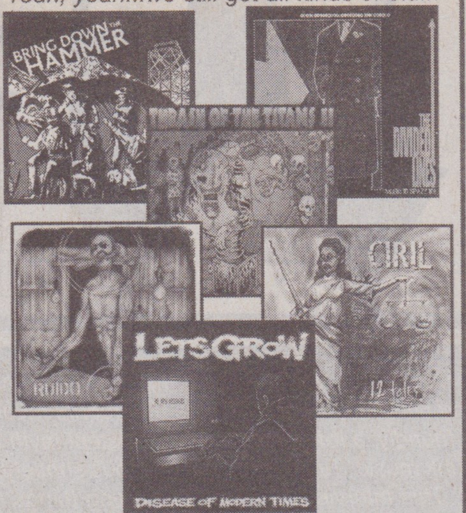
Yeah, yeah...we still got all kinds of stuff.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WHITE FENCE

WHITE FENCE is Tim Presley, LA recluse. He plays guitar in a band that I don't know the name of and he used to be in the Fall. His solo music is murky psychedelic pop, and his White Fence LP was a personal favorite from 2010. When I praised it in my MRR *top ten, in jest I remarked it was "non-MRR" friendly, a reference to the persistent myth that MRR is an elitist team of CIA operatives controlling the limitations and meanings of punk music. Tim missed my hilarious subtlety, took this to heart and threatened a firebomb in the way that a hippie from LA only could. This interview is a way of making things right in the world, and your introduction to a musician who has written a fine selection of songs to enhance your next year with.*

Intro and interview by DX

Photos by Jake Montefu and Cali Dewitt.

MRR: Can I ask about your day-to-day life? Work, school, criminal activities? How do you find the time to make music in a crumbling economy?
It's hard touring around because you can't really hold down a job. But I've been working as a graphic designer off and on. I have an art degree but I'm not sure what that really means. I'm poor but I don't care. I spend all my free time making art or recording and that's enough for me. I make time for that. That is my time. I used to make good money when I was in the Fall but that's over now.

MRR: That's irresistible, of course: talk a little about how you came to be a part of the Fall, and then the Fallen.
The Fall was on a US tour in like '06. And Mark E Smith's band freaked out on him or visa-versa and flew back to the UK. Mark and his wife Elena (Keyboards) wanted to finish the tour so they contacted their US label Narnak. I had a friend on that label and he said "call the guys from Darker my Love they'll do it." So Rob Barbato and I learned all the songs in one or two nights and met up with Mark in San Diego for the first show. Supposedly David Yow from the Jesus Lizard was in the audience and said it was the worst show ever or something. But fuck that guy, we had to learn like twenty songs and play all these insane shows! Not to mention we were scared shitless due to all this talk of Mark being an asshole and assaulting his bandmates. We played in the Fall for over a year, flying out to festivals and touring all over Europe. We even wrote songs for the *Reformation Post TLC* record. It was a good time. Mark and I used to talk about old '60s garage bands and songs. Both Rob and I were super into Captain Beefheart and Zappa around then, and I think it rubbed off on Mark. We even covered "Hungry Freaks Daddy" for most of the shows. Rob and I were just messing around singing it one day and Mark started in, singing all the lyrics! So naturally we covered it. I think paying our tour salaries and flights out to UK were the only reasons we had to leave the band. He got some UK guys, financially and schedule wise that just makes more sense for Mark. He and his wife still call me and say hello. He called on my birthday. The Fall is great and all, but I'm happy to still be able to talk with him. Unlike other past members of the Fall that he hates!

MRR: Where do you live? Can you talk a little about the bands you play with, the venues and the like? Good town?
I live in Echo Park, Los Angeles. But grew up in the San Francisco area. I like playing houses, warehouses or places like the Smell in LA. Venues are dead. They depress me as a musician and an audience member. You have to pay a shit cover charge, then you gotta buy *their* drinks and everybody is so stiff. No one buys merch because they spend all their money on drinks at the bar, and they just stand around trying to look cool and/or hunt for sex. At a non-venue you can be free to do whatever, which makes the crowds better and more energetic. They may not buy anything but at least there is energy. There are a lot of great bands in LA and SF right now like: Nodzzz, Bleached, Cold Showers, Crazy Band, Audacity, Brilliant Colors, John Webster Johns, Wounded Lion, the Mantles, Ariel Pink, Melted Toys, Royal Baths, Culture Kids... the list goes on. It's very awesome and eclectic right now.

MRR: There's a growing tendency for solo American white musicians to construct their music entirely—write, perform, produce, record, design, execute. You're a part of this trajectory—can you account for its development for those outside American culture?

ⓘWF
WHITE FENCE
DATE/TIME
NOISE REDUCTION
SOURCE
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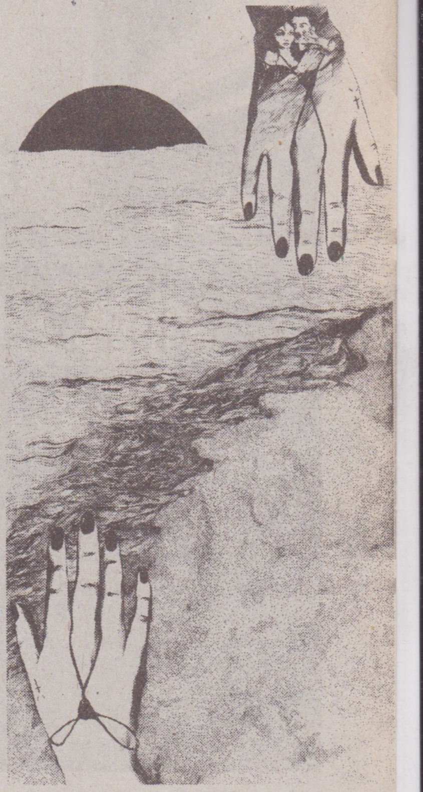
I don't know what to say. I don't know what other musicians you're referring to. I just like doing it with myself. It makes it more personal. There's no compromise, so I'm free to be and do exactly what I want. Of course there's a time and place for collaboration, and I probably will, but for now I'm into doing it alone. Whoever said, "five heads are better than one" is not growing faith. Just kidding. I love bands. I love being in bands. But I'm good for right now.

MRR: You reach back into the murky swill of '60s psychedelic pop—where do you think you're reaching forward and into? If someone sidelined you with an asshole question like "what does White Fence sound like?"—and there it is—how can you get outta mumbling something like "I reach back into the murky swill of '60s psychedelic pop?"

Ha. Good question. I feel like *everyone* must ask the same question. Rock'n'roll, Country, Punk has always been borrowed; it's just how you spin it. If everyone tried to make future music we'd never have bands like Black Flag or the Nightcrawlers or even Bob Dylan. I just don't want to be too throwback. I hate that shit. I use some tools of the past, but the songs are completely mine. My ear just likes what it likes. For example, a '60s sounding guitar solo sounds better to me than an '80s one. So: If I must, I'd have to figure I am of the "off-kilter pop rock" variety, kinda like Robyn Hitchcock or Kevin Ayers. Maybe. Dude, I don't know. "Does Wavves get asked if he reaches into the un-murky swill of Blink 182?" People always talk about taking from the '60s, but what about bands who take from '80/'90s? They never get any shit. I just believe in the maximum of my rock'n'roll.



MRR: You are a member of a band, but you have also released a couple of LPs under the name White Fence. In the insert to the new LP, you use photos of a band in a basement. Why the solo project, why make it look like a band?

Well it all happened somewhat accidentally. I've been recording in my room for years. It just so happened that I had a good amount, and recorded songs I was proud of. My brother Sean (from Nodzzz) passed it on to Eric from Make a Mess records and he really wanted to put it out, so I was like ok! Shit! I better come up with some LP art. I never intended to release any of it. It's just something I do. Instead of going out on the town and staying social, I'll stay at home and write and record songs. I used the photo of the live band in the insert because I liked the photo and the guys in it. I didn't even think about it looking like a band. I guess that is confusing. However, I suppose it's an ode to those guys because I had some shows booked, and they learned all the songs without me there. So when I showed up to rehearse I didn't have to teach them anything! I felt like Chuck Berry with all his pick-up bands. Plus they were excited about it, which made me excited about it. See, I've become somewhat disillusioned with playing live. I keep going through battles of "playing live music is for jerks" and "playing music is god's gift to mankind." So this is why White Fence is ideal for me, because it's a recording project but at the same time I can play shows or not play shows. I can turn down

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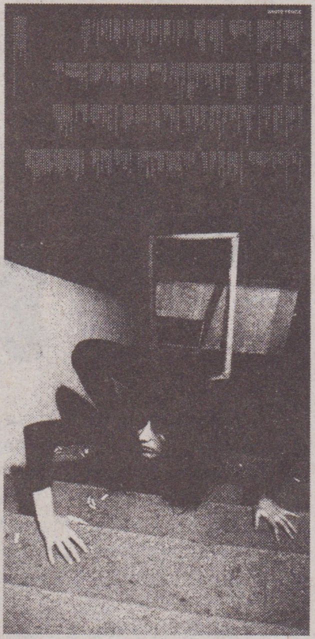
offers. I'm fed up of saying yes to everything. I just want to do whatever the fuck I want now. I'm still hungry, I just want every decision to feel good and important to me. When music or art turns into repetition or work, there is no point doing it. Faking an art form equates to serious depression.

MRR: There is a nonsensical spurt of words acknowledging faith in the LP. I'm not going to presumptuous enough to ask for an explanation, but I'm interested in your writing process, and why you are indirect with meaning.
The yin-yang was invented for a reason. Mix the literal with some abstraction. I just want to smash watermelons, man. Absurdity with personal meaning is true freedom. Have you ever heard of "poetry?" I could do it without eating. The "spurt" is just my abstract interpretation of the agenda of *Growing Faith*. It's the mission statement to the *Growing Faith* LP. It's a concept. What I am trying to communicate and promote is: Instead of finding "faith" with god or idols, find it in yourself. *Create something*, and stick with it. Have some faith in yourself for once. Do something that you always wanted to do, or commit to something you already are into. Music? Painting? Dog grooming? Start a zine and love it. Shave off all your hair and save it. Cut out all the words in a dictionary and collage together a ridiculous story. The key to happiness is not always gold. It can be brass, copper, silver or purple. You know the type of people that buy a nice camera, take photos for a week and then give it up? That is what the *Growing Faith* LP is against. Stop doing things to impress your boredom or apathy. Stop trying to impress your friends. Impress yourself, and the green grass will start massaging your neck.

MRR: Could you offer some appropriate examples of music or artwork that you feel has informed your concept of *Growing Faith*, individuals or groups you feel were doing poetry without eating?
Lets See. I seem to get some inspiration from things I *don't* like. For example, turning on the TV and seeing "Subterranean" on MTV. Or some dumb hip magazine. It gives me pretty good fuel to make music. I've actually felt this way since I was a teenager. Music that is forced on me and perceived as cool will never work for me. Whatever, I'm preaching to the choir. I'm sure for a brief time Skip Spence was growing faith... Lou Reed, Dylan, Ian MacKaye, etc... Actually, like him or not, the guy from Deerhunter is growing faith, with his recording work ethic. I can respect that. Also, the Strange Boys. They might be the hardest working band around today. I see it. I play and record with them sometimes so I know all about them. I think they played like 200 shows last year. To do that for no real money is serious. I get super motivated by my friends that make art or music. That's the real fuel. When it's healthy and not competitive, then you can really open up your own door.

MRR: Extending to your music, I like the slurring confusion of the production: could you talk a little about how you put the songs together?
Most of the time it starts as a simple song, and the recording process shapes it up. But every song is different. And I don't have a band to bounce ideas off of. Sometimes I just have a beat and then I write music over that. Like "Baxter Corner" on the first LP, I got so charged on that beat I made that the song on top came out that way. But then there are the songs that write themselves in an improv situation. Those are the most fun because then I can fuck them up with the production and it seems to work for me, like renting a car and crashing it...with the extra insurance of course. Everything goes through my 4-Track at one point, but I'm not afraid of other means of recording, aka digital. But all in all, the songs get written or put together like how any song does, and then it gets the home recording treatment.



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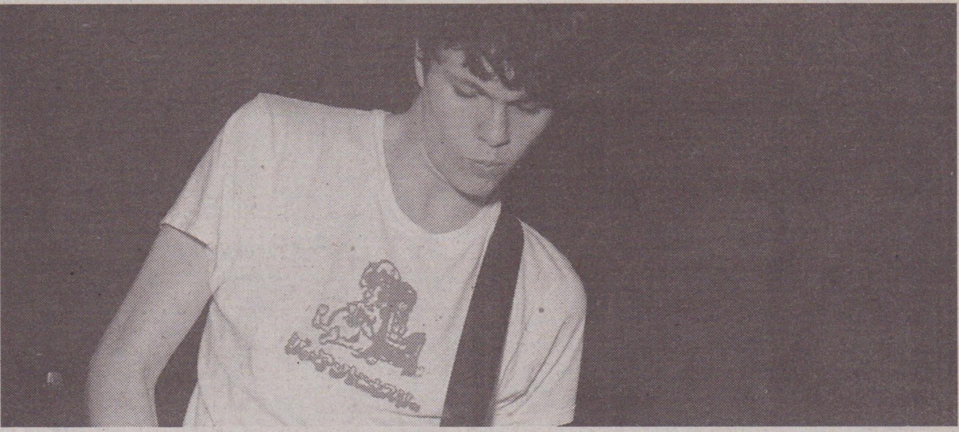

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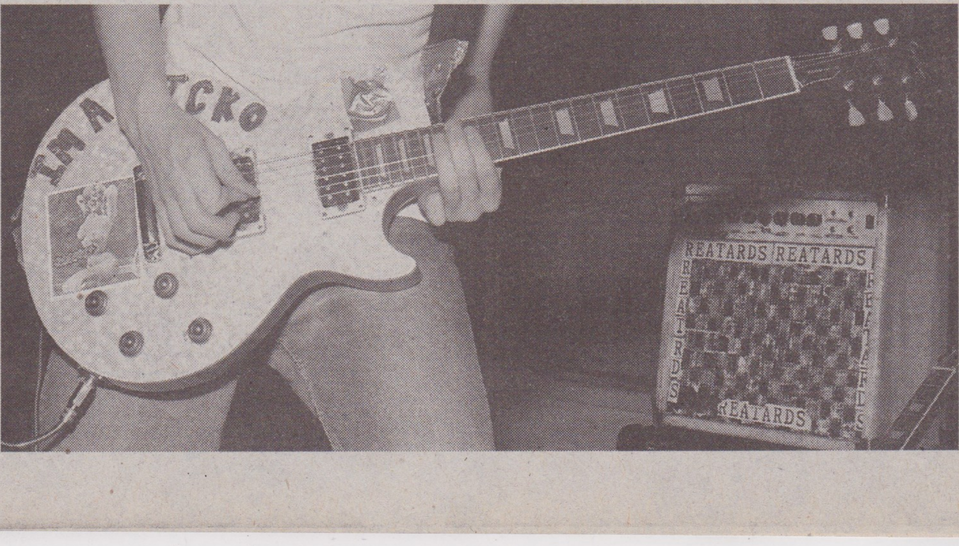

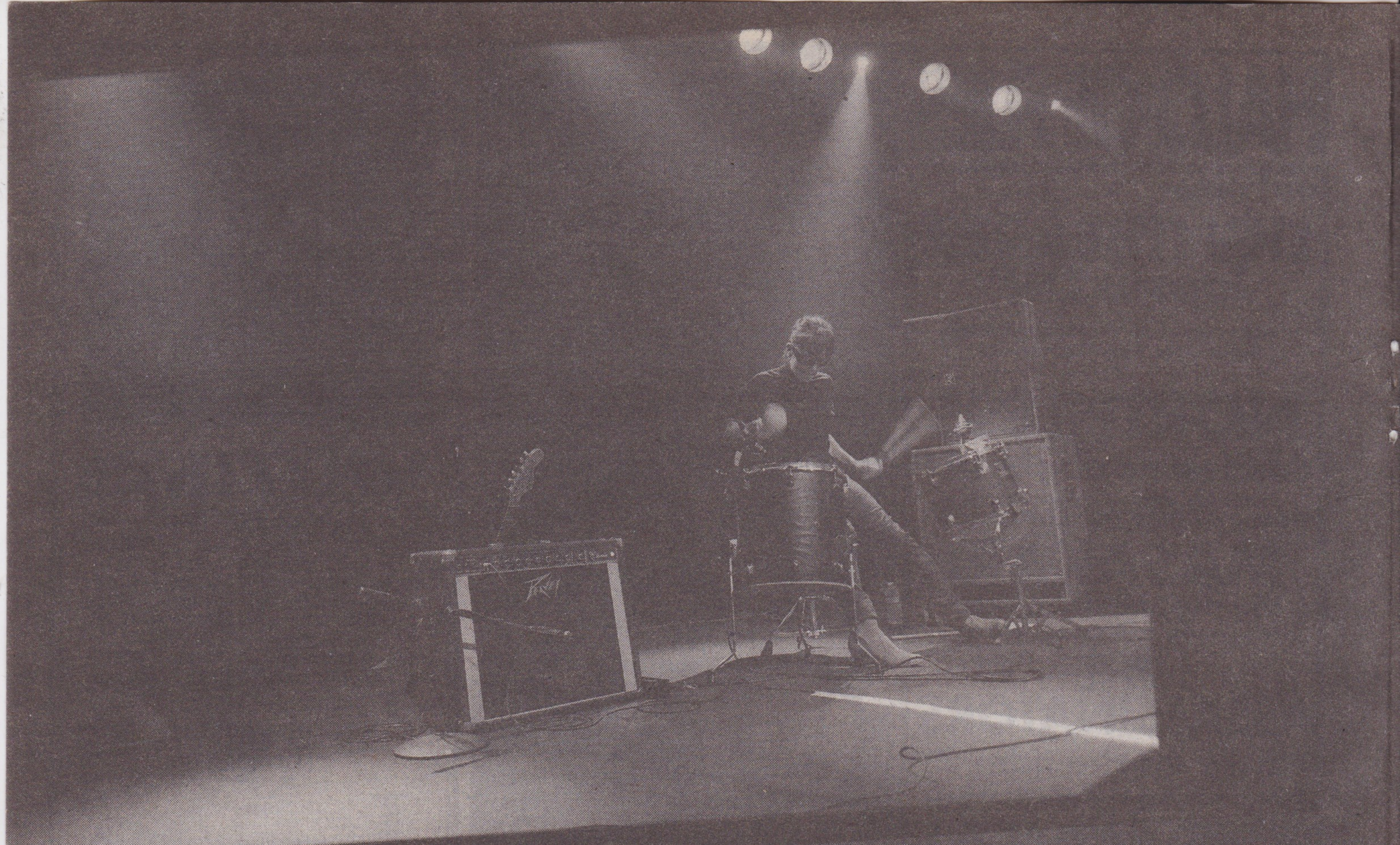
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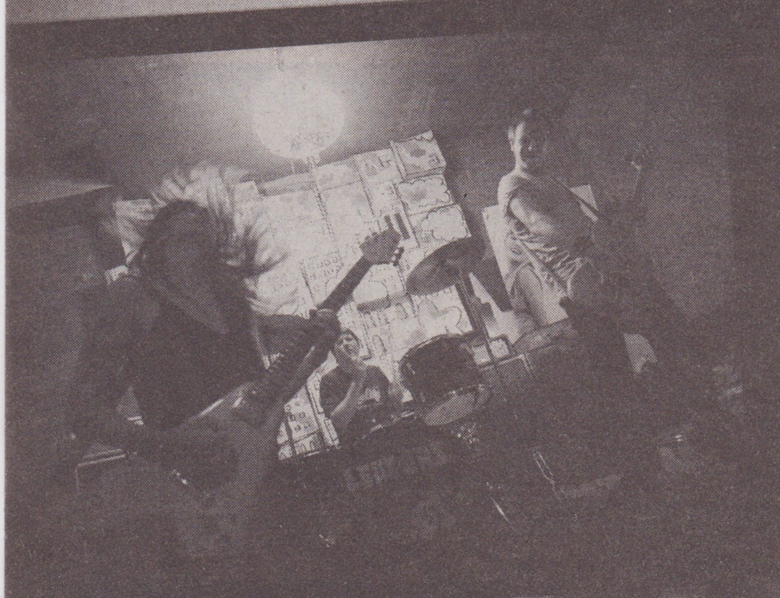

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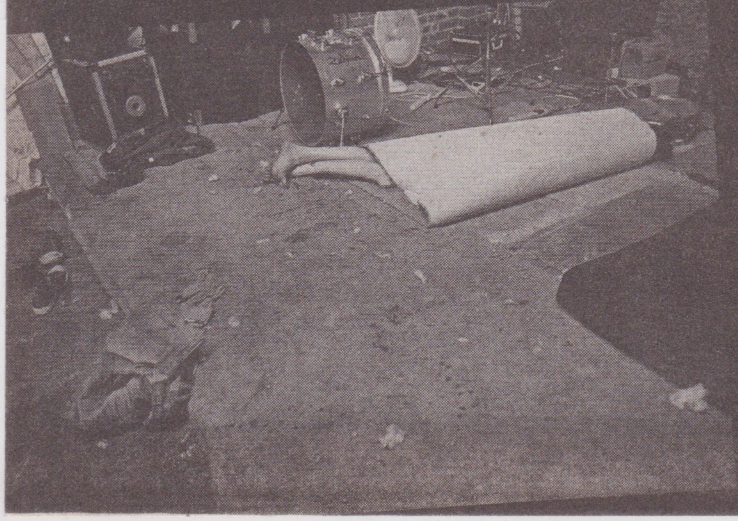

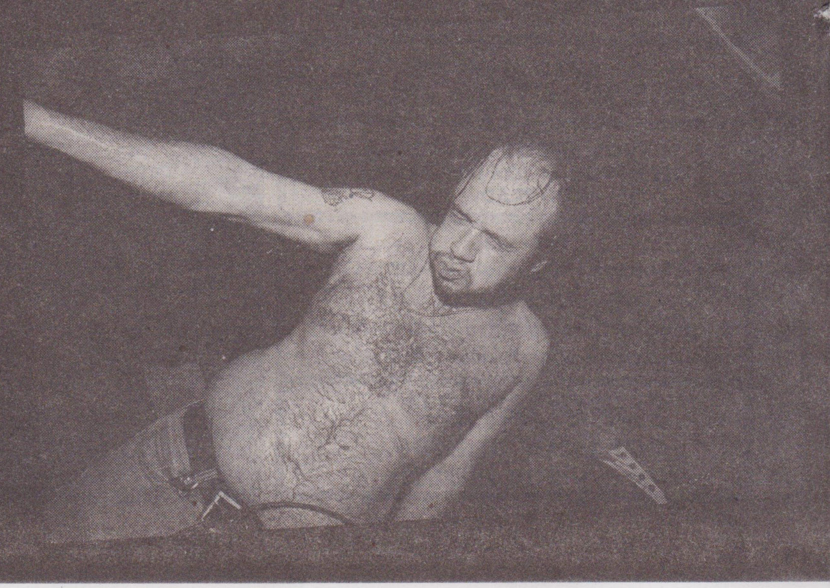

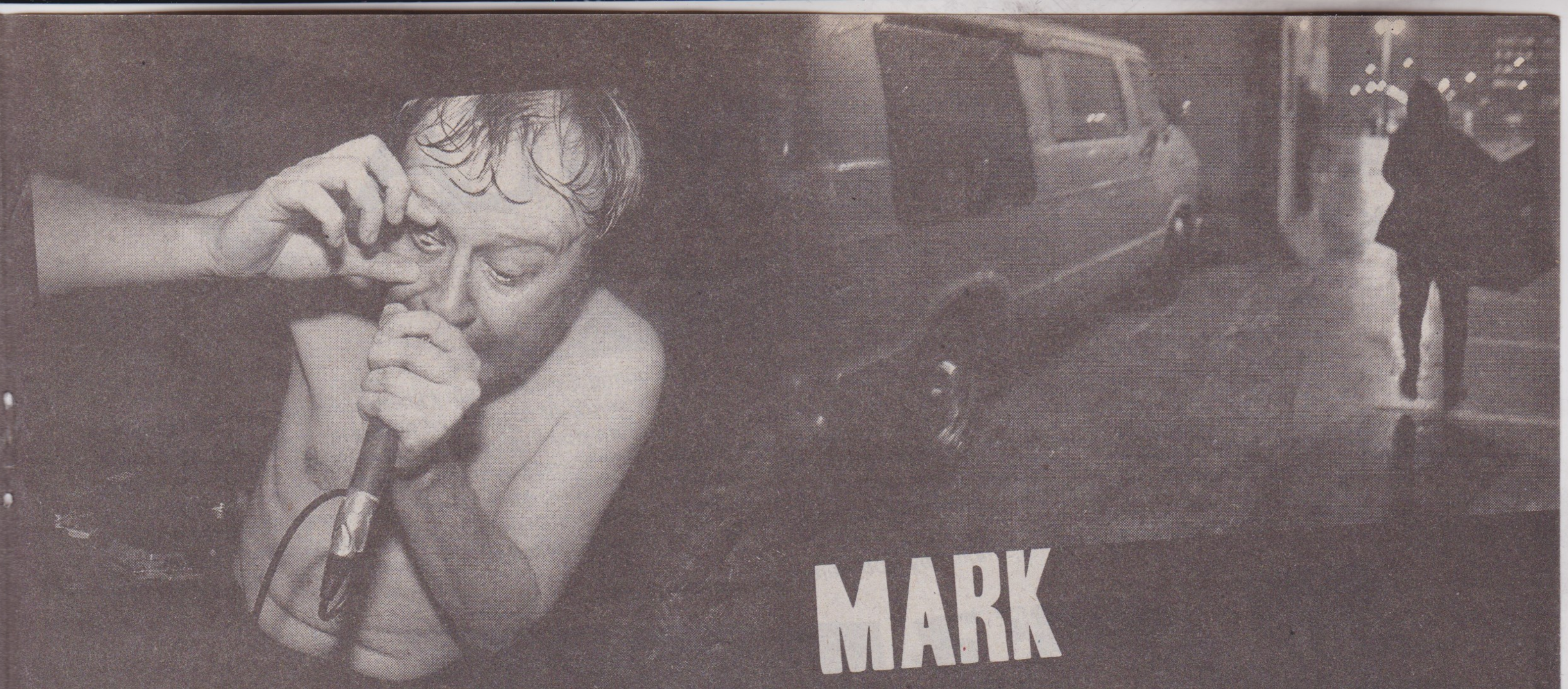

MARK MURRMAN

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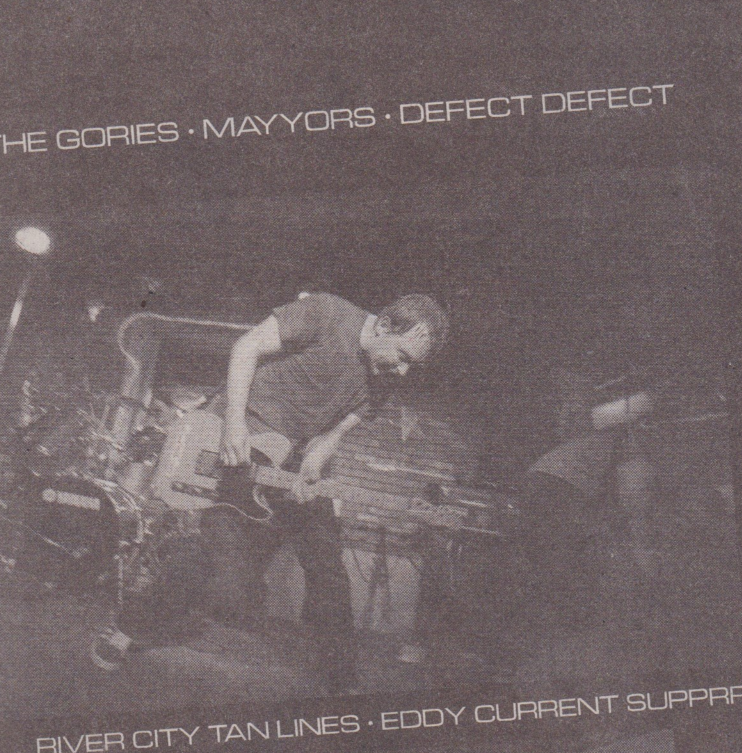

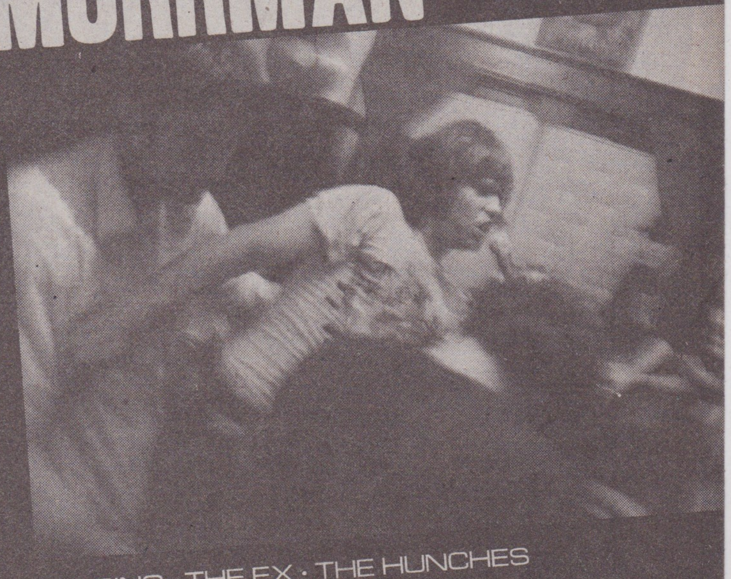

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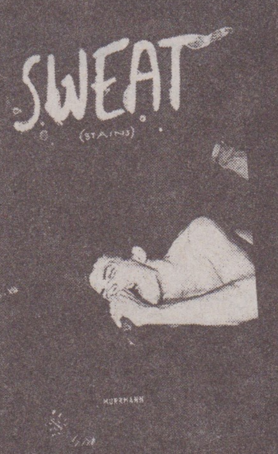

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NUX VOMICA

I first saw Nux Vomica play in my basement in Seattle back in 2005 during their first tour. I knew instantly upon watching that show that there was something very different about them; they had a sense of urgency, of newness. It was hard to explain, but I knew that they would become innovators in a scene that's too often dominated by imitators. Easily one of my favorite bands in the DIY punk movement today, Nux Vomica have expanded their sound beyond the typical confines of D-beat crust, incorporating elements of melodic death metal, doom, and atmospheric post-rock, while keeping their songs energetic, intense, organic, and seamless. That energy is certainly apparent in their frenetic live performances. Above all else, the band has voraciously stuck to their DIY ethics and has been touring intensively on self-booked jaunts across the US. They are about to hit Europe.

Intro and interview by Rob Hanna, Photos by Rob Hanna and Dana Hubanks

MRR: Briefly cite each member and what they play.

Chris Control: guitar/lyrics
Just Dave: Voice/lyrics/percussion/sampling
Zacrilege: Drums
Tim: Guitar/voice/lyrics/sampling
Danny: Bass/voice

MRR: How did you all meet?

Chris met Dave when his first band "Control" played in Baltimore around 1996, Chris and Dave met Tim when his old band Apache Resistance played someone's mom's basement and they schemed to recruit him and Kevin Hannigan (R.I.P.) to play in Wake Up On Fire around 2001. Chris, Dave, and Tim met Zack when Wake Up On Fire toured through Portland in 2002. Most of us had known Danny to some extent back in Baltimore, but, ironically, he just happened to move to Portland on his own and end up in the band later.

Just Dave: I actually never met Tim or Kevin until Chris brought them to Wake Up On Fire practice. Chris and I were in this crazy band called Stave in which I banged on a huge propane tank with rubber mallets. When that band fizzled out, Chris came up with what was to become Wake Up On Fire. That's Chris, the idea man.

MRR: What does your name mean and why did you choose it?

Chris: I think I'm named after Christ, and I didn't choose it, my parents did. Oh, wait, you mean the band name? I found the name in an herb book at a coffee shop in Philly fucking forever ago and kept it in mind because it sounded punk and metal to me. Years later I suggested it half jokingly to the guys as our name and they loved it. I wanted to call us Abandon but they wouldn't let me and so we were Nux Vomica. The herb is used as a homeopathic remedy for everything from hangovers to depression, which is rad, and I think we like that it's something organic and natural that heals…but for the most part we just thought it sounded bad-ass…not a whole lot of deep meaning really.

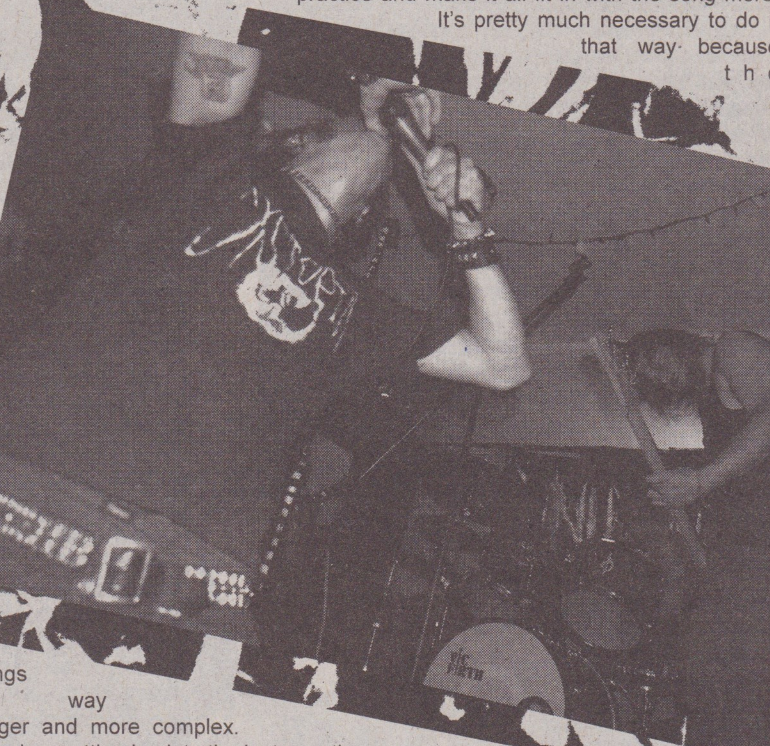
Zack: It's kind of cool that it's a homeopathic remedy for all kinds of

wacky stuff, but taking too much can make you sick and crazy. It's also supposed to cure hangovers, it even says so right on the box! So a couple tours ago we got a box but it didn't do shit for our hangovers.
Just Dave: It was also used by tribal people to make poison darts, because there's strychnine in it which lends another element of badassness.

MRR: Three of you used to play in Wake Up On Fire. How did that project influence or direct Nux Vomica, if applicable?
Chris: Wake Up On Fire influenced us in a few ways. Nux Vomica started as a side project to play fast, angry, melodic d-beat and metal since Wake Up On Fire ranged from doom to weirdo crust and we just wanted to rock. Then, after Wake Up On Fire broke up, we just decided to try and blend all the elements of both bands so Nux Vomica ended up some sort of hybrid of the two.

MRR: Some of your songs including "Where Minds Can't Grow" seem to address issues of growing up/living in Baltimore. How was moving from Baltimore to Portland as a band, and how did that affect you? Did your sound change with the scenery?
Chris: I'm not sure how much the scenery has affected our sound, but enough people suggest that to make me start to think so. Personally, I think we'd probably have ended up sounding the same if we'd stayed home, although we would have likely had a different line-up, so who knows. Portland is the opposite of Baltimore in many, many ways, so I imagine that has had some affect. Moving here has been bittersweet. It's nice to be part of a such a huge vibrant punk world, where friends, bands, venues, resources are so plentiful, but I miss the tight-knit community feel in Baltimore, where punk is your family and everyone is invited and it feels like you're a part of something important and meaningful. Portland kind of lacks that, but it makes up for it in other ways. I love it here. And besides, your scene is what you make it, so it's my fault as much as it's the town's fault if it could be better.
Zack: Even though I didn't live in Baltimore, I still think that moving to Portland marked a significant change in personality for the band, not due to the town of Portland exactly, but there was a culmination of several drastic changes that happened all in succession right at that time. Like, our bass player at the time endured some serious hardship and kind of dropped out briefly, also there were other personnel changes in the band, and then living in a different city and different scene in a cross-country move that took a while to settle, and also the need to fill in the musical void where Wake Up On Fire had once been. I think that, although Nux Vomica has changed, it still sounds like old Nux Vomica but more developed. I think the band has matured musically as well as maturing individually, but to me it all still sounds distinctively like Nux Vomica no matter what era you listen to.
Just Dave: Moving to Portland was a huge life change, obviously, and the way it affected our sound was more related to line-up changes that occurred as a result of everyone settling in to their new lives. When Zack joined the band, we started writing more doom/atmospheric parts and longer songs. Lyrically, there's never a deficit of annoying bullshit happening in the world, so, that wasn't too much of a problem. As for the scenery, when you're at band practice, it's the same everywhere: dirty basement, cords all over the floor, empty beer cans, half-eaten plates of food, cabs, drums, the same PA we've had for a decade, mattress pads on the wall. Ahh, home.

MRR: How does your song/lyric writing process work?
Chris: I'll leave the lyric part up to Dave, as he does most of that, but as for songs, usually one of the guitarists has a pile of riffs or the skeleton of a song is brought to the table. From there we all fight and argue and threaten to quit the band for a few months until we all agree it's a bad-ass song. It's a pain in the ass process to be honest, but we're pleased with the end result. Sometimes we let one person "steer the ship" and call the shots, but for the most part songs get run through the filter of everyone's opinions and tastes until it comes out a collective effort.
Zack: Also, sometimes we'll all agree on what we want to do next musically, and then we'll take that idea into the practice space with some limited degree of success.
Just Dave: The way the lyric writing used to work was I'd bring a book full of crap I scribbled down all the time, then flip through the pages until I found something that fit into a song at practice, add stuff, change stuff, repeat words, etc. Now, I usually have a few scattered parts written out and build on the idea at practice and make it all fit in with the song more. It's pretty much necessary to do it that way because the songs are way longer and more complex. But also, getting back to the last question, I don't spend as much time sitting around being pissed off writing shit since I moved to Portland, just because I'm busy as hell and distracted all the time.



MRR: What are the main themes or topics of your lyrics?
Chris: Most of our songs are about communism in relation to the NFL.
Zack: Well, communism in relation to whatever sport is in season, really, but the NFL is the best.
Chris: I don't like sports, but Zack does. Jock!
Just Dave: That's actually a good idea, Chris. I guess the theme that runs through all of our lyrics is a general frustration and anger with the world and humanity. I try to expand upon that and not keep everything completely bleak, but when I get to writing it always comes out really dark. I also try to keep it interesting, use a lot of word play and don't worry about rhyme schemes too much, and find new topics that haven't been sung about a million times since 1965. We all know war is bad and the government tells lies! Let's move ahead for fuck's sake. Also, I like lyrics that are sort of timeless. I want this to still be meaningful a hundred years from now. You'll never hear me mentioning politicians by name, or singing about CNN or whatever. It sounds so funny to listen to early punk songs when they talk about Reagan and try to sound all threateninwg. That guy

fucking won. Let's face it. Damn it, I feel the anger coming.

MRR: Your sound is comprised of elements of several different genres ranging from crust, melodic death metal, post rock, sludge, etc. What are your primary musical influences if applicable?
Chris: All that shit you just listed. That's the shit we're influenced by. Trying to mix up all that stuff into a song that still makes sense.
Zack: The grand spectrum of punk has been and remains the original and primary influence: politically, philosophically, and musically. However, at a certain point a few years ago, right around the same time and for different reasons, we all started reaching out and pulling in other elements of all kinds of different genres into our new songs, those being what you said: sludge, black metal, post-rock, d-beat, aggressive, and melodic, pretty and ugly. Trying to blend it and blend it and blend it until it all comes out in just one riff, or just one song that isn't too jumbled, has been a personal goal of ours that took us years to accomplish, which we finally did recently with one of our new songs, "Embrace the Cycles." I can't believe it!
Just Dave: Is it too obvious to mention Black Sabbath? Iron Maiden, early Judas Priest, Metallica in the '80s? Yeah, it is.

MRR: How would you describe Nux Vomica to someone who has never heard you before?
Chris: Melodic, dark, heavy, atmospheric, and epic. And sucky. Totally fucking sucky. Horrible shit.
Zack: Punk metal shit.
Just Dave: If it's a guy at a truck stop, we tell him that we sound like Slayer. Maybe Slipknot if he looks like he knows what's up.

MRR: Do you consider yourselves a political band?
Chris: I wish I could say, "Yes," but at this point, not really. We all have our own ideas on things, and we all lean heavy toward the left, some of us anarchists, but as a band we don't have any sort of political agenda. I wrote the words to "When The Bombs Hit The Ground," which is pretty much about my emotional response to the 9/11 incident and the resulting war in Afghanistan being pretty similar, so I guess that's sort of political, eh? I just want to make interesting music that is fun to play and evokes a powerful response in the listener.
Zack: Yes. But not in the sense that we are a collectively political band with a specific agenda, because we don't all sit down and say, "Okay, now we need to write a song about *this* and *this,*" but we like to play benefits and, as individuals, we take part in varying political stuff like benefits and/or raising awareness. Almost all of our lyrics are deeply political, but in a more broad and philosophical manner, not directly political like a peace-punk or anarcho-punk band would be.
Just Dave: The term "political" in reference to a band seems kind of ridiculous and conjures all kinds of ideas of what that band might be like, all of which are definitely not us. At the same time, however, we're not singing about Lord of the Rings over here. Also, we don't play shows with bands that we think have questionable politics, we make sure to play benefits and all ages shows, pretty much everything Zack said sums it up.
Danny: I would say the lyrics are more "personal-political" then "directly political" as Zack mentioned. I feel like the way Dave writes lyrics is with a clear personal or political topic in mind with words that leave room for interpretation.

MRR: What kind of people come out to your shows? Are you too metal for the punks or too punk for the metal heads?
Chris: That would have been an easier question to answer a year or two ago… It used to be mostly punx, who either appreciated our new sounds and longer songs, or hated them and wished we stuck to our old sound. Lately, it seems the metal heads and indie-rockers are taking a bit of notice, but I think we're still too punk or dirty or something or maybe we just suck; point being, they seem only mildly impressed. We don't really give a fuck either way. We're down to play music for anyone that wants to listen. All these sub-genres are just little boxes we put ourselves in; it's bullshit really.
Zack: When we go on tour it's always punks, usually crusties, and a few token metal heads. But Portland can be unpredictable. Up here we've never really had a stable, identifiable crowd and that's partly because of our blurred sounds that never do enough of one thing or the other, but mostly because of changing trends in the punk scene. We don't look cool and, unfortunately, I feel like we get written off just for that by a large body of the local punk scene.
Danny: I don't know…I look pretty damn cool. Zack's also a "crust hunk" so that doesn't hurt.
Zack: Plus we've played this town to hell and back and people have seen us enough. You know, there's always something new and exciting around the corner. Lately we've been playing a little more for a different kind of crowd, more appreciators and less haters, and by that I mean those who won't pick us apart because we don't play some particular brand of "throw-back" genre. That's all anyone here cares about, mostly, which fucking sucks for the bands that try and do something different or new. Up here it's all about Discharge, Gism, Motorhead, Killing Joke, Joy Division, or Wipers. If you're not beating the shit out of any of those carcasses enough, then you're in for a long day at the office.
Just Dave: All the people that come to our shows are smart, talented, good-looking, and have amazing fashion sense. They are also very generous, caring souls, well mannered and kind, never hesitating to help out someone in need. Really, when you get down to it, they are all guided by feelings of love.

MRR: Your songs are getting longer and more complex with each release; is this a permanent shift or will you return to the two-minute rager someday? Will you abandon playing songs on previous releases live?
Chris: We try to write short ragers, but they usually end up being at least five minutes long. The two songs we're in the middle of writing at the moment are pretty fast, with minimal effects and what not; we'll see I guess. We abandon old songs all the time. We talk about bringing them back out at some point, but it doesn't really happen. "Fuck Ageist Sympathy" and "All the Clocks Have Different Times" are two songs we've been playing since the early days that still get played live now and again.
Zack: Yeah, we always talk about bringing some old tunes back into the set, but with our limited time for practice we always feel the need to just move forward and not worry about old shit. I hope we can bring some other old ones back sometime, maybe after we finish these new batches of songs? We all want to, it's just a matter of finding the time to do it. The only reason our songs got so long in the first place

was because we had so many ideas that we wanted to try all of them without it seeming forced together, so we had to work out long transitions that wove them together instead of slapping them all back to back.
Just Dave: Every band gets tired of playing their old songs, and when there are new members, they're usually not so stoked about learning old songs when they have ideas for new ones. Personally, I'll play any of our songs anytime, but that's cuz I'm the vocalist!

MRR: What does your tour diet consist of?
Chris: Mountain Dew and trail mix. Fucking Extreme.
Zack: Anything that can be easily prepared at a gas station. I think I have the notoriously crappiest diet on tour.
Just Dave: Tons of vegan chili because that's what punks know how to cook, an alarming amount of beer, Emergen-C packets, burritos…whatever works.

MRR: What is the worst thing to ever happen to you on tour?
Chris: One time punks woke us up (for the fifty millionth time) to accuse us of robbing them, and then robbed us when we went back to sleep.

Zack: Yeah, we have since adopted the name of that town as a term for when relating other shitty tour experiences. Like, "Oh man, that was some ----- shit last night!" We got pretty fucked on that tour a few times. On our first show out we got ditched by the people that booked it, I mean they didn't even stay for the show or say goodbye, they just snuck out with the door money and didn't answer the phone, and since nobody else was at the show we slept in the parking lot of the venue on the gravel wondering what the fuck. One time in Oakland, I got hit in the head with a flying glass bottle while sleeping, and then I heard the words "Welcome to Oakland, bitch!" Even though it sucked, I still thought it was funny, deep down inside.
Just Dave: I spent an entire tour going through a break-up with someone I was living with, while she was falling in love with someone else.
Zack: Call the wahmbulance, Dave.

MRR: What do you do with your time when not playing in Nux Vomica?
Chris: I do booking and live sound for a Portland punk/metal venue called "Plan B." Besides that, I drink, garden, and play games.
Zack: Poison people, drink, play video games, head bang, book a shit ton of DIY shows and cook for bands, harass Richard Simmons on Facebook, on the constant search for any Alcoholica, Wyld Stallyns, Luke Perry, or Fabio recordings, read Derrick Jensen or any Terminator books, always trying to unlock the secret to Dave Lombardo's drum tracks, and spend a lot of time with my girlfriend eating sushi and pho.
Just Dave: I deejay, hang flyers, wait tables, project movies, ride and fix bikes a lot, play drums in two other bands, make art for posters and Nux, see shows, hang out with my ladyfriend, and party. And I still don't do everything I want to do.

MRR: If you could force the entire planet to listen to any non-Nux Vomica albums in their entirety what would it be?
Chris: Ween–*The Mollusk*
Zack: Melvins–any. Pink Floyd–*Wish You Were Here?* and *the Wall*. Black Sabbath–*Master of Reality*. I don't know, too many good bands!
Chris: Zack, the whole point was that you had to pick *one*! Otherwise, the question would have said, "Hey, Zack! Can you name a bunch of music you think rules?" But, it didn't, it said *one*. Jerk.
Zack: No, it didn't, because I changed it before I emailed him back the interview. Gooooooaaaaaaalll!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Danny: It's a toss up between either Nick Cave's *Tender Prey* or My Bloody Valentine's *Loveless*. But, I guess since I'm forcing the entire planet to listen to something it would be fun to pick something really fucked up like Whitehouse or the Residents and see what happens. I like Chris's answer too.
Chris: That's because Ween is the shit! One time on tour, this drunk dude kept bugging, practically begging me to tell him bands I like, I think so I could try and impress him or some dumb shit. He went on and on (ha, I wonder if he's reading this and knows it's him) about all the shit he likes, as far as I could tell trying to name obscure shit to impress me. The whole time I was just wishing he would shut up, but, finally, after about ten straight minutes, I realized I had to give him an answer to get him to stop, so I asked if he fucked with Ween. He looked baffled. He mostly shut up after that. It was sweet.
Just Dave: Dog Faced Hermans–*Hum of Life*.

MRR: If you all were stranded on a desert island together and facing starvation, which member would you eat first?

Chris: Zack. He's got enough neck to feed the rest of us for a week.

Zack: Chris. And I wouldn't even feel bad about it.

Just Dave: Zack, depending on what he'd been eating recently. In fact, I don't know if I'd want to eat any of these fuckers, they eat some hella gross shit. They're all probably toxic.

Danny: Maybe Dave. He eats pretty good, he'd probably be the tastiest.

MRR: What releases do you currently have out, and what do you have planned for releases/tours in the near future?

Chris: You know, we're on your record label, so why don't you answer the damn question yourself, asshole?!

Zack: We just recorded a new EP, and we have more than enough new material to cover a full-length. Not quite sure what to do with all of it but I'm sure we'll get in a fight over it. Agipunk is looking at booking us a European tour for this May-June, and we all want to tour overseas wherever we can.

Just Dave: Discography: *Uninspired* 7" (out of print); *Civilized World* LP/CD (CD still available); split 7" with Kakistocracy; split 12" with Wake Up On Fire; split 10" with the Makai; *President is Dead* 7"; *Asleep in the Ashes* CD/double LP. Planned releases: *Cycles* 7" and *Monster* ,or whatever we might call it, LP.

MRR: What other projects have you been/are currently involved with?

Chris: I just started/joined a melodic funeral doom band. We ain't got no name, but some dudes in the band used to be in a band called Feedling.

Just Dave: Tim and I were in a slow sad bastard band called 57 Octaves Below until a year and a half ago. We actually relocated from Baltimore, too. I'm also in a folky/countryish/swingy band called Deadpan Pariah, and a stoner/'70s rock/doom band called Absence of Light.

Danny: Tim and I have a project called Rohit. We play black noise with a strong punk influence. Really ugly shit. We have two tapes that are available from us when we feel like making them... They will also be available to download at rohithatesyou.blogspot.com when we figure out how to use the internet. I have also been working on an ambient/neofolk project called Hell Mouth Yawns. I'm hoping to have something out by the end of the year.

MRR: Anything else you'd like to add/people to thank?

Chris: Thanks to *MRR* for keeping it real since I was a wee lad. No thanks to you, Rob, for asking us stupid questions you already know the fucking answers to.

Zack: Okay, this will be like it should be on a record or something, but the following have made Nux Vomica funner, and made punk a better place for me: *MRR*, Squalora, Drunken Boat, Adelitas, Oroku, Kakistocracy, the Makai, Embers, Blod Rott, Age of Collapse/Warscroll, especially Seattle and Bay-area Punx, Lucien and Melraiser (congrats!), Rob and Matt from Aborted Society, Alan Despotic, Grady and the Skuds, the Jam Room, the Know Bar, the Morgue, HazMat, Ben and Marty, and perhaps most importantly Profane Existence for helping foster a scene that we grew up in!

Chris: I also want to say that Squalora are very, very extremely friendly. Zack thinks I shouldn't have dissed Rob in this interview, but you know what? Fuck them both. Oh, and thanks to Marc Anthony Rosa for being a temp bassist, loaning us his shit all the time, being a good friend, and occasionally not slicking his hair back in that gross way he does sometimes.

Danny: Thanks *MRR*, you've always been there for me. I remember ordering things from ads in you before the internets, glad yr still here. I also want to say what's up to all my Baltimore/East Coast, Bay Area and Portland homeys! You jerks forgot to thank Order of the Vulture. Thanks Order of the Vulture.

Just Dave: Y'all forgot Order of the Vulture, Garrett, Jen, Dave Tedder, Dan the Cannibal/Dysphoria Records, Cate in Seattle (she rescued our records from the rain), Jason Steedman—his room is right above where we practice, four years and counting!, Staysee and Jackie for lyric art, Little Debbee for the skulls and shit, and Baltimore punks for always bringing the fucking house down, sometimes literally!

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IVAN “VANYA BONECRUSHER” KHUTORSKOY IN HIS OWN WORDS

Ivan “Vanya Bonecrusher” Khutorskoy was shot in Moscow by an unknown Nazi assassin on the 16th of November 2009. This interview with him (where he uses a pseudonym) was published on the punxunite.ru website on the 29th of September 2010. Take the time to read it in order to know about this man and his ideas, share it with your friends and translate it.

MRR: It’s 4 a.m. we are... on the air with radio “Modern” and we have a live guest from our series *Talking About Nothing*, the esteemed cultural worker, the modest Christophorovich Kostopravov. So, the first question is how did you get into punk? How did it all begin?

It began a good while ago. In the beginning of 1994 or so. I was eleven and my cousin was nine. It seems we were such small boys, but we decided that we have nothing in common with our peers ’cause we had different interests. We listened to other music, thought differently. We made a decision. We asked ourselves, “What subculture is better for us?” And we chose punk. Of course, we had almost no idea about what it was exactly, and even if we had it was limited. We were just children, you know. But over time influenced by older folks, we began to get more info. One of them is beyond the veil, the other one has left the scene. He has a family and child. They were giving us different records. The first records we got couldn’t be called punk. It was the common circuit—Sektor Gaza, Krasnaya Plesen—all that fucking shit. Our real exposure to punk rock took place in 1995-1997. The first foreign groups we heard were Sex Pistols, Exploited, NoFX, Offspring, Ramones and Clash. And the Russian ones... It’s a pity that at that time there was the lousy compilation, *Punk Revolution* put out by the Hard Rock Corporation (KTR) label that we all hated. Greetings to Pauk by the way (laughing). There was nothing else, no other albums. And on this compilation you could hear Distemper, Naiv, Tarakany, Purgen—bands that are against fascism, nationalism, racism. But nevertheless, due to these bands, we began to listen to the albums of Russian groups...Mavzoley also. In 1997 I went to my first punk concerts. I saw Sektor Gaza, Purgen and Grazhdanskaya Oborona (G.O.) These were the first three concerts. In 1998 it was more often...

MRR: And what was your family’s opinion about that?

Well, they didn’t understand what was happening at first. Oh, come now! Such a guy, he does so well in school, and yet such an informal appearance. At first they didn’t understand anything. But as I was moving further into adulthood, getting more info, I began to explain to them what it was. Over time everything was straightened out. My mother met many people from other cities and groups. She fell in love with ska, before that she loved jazz. She doesn’t like hardcore. But sometimes she can listen to pop punk. My father also didn’t get it early on, but then calmed down. My grandma was against mohawks, the cap on my head and all sorts of pins. “I won’t go on the bus with you!” This was the case in the beginning, but then everything was fine. I gave them the possibility to hear my explanation and to read about it. In 1999 a book appeared, the punk encyclopedia by Oleg Bocharov. The first publication was big, A4 with a green cover with Exploited’s skull on. There was quite a lot of information about punk, hardcore, ska and Oi! groups. At that time internet wasn’t really accessible, it was only for the chosen few and for megabucks, but from that book we began to get information and also started buying cassettes. At that time they were distributed by Piggimot records—those blue cassettes with the pig snout. They put out cassettes with Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Ramones, NoFX, Exploited, GBH and so on. Then in 1999-2000, I began to go to ska punk concerts. And that was the time when everything began. That was when I formed my antifascist position. At that point in time the ska punk scene was small: Distemper, Shlyuz, Klopy, Spitfire, nothing more. 300-400 people were going to the concerts, among them 15-20 football fans, who were rightist of course, dammit! Most of them over the years landed jobs in cool firms, such us Gladiators, Union, etc. And these 20 people shouted different Nazi slogans and would scare everyone else. They came around in a circle and beat up everyone who got involved or their girlfriends provoked fights. This was how, for example, Gruzin (bass guitarist of the band Smeh) was beaten. But he forgot about it and began to play with such (some rightist or slippery) groups. It seems he had a short memory. For sure, we couldn’t put up with it. It was necessary to act. So we punks, about five to seven people, began to fight with these fans. Oh, they hated us because of it. In the Moscow punk movement of the time we were their archenemies.

MRR: Was this the formation of the first mob?

Yes, it was. The struggle was only at concerts. People went over and provoked fights. Sometimes we defended someone or they provoked us. For example, they would send a girl over, or someone who was smaller, to call us names or push us and the whole mob would support this. Many incidents took place in “Tochka” [Moscow club “Point”], when the venue was at the old location. There my friend and I, an arm wrestling pro...we clocked two fans. Really overstuffed muscleheads. Well, then they took revenge on us. We were attacked by about a dozen people with chairs. How we managed not to have anything broken, how we escaped, I don't know. But I had a light brain concussion. One thing that had a lot of impact on the situation was going to the club "Estakada." I went to concerts there from 2000 to 2004. My friend and I hated it to death. It's a cop's club. There's a police station nearby. The chief of police plays ball with the club; a third of the money is handed over to cops. Also it's a gopnik area (gopnik refers to a subculture characterized with sport clothes, short haircut, aggression and petty crime). Everyone there knows about the troubles in this area. Beginning with gopniks and ending with boneheads. Not just in the club, but outside as well, we would run after these gopniks and bones and bash them. We were few in number. In one incident in 2003 we got on a trolley bus and were attacked by 30 loopy-ass motherfuckers with weapons like chains and clubs. Among us there were five punks and two CSKA football hooligans. We answered them, seven in number as we were. They shat in their pants. We got so much loot. But sometimes we were beaten outside this club too, and by members of the club as well. This scum-security, who bashed not only common concertgoers, but also musicians in WC. They kicked out those who tried to stage dive. It was very hard. Of course it goaded us. We wouldn't put up with it and we started to boycott this place. But others I know were not so principled. They continued to go over there.

MRR: All of these times were more about growing up punk. How did you get into the skinhead subculture and particularly the RASH movement?

In the beginning of 2004 I understood that, unfortunately, the punk movement was on a downward path in Moscow. At that time I knew quite a bit about skinheads, read a lot. We wanted to find the contacts of Moscow SHARP and RASH. We knew that they were here, but we couldn't find them in real life. In March of 2004 I became straight edge, shaved my head and began to wear clothes according to skinhead style. At that point it was closer to New York skinhead style.

MRR: Tell me, how did you become straight edge?

After deep reflection, I rethought everything. I saw how many punks I knew died from alcoholism and drugs. I have one crew in Pervomayskay that includes the band Toksicheskoe Nashestvie. They played with Purgen at the end of '90s and beginning of 2000s. Half of them are under the daisies. Some because of heroin overdoses. Some were drunk when they took heroin. Some committed suicide. It couldn't be lived with. And the skinhead movement, the skinhead subculture was more reliable. It has clearer ideas and skinheads were more clear-headed. Without such a "I don't give a fuck kinda guy" position. In principle, it suited me. By the way, I didn't lose the best possible things from punk. And I became straight edge, well, over several months. I never used drugs I only smoked. Synthetic drugs I forbid myself at once. And alcohol... I recalled the troubles I had been in. Rethought everything, and step-by-step I became straight edge. Besides at first I didn't call myself so. That came later. And the RASH movement... I was attracted by the leftist views of skinheads, in particular anarchism. Though we often meet SHARPs and cooperate with them. We had our own political and social views.

MRR: When did the mob form?

The first one that began to take part in actions in Moscow formed in 2000. Our mob formed in the autumn of 2004. There were a bunch of subcultures: hardcore, punks, SHARP, RASH, trads, football hooligans. Everyone gets on well with each other. We did actions all together. We were 20 in Moscow. We took part in small actions, 'cause we lacked the human resources for big actions. Exactly at that time I dropped into the skinhead movement.

MRR: You had started talking about your desire to find SHARP and RASH...

Skinheads sometimes go to punk concerts. Normal skins, not Nazis. There was a group at the time, Elpiskas. Dima Niki-Viki played there. He had two friends that were young skinheads. They called themselves trads. Their names were Fedya Barmaley and Vityok. I got to know them. Sometimes, the now deceased, Fedya came to these shows as well. I remember him standing aside, listening, and looking on. One thing led to another, and then at the punk festival in Sekstone I saw a bonehead with a swastika. I hit him right away. And those guys saw it and came to me. We started talking, got to know each other, and over the course of time I found others due to them. Then there were very few people. Among them were hooligans from the football club Mosenergo, which had broken up. Hardcore guys, hooligans and skinheads. When we got to know each other we began doing things like taking part in actions, developing our positions, attracting other people. It was really hard. Moscow in 2004 was a big bonehead city. Now most Nazis are right wing hooligans. It's more of a fashion-oriented subculture, much safer. Now there is some political apathy in this group and among the adults. But it's small. Most of the young football hooligans are right wing. There are no Antifa firms in Russia. Someone wanted to start one but nothing came of it. Therefore there are Antifa firms in Minsk for MTZ-Ripo and in Kiev for Arsenal. These are supported by our guys as much as possible, of course.

MRR: Now tell me about your opinion of anarchism and socialism, etc.

About anarchism... To a large extent I am grateful to *Avtonom* magazine. I read some books by Kropotkin. I'm thankful for conversations with anarchists. One of the things that attracts me the most, of course, is the possibility to be free from the capitalist restraints—consumer society with its pressures and rules, the possibility to express myself in some way, to live life according to my own values. Exactly this type of anarchist thinking attracted me. Theoretically, I want punk and skinhead subcultures to be based on anti-authoritarian principles. In general, people have this stereotype that anarchy is chaos. They don't understand what this word means. They don't understand that it's about a society without state control, based on solidarity, mutual aid, support, liberty... It's more difficult with socialism. In theory it's not bad, but I am against state control. Fundamentally there must be a turning point in the way people view the world. They must rethink their lives and understand that they can live another way. Without a change in consciousness it's impossible to change anything! You must begin with yourself. Rethink your role in society, your relationship with your family. Anarchism helped me understand that there are different types of discrimination. When you understand that, you see everything in a different way. You want people to relate to each other with respect. But, I regret having to say that there are still many folks in the punk, skinhead and hardcore movements, who are prejudiced. Machismo, sexism, homophobia...

MRR: Now I want to hear your opinion about modern culture in Russia.

Let's start with the punk movement. Now it's grown up. There are many young guys who take part in actions. It's a positive thing, but on the other hand punks that go to the concerts of Purgen or Naiv, not all but most, are not interested in punk culture. For them it's more of a phase. Then they become "normal" people: find a job, and live the life of a typical wage earner. But now there are alternatives to the big groups. There are many new punk, Oi! and hardcore groups. There are some problems with ska, by the way... And at these concerts there are the guys that've seen that there's a different way of creating unity. But anyway, it's only in theory, and in reality it looks like in Moscow there are many autonomous scenes that are slinging mud at each other behind each other's back. Essentially we try to eliminate these conflicts. At concerts we try to stop fights, scuffles, damage of equipment. We want people to behave themselves.

MRR: Now let's talk about skinhead subculture. How did it develop in Moscow?

Things really got started in 2004 when a group of people appeared that were SHARP-oriented. They wanted to break the stereotype about skinheads as nationalists. We went to reggae concerts in the club Forpost, where Spitfire and Distemper played. Distemper had just written their song "No Racism - No Problems," and later paid dearly for it in Voronezh. Of course, we organized our own concerts, closed ones. The scene was small: No Heads, Klowns, Bukaneros... These Oi!, streetcore groups were pioneers. Of course, we can also bring up the band Uchitel' Truda, but we don't have a very good relationship with them. Pasha was RASH, but then he was bashed, he became a SHARP, and then he became an apolitical skinhead. But political apathy in Russia isn't the same as it is abroad. If you read the book *Skinhead Bible* and you know the origin of the subculture, it's apolitical but anti-racist! You can't forget about that, but in Russia the reality is that apolitical guys have Nazi friends. Of course our relationship to them wasn't good. Then the scene began to grow larger. New groups began to appear, M-16, Brigadir, Sudny Den', Facecontrol, Working Boys, OSV, Bystreet, Restlers, Dirty Sounds, etc... Mister X (from Belarus) started to come over. It made an impact. Now everything is much better. We can organize open Oi! and street punk concerts with our own security, scouts, and a normal atmosphere in the room. There are drunken brawls, but we stop them. Despite what I've said though, many show-offs have appeared, who buy expensive things, get tattoos with their parents money, and in reality they are small potatoes.

MRR: Let's talk about them. About what's in fashion now: crust, people wearing Fred Perrys...

In 2008 I was in Germany at a punk festival called "Punk and Disorderly," and we had several problems. The first was with Pasha from Uchitel' truda. We caught him at a punk concert before the festival and wanted to talk some sense into him. Security stopped that. They said that Berlin is a multicultural city and they don't need any problems at the gig. Later we found a kid who wore Thor Steinar. We told him, "How is that possible?! These are punk-antifascists, we should deal with this." Then we talked with two guys, "skinheads." They began to talk shit, that they don't care and they don't want to have any trouble. Well, we jumped them but in the end they ran away. Then we talked with some real SHARPs. They told us that in Germany a lot of punks and skinheads are show-offs, but they are not 17-19 year olds like in Russia, they are 25-27. They have many shops with brands, they get tattoos, but they don't take part in any actions and they don't think it's wrong to go to concerts of right wing groups. Getting back to our own reality. There are many punks and hardcore guys, young skinheads, who were born in lace-curtain, middle class families. Sometimes you'll be surprised, some 16-17 year old with tattoos all over his body...it's not very cheap. All of them wear expensive things and you know that they don't work. And then they make some problems as part of their drunk fun, or even worse they cut somebody with no thought of what will happen next. Or they begin to ruffle their feathers at a concert, fold their arms across their chests, show who's who. God forbid if a punk kid who can't dance will enter their circle when they're dancing. They might push or kick him. Such disgraceful things occur. For sure, if we see it happening, we stop it, but we can't be in all places at once. Now the skinhead and crust subcultures are quite developed, and among them a small percentage really feels that it's their life, but the most are show-offs. Because the situation in our country is so negative, the state puts pressure on subcultures. There are

many Nazis, etc. We can't forget about it. It's necessary to exercise out minds. But they don't care about it. They mess around, drink beer. They buy Fred Perrys, which are expensive, and think that they are true. Of course, it's amusing. And now about crusters. If I look at what is happening in the USA, Europe, Japan, I must say that some groups, that I like—Doom, Wolfbrigade, etc.—in Russia it became fashionable right away. Overnight ex-punks like Unkind Revolt for example (UK82 style with Mohawks), they're saying, "We are crusters." On the one hand, it's not that bad when a person discovers something new, but when they try to reject their past it can't be accepted.

MRR: In your opinion where is the line between action and posing?
Once again, you shouldn't forget the country where we live. In Germany for example you can go out on the streets and do something quietly. Coordinating actions isn't a problem. All the videos prove it. Yeah, there are some conflicts with cops and days of chaos, but the situation in Russia is another. If you go out on the street with banners, knowing about our authoritarian state and how cops relate with members of unofficial organizations… I remember the end of the 1990s, you could be caught and they'd cut your mohawk. Now it's better in this aspect, but you must be ready to be arrested and get fined for taking part in unsanctioned meetings. On the other hand, everyday protesting against something…well, you go out on the streets with a slogan, you must understand that most of the people in this country are morons. Only a small part of them have the ability to comprehend anything. You must explain everything. And I have to say that the way the media shows skinheads, punks, hardcore guys… A great number of programs were made, but they are all similar in one way: the talk about values and about views is always cut. They kept only the stuff that is easy to sensationalize. I remember the first program about straight edge and skinheads. It had information about SHARP, which went something like this: "We beat everyone we don't like and those who deserve to be beaten." The way the movement formed and that the subculture is multiracial, nothing was told about that. About straight edge also, nothing, because you can't make a sensation out of it. In Moscow and St. Petersburg it's less problematic, but in the provinces everything is as old as the hills, and breaking social stereotypes is a real problem. Once again, if you protest everyday... I think it's more effective to help homeless children. If you are such an anarchist or an animal lover there are enough homeless dogs, cats. Take them into your home. Go to the animal shelter, buy food. It's more effective than if you go out in the street with a banner and shout some slogans. They look at you and think, "Yeah, maybe he is right..." Yes of course a process of struggle is important, but when it doesn't have any results... You know, we must rely only on youth, with some minor exceptions (the results of the struggle against urban densification, construction of industrial harmful factories show that adults also take part in actions and form their position). You can't rely on old generations, it's drowned in stereotypes and prejudice, and only a few can perceive reality adequately. And in our country there is general racism without exception. "Ah! Ragheads dragged it in." I'm tired of hearing this. It's all the same. You should take your own life under control. I had one experience recently, someone told me, "You are Russian, you have light eyes... In other nations there are many more bad people." I answered him, "You are a meathead. Start with yourself. For a start, zip up your fly. You stand here covered in vomit, drinking beer in the morning. Do something useful!" How is that? He thought he was right but he got mocked.

Activism is different and it should be applied in a different way. On the internet you can read some websites. Not forums, where it's all piss in the wind, but sites with information. I am only for unsanctioned meetings and demonstrations! Because at sanctioned ones there are always cops, police footage. No thanks. We are fed up with incidents like the 1st of May (2008) when we took Germans with us from Stage Bottles, we felt ashamed. We had just arrived and at once we were surrounded. They said it was an unsanctioned meeting. What a load of crap! It's nonsense even legally speaking. As it turned out, the cops completed their plan then. Now getting back to the hardcore and punk movement, I have to say that many distros appeared. Besides music, zines appeared, different literature as well. Though not many people buy it. I dislike using Livejournal and Facebook. It's trendy. But life is one thing and virtual reality another. The internet should be used to get information, to talk with people from different cities and countries.

MRR: Drawing a conclusion from what you've said it's clear that people have to get their heads out of their asses and not to free animals only to send them to their doom.

Ivan: For sure. It's silly. There were such actions. Some people I knew were from the ALF and they almost got into really big trouble once. It should be understood that veganism and the ALF in Russia and the USA are not the same. It's a problem to keep the right vegan diet here. The problems are climate and the products in supermarkets. The same is true for the ALF. If you love animals, take a homeless dog into your home. In Germany, for example, people who keep homeless animals are well paid. That's why stray animals aren't common there.

MRR: It's clear that Russia is one greatly particular thing. Tell me, what do you think about patriotism in theory and in practice.

Ivan: Oooh! That's my favorite question. It's a huge subject of discussion with nationalists, racists. They think that nationalism is love of one's country. I always start laughing at them. "Guys, you don't even understand what are you talking about." Nationalism is an ideology, which supposes the superiority of one nation over another; it's discrimination. And patriotism is love of country. But once again there are different types of patriotism. I love the place where I was born. I love my parents, my friends. I can be called a patriot in that case. But I hate the state, the entire system. In this case I am an anti-patriot. I am a cosmopolitan, I hate the damned borders! I love talking to people of different nationalities. I have no borders here. In Russian patriotism means national-patriotism. Russian citizens should live in the Russian way. All ineligible foreigner immigrants should be deported and so on. And when you try to discuss this with a nationalist (and this is almost always pointless) you are faced with plain stupidity. There is only one way of thinking in his head and he can't think in any other way. "Our nation is above all! We love our country. We love the tsar." Sometimes it's amusing to hear current national-patriots. "For faith, for tsar, for motherland." What the fuck? The tsar? You live in the 21st century! Let them learn the history. Those banners, the imperial flags. Yes, it was one of the state flags and now it's a nationalist symbol willing or not. And those Russian marches. Dull Christian elderly are attending those and next to them pagans. How do those two mix? Orthodox Christians fight against pagan manifestations, but in Russia everything is mixed. It's such complete nonsense. I have a negative stance towards patriotism in our country now 'cause there is a substitution of notions and people don't understand what's happening. And one more thing...I've seen almost no nationalists join the army. Everyone tries to avoid it. They prefer to beat up migrant workers. Let them go and kill some mafioso. Ah. They haven't got guts! And if they are such fighters against drugs, once again, kill the mafia! And I remember, I've been in clubs so many times, and people who were offering drugs were Russian.

MRR: What's your opinion of war and the army?

Ivan: Essentially, as an anti-authoritarian I have a negative position. How does this position manifest itself? Once again, let's turn to Russia. Our state consciously doesn't get rid of the conscription because it offers the possibility to use a great amount of young men as slaves that build summer cottages for generals, or as cannon fodder in capitalist wars, such as the one in Chechnya. Apart from this there are also dissatisfactory conditions: hazing practices in the military, during which people are mutilated physically and mentally. And in the end it's a waste of time. They ask me, "What will you do tomorrow if the war starts?" Yes, I will take a gun in my hands. I will protect my home, my family, my friends, but I do don't want to protect capitalist bastards that will profit off the war at the expense of my life and the lives of my friends as it is in the USA, with the wars in Afghanistan, Iraq, for example. It's a possibility to test new kinds of weapons, to get natural resources, to achieve hegemony over a certain region. War isn't always the same. If the aim is protection it is one thing, as with the Basque separatist war where they were occupied by Spain. But capitalist war is another thing completely. In principle, war is bad, generally speaking. It's murder, grief and pain for people.

MRR: What's your stance on religion and faith?

Ivan: My position is as follows. I think that everyone has the right to choose to believe or not. The important aspect is not to force it. It's your choice. I am of course against the official institution of religion. For example, the Russian Orthodox church; it's a great collection of gold decorations, and in reality all the officials are corrupt. They take money for their services and people believe them. You can believe, no one forbids it. I am an atheist I can tell you this straight up. I believe in myself and human strength, in my friends, and in my relatives. That's all.

MRR: Let's talk specifically about you. What's your life goal? Do you want to be influential?

Ivan: Well, theoretically, of course, I would like the punk, skinhead, hardcore subcultures to grow in Russia. At least to reach the level of the USA, Japan, and Europe. We must work hard to reach it. How can we do that? By way of example to young people that we can take action even in our totalitarian country. What I want to do... We don't have our own clubs. I want to have our own price policy, our own security, to invite the bands we want to hear. I'd like people that are inside the punk, hardcore, and skinhead movements to continue to act. Not like it is in reality. I want people to think and not to mindlessly copy, to understand what something is and for what purpose. We can't stop. If we stop practicing antifascist activities, for example, it will lead to bonehead brutality. Now we have the possibility to organize concerts without boneheads, without fights. They can't beat us anymore. I don't want kids to spend their time chatting on forums, ICQ, Livejournal, 'cause it can be spent in a more useful way.

MRR: And what are you doing in your spare time?

Ivan: First of all, based on my capacity I'm training physically and mentally. I try to help common people as well as members of different subcultures. Sometimes I write reviews for zines, articles and spread them. I take part in Food Not Bombs, in direct actions. I've already explained my position on demonstrations, I'm only for unsanctioned ones. Experience shows that sanctioned ones have horrible results. Also I began to have contact with people abroad. I try to develop, not to sit tight, to go to other cities, countries, according to my possibilities. To elevate the mind. Not to become obsessed with one thing, To organize more concerts, ska-discos.

MRR: I agree. But it doesn't mean that a person develops more from going to concerts, taking part in direct actions. There was an incident when someone was beaten because of his clothes. Until quite recently I didn't know that Thor Steinar is a Nazi brand.

Ivan: Of course, we encounter such problems too. We have to talk with the youth, to explain everything to them. Though in Russia someone who doesn't know anything won't wear Thor Steinar. But such incidents were common. I don't think there should be mindless actions, hasty, irresponsible. It's important to talk about where one stands to people at concerts, to tell them about distros, that they should buy something to read, to distribute leaflets. It's important to make one's own zines, with new content, not copied, to analyze the problem and try to find a strategy to attack it.

MRR: Does the end of a direct action justify the means?

Ivan: It's not a simple question. For example we protect our concerts from Nazi attacks, but the problem wasn't solved. The problem is still there and we have to do something about it. Then, with demonstrations they attract people, but either way we have to explain to the youth what results we expect... Visits to orphanages or helping the homeless and stray animals. We have to do that. If it is measured the end of direct actions justifies the means. If it is silly, crack-brained, it will cause negative results, and other people will suffer. Such incidents are common too.

MRR: Tell me about your opinion on family and children.

Ivan: First of all, having a child is very crucial situation. It should be thought about a lot 'cause we live in a country where today you can be rich and tomorrow end up poor. Having a child means a material and mental foundation. Giving birth to a child is one thing, but to educate a sane man is completely another. Marriage is a very difficult question 'cause on one hand it's something official, and it is for sure an intervention of the state into the familial relationship. On the other hand for many people it gives them a sense of their responsibilities. I am for living together.

MRR: I know, that you are lawyer. It was your decision or not?

Ivan: I decided to become lawyer in school. I wanted to be a lawyer, to find out the hidden agendas, 'cause when you have a legal education, it means you can avoid a pt of trouble. It helped me a lot when interacting with cops. It helps not to be misguided. I graduated from university and then worked. I saw then what bureaucrats are in reality, their whole point. Not externally but from the inside. I saw their corruption and the judges' corruption—their unbalance, their sense of impunity, their sense of power. It helps you if you are average, but if you are a member of some subculture, especially anarchist, of course you can't work there. The system will make you throw up, but you will have a clear notion as to what exactly it's like, and how you can properly struggle against it.

MRR: Well, that's all I wanted to ask you about. And after all that, your advice...

Ivan: To accomplish something with the projects that you have already initiated. To create your own zine and publish it regularly. Not to make it a one-time thing, as it often happens. I wish people to not stop dealing with important matters, to develop, to elevate their minds, to break social stereotypes. I wish they could see the problems out there in a different way. Enough said.

Russian original: http://punxunite.ru/908-razgovory-ni-o-chjom.html

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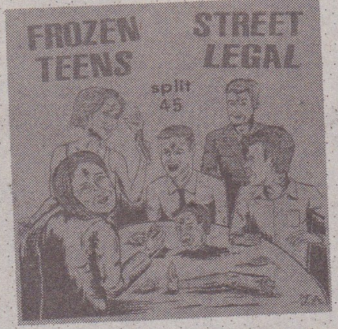
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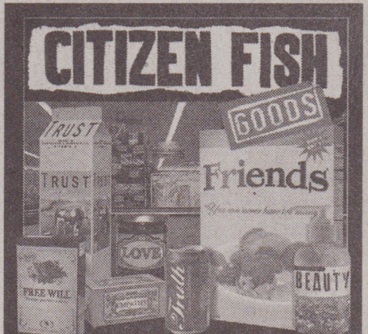
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YDINPERHE

*Ydinperhe are from Finland and play straight forward ripping HC-check them out on thier US tour this summer...*Interview by Jukka Karihtala / Photos on this page by saara sassi and jussi jåanis

Terveet Kädet

MRR: Names, instruments, ages and breakfast wishes.
Heikki aka Hexa: Drums. I've reached the tragic age of 27, but in June 2010 this torture will be over. I mainly crave coffee, but I can also get some juice and a sandwich. Or if Hanna is doing the honors, porridge will do nicely.
Vilja: Bass, the youngest one at 22. For the past few months I've been eating oatmeal with lingonberries picked by Hanna's mom and I'm not sick of that yet.
Matti aka Masa: Vocals, 26. During the working week I eat rye bread and drink black coffee at my work. During weekends and when I have time off I'll have white bread and coffee with milk.
Hanna: Guitar: 27. A fruit/berry smoothie for me, please.

MRR: How did you get into punk in the first place? Was there an exact turning point? (A record, band, person, gig, zine etc.) How has your approach to punk changed as the years have gone by?
Heikki: I've been into music since I was nine years old, and while I was checking out things I inevitably ran into punk stuff as well. If I remember right, the Clash was the first punk band I got into along with the early Eppu Normaali stuff. I may have seen some well-written article in a magazine that had an effect, as well as some punk girls that were a couple of years older than me. We went to the same school and I thought they were somewhat fascinating characters. One extremely essential turning point was hearing Terveet Kädet for the first time. They—as well as vocalist Läjä's projects in general—are an influence of huge importance for me. They have shown me that everything is possible, anything can be done. Another such incident was coming across my hometown boys Euthanasia's cassette at the Kajaani public library. It was a revelation to find out that there had been such a great noisy band in that town.

After I started playing in bands in Kajaani I got more in touch with the underground side of punk and subscribing to *Toinen Vaihtoehto* (est. 1989 and still going strong!) was yet another mind-expanding experience. The way I view punk hasn't changed all that much. This not a pilgrimage to change the world for me. But surely you can use punk to acquire some healthy stubbornness or something you can use for your own benefit at the turning points of your life. As in all social circles, there are both useless bores and truly inspiring people to be found.
Vilja: I had a pen-pal in Imatra, Eastern Finland, who sent me my first real punk mix-tape, which had Lama, Rattus and other stuff. I went to see my first concert and punk festival with this same person as well. I was about twelve years old. The squats Irmeli and Berliini in Tampere were probably a point of no return for me. I spent more of my youth in Tampere than in my actual hometown. While I was younger my perception of punk was really idealistic and when I got to know the actual "scene" I went through quite strong feelings of disappointment. Nowadays I relate to punk as I would to an old close friend: there will be disagreements but we'll still stick together though thick and thin. We'll still be friends even if the other person can sometimes be a bit of a bastard.
Hanna: It was about pen-pals and mixtapes for me as well. I was subscribing to *Toinen Vaihtoehto*, listening to a lot of Olotila (among other bands) and started travelling to places in the south of Finland to check out what was going on down there. The trip to attend the last punk concert at Lepakko in 1999 (a legendary venue in Helsinki, originally squatted in late '70s, later legalized, then demolished to make way for a Nokia office building) made a lasting impression—there was inspiration to be found in all the chaos involved. Back then it felt great to find a culture like this you could relate to, whereas nowadays I've grown a bit apart from it. Sure, punk has had a big effect on how I view things and who I am now, but maybe trying to think for yourself and take control of your own life has also estranged me a bit—I don't really know how I relate to punk right now. The band seems to be my only practical connection to punk, but on the other hand that opens up a fantastic network of people and co-operation.
Matti: I think I found punk through my older brother, but I can't exactly remember how. It would be interesting to know how he himself came across punk stuff. At the lower level of elementary school I was listening to Offspring and later on Pelle Miljoona, the Clash and especially the Misfits. Actually it wasn't until I heard *Plastic Surgery Disasters* by Dead Kennedys on a tape my brother made me that things got really rolling. It's quite funny really, there was the "If you don't know this song what the fuck are you doing here" live bootleg by the Misfits on the other side of the tape and I had listened to that several times but I had always fast-forwarded through the DK side because of that weird stuff in the beginning of the record. I was thinking they played modern jazz or something. I was of course blown away when I had the patience to listen to it further. I also read a lot of comics as a kid and thanks to my brother I got to know Julie Doucet, Robert Crumb and Finnish zines from early on. That whole world of comics was quite punk for me and I could really relate to it. Comics also had lots of real connections to punk culture. I think all this zine stuff made punk seem more than music from the start. I'm not paying much attention to comics nowadays and I'm not really interested in Finnish arty comics or stuff by the likes of Pauli Kallio. But I have always liked stuff by Kaltsu Kallio and Otso Höglund. As a teen I was hanging out with a motley crew of alternative types and went to all kinds of concerts until I

started reading *Toinen Vaihtoehto* and going to real punk gigs. The last concert at Lepakko made quite an impression on me as well and the Mustavihreät Päivät fest in Tampere (an eco-anarchist festival in the late nineties/early noughties) even more so. You shouldn't underestimate the importance of these kind of events! If I'm not mistaken, in those times I was a fucking loudmouth and always trying to score swigs of kilju (rudimentary and often quite vile homemade alcohol that traditionally enjoys great popularity among the younger punks). I hope that's not all there was to it.

MRR: What kind of circumstances was Ydinperhe born in? Hanna used to be in Girl Germs and everyone else apart from Matti in Gerdt. Why did those bands end?

Heikki: Well, Gerdt's end was quite timely. It was a natural death. It wasn't all peaches and cream, but nowadays I have fond memories of that time. We made some decent songs and at best our gigs were wild affairs. It was fun to rehearse at Vuoritalo (a DIY punk venue in Helsinki, RIP). When I knew that I wouldn't be playing in Gerdt anymore, I asked Hanna and Vilja whether they'd be interested in starting another band. Then it took some time before we came up with the idea to ask Matti to do vocals.

Hanna: Girl Germs was a serious and ambitious band. We worked hard on our lyrics and spent a lot of time rehearsing. It was the first band that gave me the opportunity to play gigs and make a couple of records as well, of which *In the Name of Honour* made us proud for quite some time. Things started dying down naturally after I had moved away from Riihimäki. Gerdt started when GG were still together and for a while both bands existed simultaneously. I wanted to try doing vocals, and making music that was a bit more straightfoward punk. Gerdt fell apart at the seams just when I started being satisfied with my vocals. There's no recorded material from these times towards the end of the band. It left a bit of a vacuum since there was no band to gig with anymore, so I wanted to start working on getting a new one going.

MRR: Did you have a clear vision about the kind of stuff you wanted to be doing from the beginning? Were you inspired or influenced by certain bands either musically or otherwise? I myself would say that I could hear some influences by Terveet Kädet and other old Finnish HC-bands, Polish punk (Siekiera, Rejestracja etc.), older Brazilian stuff a la Olho Seco and Matti's vocals are somewhat akin to some that can be found in NYHC or Italian hardcore...

Heikki: I didn't have any grand ideas myself—we did have some record sessions, gathering together to listen to albums and drink beer. Plus the stuff you listen to at home will somehow filter subconsciously into what you are doing. There was mainly—at least as far as I'm concerned—just an idea, that it would be nice to play and do things with a good bunch of people. Hanna started playing guitar for the first time and Matti had never sung in any bands whatsoever, so it took a while to get things rolling.

Vilja: There's probably still not a strictly defined outline for what we do even now, but it feels natural and obvious to me. All definitions so far have come from outside, I couldn't (and wouldn't) define us exhaustively myself.

Hanna: Our visions in the beginning were rather ambiguous. I started fooling around with playing guitar and seeing what kind of riffs I could come up with, since I hadn't done this before. I can't really categorize us. Other people have said it's a cross between Finnish HC circa '82 and Minor Threat, which might not be too far off the mark but that's still not the whole truth. The way we make songs is that someone (usually me or Vilja) come up with riffs and Matti the lyrics, and then we work together on arrangements and details. We are not totally unanimous as far as our personal musical tastes are concerned. As long as we don't get too analytical or puritanical about what we're trying to do and avoid following a ready-made set of rules, we're on the right track.

Matti: I guess we agreed on playing punk in general and possibly hardcore in particular, but after that everyone's just been striving to do things the way they feel best. I do like NYHC just as I like lots of other hardcore stuff. I'm just trying to shout about things I consider important in a cool style. I'd say my approach has been influenced most by the first split 7" by Pax Americana and the *Tied Down* LP by Negative Approach. On later P.A. recordings the vocalist Miikka's delivery just didn't have the same urgency and I'd say that took away a lot of the edge the lyrics had.

MRR: There's a pissed-off working class approach and class consciousness in many of your lyrics. Do all of you stand behind these views? Have any lyrics been shelved due to a lack of consensus? Is there any view on the world or ideology you can relate to either as a band or as individuals?

Heikki: Well, petty bosses or shitty workmates are a universal subject matter. All of us have had real jobs. I myself find it easy to relate to a Bukowski-style point of view, meaning that you can see through the rat race and stupid people at work but simultaneously give in to the fact that you do need money every once in a while and that's why it's worth having a job. I'll have to say that I like my current job a lot. As far as I can recall I'm not tied to any *isms*. You'll have to remember that our lyrics are not about laying down our terms in a one-dimensional way. There's room for interpretation by the listeners as well. If there's a narrator in the lyrics, it's not necessarily Matti and/or the rest of us.

Vilja: I trust Matti 100% with the lyrics. We've known each other for so long that I know that he's not coming up with total crap. Heikki hit the nail on the head with what he said about the working life. It is a totally impossible equation in its current form but after trying it a couple of times, I'm not that keen on full-time unemployment either. And living or attempting to live in the grey zone between work and unemployment has been made fucking difficult.

Hanna: I'm standing behind the lyrics. When I was working I really felt the profits to the shareholders were obtained by making those who did the shittiest tasks work even harder. I can still relate to that point of view, even though I don't miss working at all. We're not really engaging in any critical discussions about our lyrics, it's more like just laughing at Matti's clever way of putting things and nodding our heads in agreement. At least I do think that this band has a common unpronounced

Leena Vahvelainen

view on the world and you might be able to see what it is by checking out our lyrics. However, it's still just one side of my own view on the world.

Matti: Yeah, we're not discussing the lyrics all that much but apparently the others can live with them. Generally speaking I'm trying to make lyrics that are as realistic and un-ideological as possible about the conflicts that are part of daily life. Rather that trying to push a certain way to view things, I'm trying to look for some sort of common ground or to create some kind of common consciousness about the environment we live in. Or something like that can be found behind that barrage of abuse and piss-taking.

MRR: Vilja, you were doing a lot of stuff at Vuoritalo, (an old firestation in Helsinki that was cheaply rented and run by punks as a venue from early to mid noughties. The house was then used for gigs by temporary squatting). This place had a big role in the punk scene of the capital area and whole of Finland. What kind of memories do you have from this time? What did you learn from Vuoritalo, if anything? Have there been any plans to get a similar place going somewhere in Helsinki? Apart from Vuoritalo, you have also been involved with Anarkistinen Toiminta (Anarchist Action) and Katu On Punk (Street Is Punk). What are you up to nowadays? Is the band paying attention to or participating in other Helsinki area anarchist and radical left projects? What about Matti and the anarchist Kapis-zine?

Vilja: I was left with good memories, and of course those grow sweeter with time. I won't criticize the decision to close the place down—the situation back then was what it was and that was basically the only alternative. I learned a lot about responsibility and reciprocity, you give some to get some and so on. If you want to get something done, you better do it yourself. I also got to see the vast range of stuff that requires attention if you want to put on concerts from starting point zero—from making compost for heat (Vuoritalo had no running water or central heating), to figuring out the wiring in the electrical meter. I saw a lot of heartwarming solidarity and selfless will to help out, but no matter how positively you try to view things, you can't gloss over the fact that punks do have a tendency to piss in their own nest. Also literally speaking.

Any concrete plans about getting a similar place going haven't been discussed for a while, even though there are people with their hearts set on such a project. Back in the day I've been very actively involved in all kinds of organizational activities, but it has become less so as years have gone by, and at some point I made a conscious decision to concentrate more on personal stuff like studying. Now that I've been resting up it might be time to get more active again. I've become more interested in doing things on my own terms though, such as doing zines or putting out records.

Matti: Well, I've been doing layouts for Kapinatyöläinen (aka Kapis, "The Rebelworker") and I'm trying to help out in other projects as well when my other commitments allow.

MRR: You have a 7"—are you happy with how it turned out? What else do you have planned?

Vilja: Our debut EP came out on Oy Kaupalliset Levyt Ab late last summer and is sold out in Finland. There are some left at Bad Hair Life records in the States, and a re-press should be in the making. We also self-released a split with Finnish kick-ass band Pahaa Verta, it's nearly sold out as well. We recorded a thirteen minute LP in the beginning of this year, and it is coming out any day now on Bad Hair Life records and should be well available outside of Finland as well. We've been playing a lot of shows and touring in Finland with bands like Käpykaarti and Lapinpolthajat, and this spring we spent ten days touring Europe, mostly Slovakia and the Eastern areas. In June we will be touring the East Coast of the States with Pahaa verta.

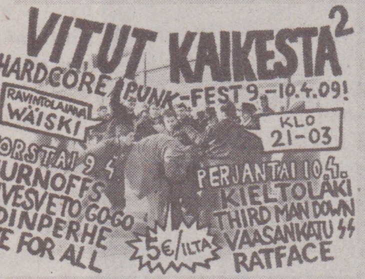
MRR: Heikki and Hanna, you're both originally from the Kainuu part of Finland. And if I'm not totally mistaken Matti has also lived there at some point, so is Vilja the only cosmopolitan one in your ranks? What brought you down to Helsinki and when was that? What kind of a place was Kajaani to live and grow up in? Were there any sub/countercultural activities to be found? Would you move back there?

Heikki: I moved away from Kajaani when I was nineteen, first to Joensuu (in the east of Finland) and then over to Helsinki about five years ago. My reasons were quite basic really, my studies and a need for a change of scenery. Me and Hanna moved to Helsinki at the same time, as we wanted to live together. I like it here in Helsinki, there's a lot going on and lots of gigs, work as well. Kajaani was a good place to grow up in, though – it's a kind of a little town but not in the middle of nowhere or anything like that. I'll have to give a special mention to the Purola part of Kajaani, as in addition to me and Matti it has given birth to other persons of significance such as Aki of Pahaa Verta fame (hail!). At present the town seems to be

Leena Vanvelainen

taking a turn for the worse as public funding for culture is being cut down to get money for a new cobblestone road and other stupid shit like that. At least when I was an adolescent Kajaani had a lot of band stuff going on for such a small place. I'm not too sure about the situation nowadays. I guess I could move back to Kajaani some day, since I feel I have more in common with it than with the part of the city I live in Helsinki right now.

Hanna: My story is quite similar, except that before Helsinki I lived in Orivesi, Pornainen and Riihimäki. I'm originally from Suomussalmi (a small town in Kainuu), which was a really grim place and I often went to Kajaani to party during the weekends. As I've got older I've realized that enjoying living in a certain place has more to do with yourself as opposed to what and how much is going on around you. Where you live does matter though, and living in the city has its good sides. At the end of the day I could well imagine moving to Kajaani or to the countryside after getting more than my fair share of city life.



Matti: I lived in Purola, Kajaani, for the first five years of my life. I don't have any real roots there though, my parents were just working there. My grandfather was born in Sotkamo (Kainuu galore again), mind you. We tried to get "Nälkämaan laulu" to be played at his funeral, but the priest was having none of it!

Vilja: I'm originally from Koivukylä in East Vantaa (suburban capital area). It's not much of a metropolis as such, really.

MRR: Do you have any plans or desires to change your music to some direction or do you prefer keeping it short, fast and loud? Can we expect any progressive rock influences creeping in or would you treat us to pompous and ambiguous rock symphonies? And can you explain us the concept of "tsemppipunk" (translates roughly as something like "cheer up/encouragement punk" -ed.)?

Heikki: Well, I play a rubber piggy and the piano on the split 7", so I'd better not give any promises for the future. I listen to a lot of different kinds of music and always have. Some of my faves outside of punk are Jethro Tull, The Who and Darkthrone. With "tsemppipunk" we refer to the kind of bands, records and songs that are sort of uplifting in spirit and have encouraging lyrics. Not like social worker kind of stuff as such, but more like activating as opposed to depressing, as a contrast to the kind of "boo hoo, I'm so down and the world is coming to an end" negativity. Everyone is down every once in a while but I don't get it when so many people presume that negative feelings are somehow so fucking fruitful—something you can use for you own creative work. Pelle Miljoona is the king of tsemppipunk. We don't want to be labeled as tsemppipunk as a band, though. It's just a funny expression.

Matti: I don't have a need to do things any other way—just a bit better. I think we got the basic idea down, whatever that is. Besides punk I like listening to all kinds of rhythm and blues music, as well as hardcore.

Hanna: With these skills, we couldn't be writing symphonies even if we wanted to. And I doubt we would, even though our songs have undergone some changes already and I guess it's right to presume that we don't want to be making the same songs all over again. I mainly listen to punk and metal but you can hear stuff such as Tori Amos and Jacques Brel at our house too.

MRR: So what are you up to when you are not playing music?

Heikki: I'm working as a freelance journalist and the bands I mentioned earlier on take up a fair chunk of my time as well. Recently I've also been illustrating a book by a poet I know. I like to play and watch football—going to matches and watching it on the telly.

Vilja: I'm studying psychiatric care and social work, trying to stay somewhat healthy and every now and then I organize gigs. At their best travelling to gigs and being on the road are the greatest things in the world.

Hanna: I'm doing yoga, studying philosophy and gender studies at the university, playing in a couple of other bands that are still in their early stages. If only I got rid of this depression life would be good.

Matti: I'm a metal worker at the same place where Stefan Piesnack (of Pelle Miljoona's band fame) also used to work in the '70s, by the way! Apart from that I have my hands full with all kinds of stuff that's mainly connected to the punk side of things. Mostly different kinds of graphic design work. I have also a tailor's diploma under my belt and my apartment is full of garments of people that I know that I should repair.

MRR: Contrary to the lyrics in your song "Aamulla töihin, illalla himaan" ("Work in the morning, home in the evening"), philosophy is being read in the ranks of Ydinperhe members! On top of this Heikki, Hanna and Vilja share an apartment and this could be understood as living in a commune without pushing the envelope all that much. Would you like to reveal some more raging contradictions behind the gigantic facade of the band? Has anyone dared to sink into doing yoga? Are there trips to Goa looming in the horizon? Are martyr complexes raising their ugly heads?

Heikki: Well, I am interested in "high-class" culture, even though a different stance is taken in those lyrics. I have done my Masters and I've been studying all kinds of "fancy" stuff. I go to museums voluntarily and read books all the time.

Hanna: Yeah, I represent everything that song takes the piss out of. While I'm at it, let it be put in writing that I've been to Goa a couple of times and there are times I think about just leaving everything behind and joining the wandering Saddhus.

MRR: About the same song with less of a yellow press attitude... The chorus defiantly proclaims "we just dig punk, drink beer and work." Why such an underestimation of yourselves, as the band members are obviously active and getting things done or at the very least have other interests in life besides punching clocks and guzzling down brews?

Vilja: I see that as a counter-reaction to an escapist

Jussi Jånis

24/7 party lifestyle. Your life is here and now and there's no way of escaping it, try as you might to forget its more unpleasant sides by partying and making merry. I see no reason to paint everything with rosy colors, or to glorify the ways that are usually involved with escaping reality. But of course that song or the thoughts behind it can be interpreted in many ways and everything doesn't always need to be spelled out in detail. Someone can read something completely different between the lines.

Hanna: That song also questions all kinds of extremist thoughts and experiences. Many don't see that "proclamation" as belittling at all – they can relate to that. But it depends on the listener whether s/he feels it is belittling or a mature way of working with the tools you have. I think it's healthy to want the moon, but I also agree with Vilja that life is here and now. I'd rather have meaningful daily life than saving every single penny and barely eking out a living in order to be able to travel to Bali to surf once a year.

Matti: Yes, that's well put. I guess that song is sort of taking the piss out of myself, as well as some other people and certain attitudes. But it also contains the idea that some shitty and boring stuff has to be done as well and that there's nothing to be ashamed about in working, listening to punk and drinking beer. I stole some of the lyrics for the chorus from *Villupipu* #2 zine, by the way.

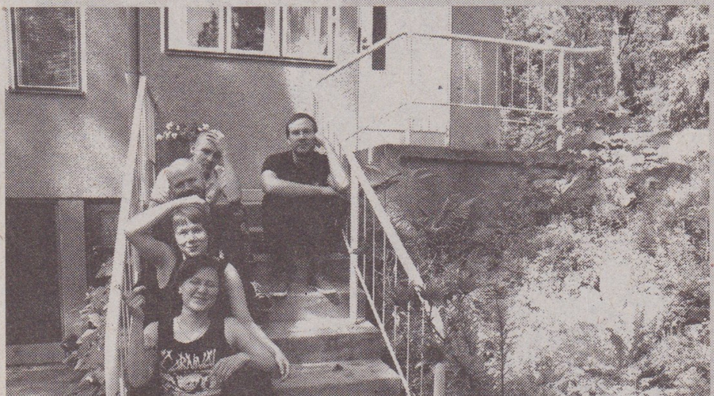
Jussi Jånis

MRR: Lately there've been a lot of new-ish Finnish punk bands whose lyrics have a great deal to do with the use of intoxicants. Do you consider yourselves one of these bands, since there's not a lack of speed freaks and noisy addict neighbors in your lyrics either? Have bands like this influenced your lyrics in any way? Does punk revolve too much around alcohol and drugs, is being out of it of any more importance than in society at large?

Hanna: Using intoxicants is just one of those ordinary things we want to make songs about. Everyone should decide for him/herself, as for myself I'm not anti-intoxicant, but I'm not unconditionally pro-intoxicants either. I don't underrate the negative effects they cause at all.

Matti: It might be just fine to have a Kuolema (a Finnish noisecore band very keen on singing about drugs and alcohol) kind of approach to intoxicants every now and then but in the long run that is just boring, simplistic and escapist. I may not be able to come up with any extremely deep thoughts about this issue, but I'm no more interested in romanticizing alcohol / drug use than demonizing the same. I believe that it's possible to discuss these things in an open and critical way without painting yourself into a corner. To us the intoxicants are not an issue as such, that's not our main stance at all. They are just a part of reality. I just hope that people take care of themselves, whether or not they are drinking. I can't really come up with anything more resolute than that.

Heikki: Our punk song lays it all out in no uncertain terms: "punk means that you're always drunk / punk means that you like our band."


Antti Polvinen

MRR: I take it doing it yourselves is important to you. However, the term DIY has been somewhat tarnished over the years due to either commercial pressure / concessions or the irresponsible way of messing up things of more than a few proponents of the DIY ideals. How do you define DIY and how far are you prepared to take it in practice? How to get things done avoiding both the tunnel vision and atrophy caused by excessive ghettoization and the watering down of our ideals?

Heikki: To me DIY means having the guts to do all kinds of things outside of your own comfort zone. Putting yourself on the line and facing adversities holding your head up high, hoping that something of importance can be achieved by standing up and being counted.

Vilja: The point is fearlessly doing and facing things. And I may have a sort of work ethic thing behind this as well—if something needs to be done, you just go and do it yourself, Or at the very least try to get it done the best you can.

Hanna: It's basically about achieving things on your own terms, and doing stuff yourself simply because you enjoy it. It's a lot more fun fixing your own bike instead of taking it to a shop. I'm talking about learning and a sense of achievement, not forgetting co-operation with others as it would be quite impossible to do everything on your own. I don't know much we couldn't do if we just kept at it and kept our minds open. We're trying to put those ideas into practice as far as the possibilities allow. At least I feel we could put out our own records in the future so we wouldn't have to keep losing our patience wondering whether they ever come out.

Matti: To me DIY or punk in general is about individual freedom, equality and keeping things basic and simple, throwing away the crap you don't need. Culturally it is a polar opposite to the kind of "high culture" where all sorts of technical know-how and orthodox absorption of multi-layered cultural nuances is as, or even more important as conveying feelings you want to share. It's OK if you like this sort of high culture but as it gets more and more specialized and superhuman, the more difficult it is to find a common wavelength with the audience. Another side to this thing is doing stuff on your own terms and as equals. If the starting point in music is the freedom to do as you like, then in a broader sense philosophically it also means having control of your own life in general. And not only as a personal issue, but as a common and general freedom to act for all. That's my DIY philosophy in a nutshell and I try to live and act according to it. Since I like punk it is natural that this is the field I operate in. I don't have a great deal to say about the problems you mentioned and I'm not mentally battered every time someone does something shitty in the name of DIY. Even though the punk scene is important to me, I have no expectations for it. Probably that's the reason I've never been disappointed at it. I've mainly been thinking about my own input and my attitudes. It is terribly difficult to expect anything from other people, especially if you don't really have to. But I do take all kinds of shit and inequalities seriously, you should just strive to respond to all that in a constructive way.

MRR: Could you tell us something about the punk activities in Helsinki area these days when Factory and Vuoritalo are no more? What sucks and what does not? Any new bands worthy of mention? Is the excessive use of amphetamines you define in one of your songs a common occurrence in the punk scene? What's your opinion on the scene in Finland on the whole? Do you pay attention to international punk or sub/countercultural activities?

Heikki: Helsinki needs a place that would unite all kinds of sub-cultural activities in the vein of Vuoritalo or Factory. Well, Lepakkomies (a bar that hosts lots of punk gigs) is a great joint, reasonably sized and the sound there is usually good. Vastavirta-klubi in Tampere gets some longing looks from this direction. At least there are some places for gigs and I respect people such as Itkonen (Selfish/Forca Macabra/Kuolema) and Vilja for having the guts to organize stuff, as I do know putting on gigs can be a thankless task.

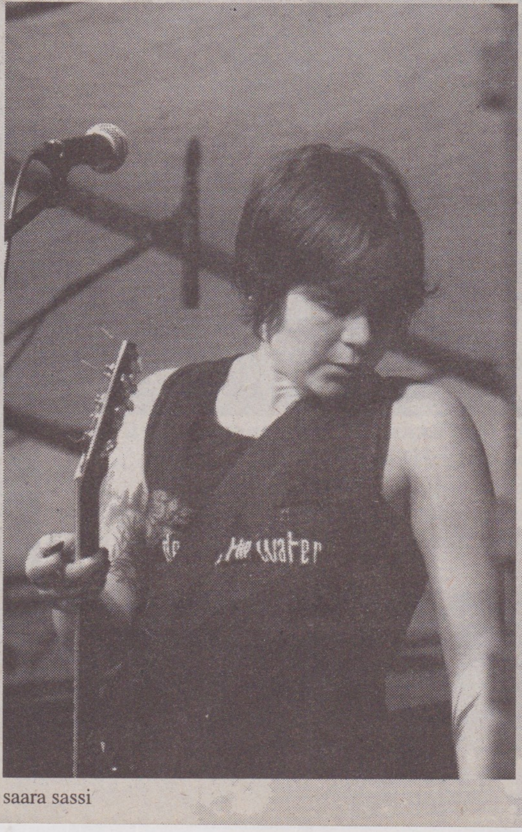
There are some people who are basically a mess, as well as great, intelligent and competent ones in these circles. Greetings to the drunken chaos brigade especially! Polarization has been pretty well avoided here in Finland—if you want to, you can get gig in any part of the country.

Hanna: To me the current situation is characterized mainly by beer drinking and small crammed bars I rarely feel comfortable going to. At the same time I must miss a lot of good stuff too, I'll admit to that. For example, there are hardly any new bands that I'm excited about, even though there must be some good ones out there. On a more positive note, I saw some great gigs at Satama (a social center in Helsinki) with raging pits and lots of youngsters last year. Then things over there went a bit sour and I don't know what the situation is right now, but their web pages have mentions of bike workshops and handicraft… The Punkfest in Gloria (a city-funded youth center in Helsinki) in January was a nice occasion since so many people turned up and there will be more to come in June. Somehow it seems really hard to travel to other towns from Helsinki, but fortunately this band thing takes us to places occasionally and when this interview gets published we've probably already played in Oulu and Kuusamo in the North as well.

Matti: After I joined the band I've been a bit disappointed—like "is this really all there is to it, just playing some fucking music, period?" I've been missing some bigger things and events that could bring people together, especially since Vuoritalo closed down. There are gigs, bands and bars, but bars are really just bars. I don't suppose that a basic gig at Vuoritalo was that much different from a usual gig at, say, Lepakkomies as far as the general feeling is concerned, but at Vuoritalo it was easy to put on events that had more content and ideas as opposed to having just another basic punk gig. I'm talking mainly about being able to hang out and relax together with other people. With this in mind I'm eagerly waiting for the next Punkfest at Gloria. Distro stalls, summer and bands are a good fucking combination and since the event has expanded over to Lepakkomies (located in another part of the city - ed.) too on Friday it's creating a feeling of a bigger city-wide event. There are also Katu On Punk (Street is Punk, a punky reclaim the streets event - ed.) parties in Helsinki and they are fucking alright. Punx picnics are spot on, too. Nothing much to complain about really. I suppose I should start doing a zine.

Fooling around with speed is quite basic, but as far as I can remember the idea for "Kamaa apatiaa vastaan" ("Drugs against apathy") came after some people from elsewhere, mainly from Tampere, seemed really shocked and self-righteous about this, as if speed was the only thing people did here. They might have got something right, but it is a limited and generalizing way to view people. The situation in Finland seems good right now, there are tons of interesting bands all over the country. I read *MRR* and discuss things with people to keep track of what's happening elsewhere in the world. Seems like things are going fine everywhere, but Finland is always #1!

Jussi Jänis



saara sassi

MRR:
Any ideas as to what the future will hold, either for the band or for you as individuals? Would you dare to try and guess where you might be five years from now?

Heikki: Five years is a long time. If we're still alive then, I'll be happy! But as for Ydinperhe it's not that hard for me to believe that we'll be together then as well. At least I'm having a whale of a time in this band. Thanks for the interview! And hi mum!

Hanna: I can't really think about the future. Let's presume that things will get better in every way. Thanks!

Vilja: I wouldn't try to foretell the future that far. Let's see where we end up! But hopefully in five years I'll have a couple of more school diplomas under my belt, a few records done and maybe some day I'll even learn how to play guitar and drums as well. Thanks to Karihtala for quality journalism.

Matti: I don't know about the future, I hope things will be better than they are now. Thanks for the interview.

US TOUR IN JUNE 2011!

14 - Hartford, CT at Whitney House
15 - Providence RI at AS220, 115 Empire St., w/ White Load, The Third Death; 8:30
16 - Boston MA - date confirmed, location undecided
17 - Albany NY at 27 Lincoln Ave., w/ The Infidels 7:00
18 - Brooklyn NY at The Acheron, 57 Waterbury St., w/ Beer And Cable.
19 - Rochester NY at Flying Squirrel Community Center, 285 Clarissa St., w/ Trigalactagon, Flipshit, Assbeer; 5:00
20 - Buffalo NY at Sugar City, 19 Wadsworth St., w/ Mayday!, Vile Crocodile; 6:00
21 - Cleveland OH at Tower on TU
22 - Pittsburgh PA at Ratface House, 3030 Paulowna,
23 - Richmond VA date confirmed, location undecided
24 - DC at Wasted Dream, 431 Kenyon St NW.
25 - Baltimore MD date confirmed, location undecided
26 - Philadelphia - NEED HELP - this may become NYC

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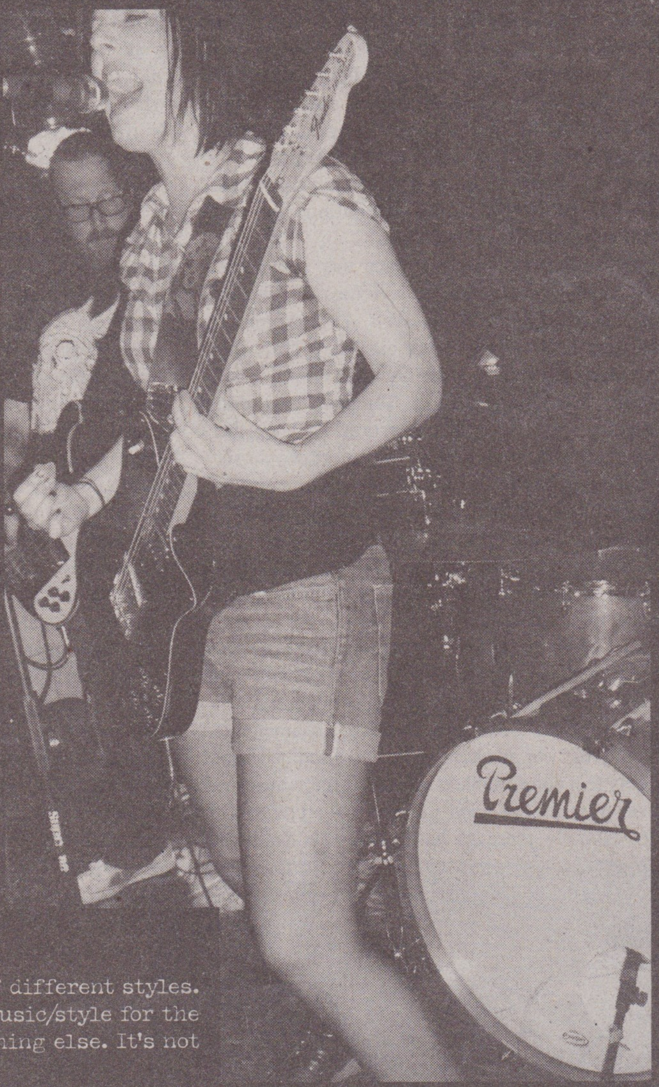
ET BLACK FEET BLACK FEET BLA

Black Feet from Sweden are no strangers to diving into the van, strapping on guitars and bringing the rock with all four members from previous bands of awesome caliber (Kamikatze, Perculators, Bruce Banner, the Pricks, Disco Volante, Between Us). Now they have merged their collective minds to form Black Feet which is probably the most original, exciting, and above all, listenable band to come out of the snowy north in a long time. With their debut album out on Germany's Dirty Faces I had the chance to catch up with them and probe their minds into what makes them tick—pen at the ready...go 'Feet!



Intro and interview by Greg Pearson
Photos by David Brunsell

MRR: I want the names and I want who does the what?
Janne: Bass.
Klackan: Drums.
Tess: Vocals and guitars.
Lovisa: Vocals and guitars.
Aurelie: Synth and percussion.

MRR: You're all "ex-members of..." which isn't so rare these days. Why do you think these "all-star line-ups" are getting more and more popular?
Lovisa: I wouldn't call it an "all-star line-up," but we've grown up playing in bands, and since we've each other and others through our music, it's kind of natural that you form a band with other musicians. For example, Tess and I did a tour together with our previous bands in 2006, and that's how we met.

MRR: If I look at some of your previous bands (Bruce Banner, the Pricks), then Black Feet leans a lot more towards pop and indie than screaming hardcore and superfast punk rock. Is this a choice to grow up and mellow out, or because you are fans of lots of different styles?
Lovisa: It's definitely because we're fans of different styles. Also, when you've played just one kind of music/style for the past ten years or so, you want to try something else. It's not more complicated than that.

MRR: Would you say that you are more at home with the style of Black Feet? Is it a natural progression of musical style for you all?
Tess: For me, yes!
Lovisa: I like listening to different kinds of music, and I like playing different styles of music, but after ten years of playing punk, it feels good to do something different.

MRR: Do you think it's common for others to expect that? For example, someone in a grindcore band only likes grindcore, someone in a death metal band only likes death metal, etc?
Lovisa: Absolutely, but I believe it's even more common that they actually do like other kinds of music as well. For example, I know people in punk bands who more or less only listen to singer/songwriter music. I also think it's good to listen to different styles and different kinds of music genres since it gives you much wider references and influences.

MRR: Is Sweden good for punk these days? It's been a while since it's given the world anything to drool over if we compare with earlier years.
Tess: Punk is a big concept, so it depends on what kind of punk. I think there are some good punk rock bands around like Masshysteri. I think they are one of Sweden's best punk bands.

MRR: Whereas bands like Refused kind of made that Umea style / sound, do you think the more punk rock / garage style will be the new trend in bands from Sweden?

Tess: I don't know. What I do know is that the "new" trend in Sweden, but not so new anymore, are bands with Swedish band names who have Swedish lyrics, like Masshysteri who was formed from the band Vicious. Even Dennis Lyxzen from Refused has a new band, Invasionen, with a Swedish title with Swedish lyrics. That's a trend in Sweden for sure. But Black Feet doesn't follow that trend, 'cause it's not what we want to do.
Lovisa: I'm more or less allergic to bands with Swedish lyrics these days. It has become such a hype that it just gets boring. Yawn.

MRR: Do you think that the environment and social traditions of Sweden would be a breeding ground for punk? That is when the people have something to rebel against you get angrier and more heartfelt music, yet the typical worldview of Sweden is a happy peaceful land with not much to moan about.
Lovisa: Sweden is known for being very average. Swedish word = "lagom". Overall it's a good country and we're lucky not to have wars or anything like that, but I think that people, especially young people, can get tired of always being told what to do and to fit in with the norm. Sweden is very much about rules and norms, and you just get tired of it and want to do something else. But sure, it's not comparable with countries that have no social welfare or other problems. It's a safe country, maybe a bit too safe...

MRR: Maybe getting tired of being told to fit into the norm is a good start to find your own style and find others with similar ideas. Kind of a quiet rebellion, just do things your own way?
Lovisa: Sure. I don't think that grown-ups and/or the state understand that they're only pushing you over the edge, inspiring you to find your own ways with all the rules and norms. No one likes being told what to do.

MRR: Since the general overview of the public is also a sit down, keep quiet and take it complacently; things are like this because they are like this, whereas your typical view of punk rock would be to *not* accept what is and try to make an impact/change.
Tess: We don't try to change things by our music. Who can? Our music comes from how we feel; a kind of therapy. Those who want to listen, listen. Those who don't want to listen, don't.

MRR: Why do you think most bands that start to break in Sweden suffer from a syndrome where they release one, maybe two, kick-ass records, start to build-up a name, and then just vanish, or do nothing for ages?
Lovisa: I believe it has a lot to do with the fact that you start to doubt yourself and your capability of doing anything that can match the previous records. Also, media tends to be interested in more or less only new and upcoming bands. When the hype has cooled down a bit, it's not as interesting anymore.
Tess: The music industry likes hits!

MRR: Do you think that this is why the world's view is that Sweden produces such kick ass bands? Because it's only the best and most persistent that make it outside?
Lovisa: I think there are plenty of great bands and artists in Sweden who never make it abroad. Sweden is a very small country and a really small market. If you want to be able to make a living making music, you more or less have to go for other markets. But, to answer the question, I don't think it's only the best bands that make it abroad, but you definitely have to be persistent and believe in what you're doing, or have real good management or a real good record label.

MRR: Or just write hits! Is it your dream to actually make a living on music or are you happy with it just as a hobby?
Tess: Of course make a living!
Lovisa: Absolutely! It'd be a dream come true being able to make a living from what you love to do the most.

MRR: There is a definite "native" American theme running through Black Feet. Is there a special reason for this or just because?
Tess: Good that you can hear it! Well, we like a lot of bands from Memphis. I'm a big fan of Jay Reatard and like many of his bands. Maybe that's the answer?

MRR: Is it because you hate America? Are you terrorists? Was it you that planted the Stockholm bombs?
Lovisa: Haha, of course! We're planning a new terrorist act as we speak. No, seriously, we chose the name because it has a good ring to it. That's basically it. No political reasons. Sorry!

MRR: Your album has just come out on Dirty Faces from Germany. It's early days yet as it's only been out a few weeks, but how did that work out for you? How did they find you?
Tess: Dirty Faces released almost all records of my old band Kamikatze. We sent him the Black Feet master and he liked it!

MRR: It's been released on CD and MP3 and also vinyl. I personally think that if a band, especially a more "underground" band, wants to shift any units, then it's vinyl that rules, especially to all the geek collectors (guilty!). CDs just don't sell anymore really.
Lovisa: That's absolutely true. Not very many people buy CDs. We don't either.
Tess: Well, personally I never buy CDs, just vinyl. But when it comes to selling a record it depends on in which countries and venues you play. For example, when I played with Kamikatze in Italy at a bigger festival we sold almost exclusively CDs. I think it's cool to sell our music to all kind of people, not just the geek collectors, haha.

MRR: When listening to your music I kind of feel like I need to shake my hips and tap my feet, maybe even snap my fingers and shake my head. It has the groove! Do you have any message or topics you like to cover/sing about? When the kids pick up your record and dive into the lyrics, what will they come away with?

Tess: Well, they can't dive into our lyrics because they are not in the record, hah! We do not believe that the lyrics are the most important thing in our music, more the music in its entirety. Funny that you feel like shaking your hips and tapping your feet when listening to our music, because most of our lyrics are quite dark and have a lot of fear and anxiety. The music on this record is quite catchy. We like mixing catchy melodies with dark lyrics. It's a nice contrast. The new songs are maybe a bit less catchy, more dark and more synth. You could say they sound a bit more like the last song on the record "It's dark again."

MRR: Are any of you still involved with any of your previous bands, or do you currently have other projects?

BLACK FEET BLACK FEET

Tess: Klackan and Janne still play in the Pricks and Between Us. They are just not so active right now.

MRR: I read that Per (also from Bruce Banner) played drums for you at the start of the band. What a multi-talent! But he had to leave. Why was that? Would it have been a different sounding band if he stayed?

Lovisa/Tess: Per is a great drummer (as well!), but he had to focus on school and couldn't put as much time and effort into the band as we wanted. Don't think that the sound would've been very different if he'd stayed. After all, he's the one playing drums on the record and we don't have that many new songs yet. However, Klackan is also a great drummer, and we're very happy to have him in the band.

MRR: I think it can be quite hard to get up and out there in Sweden. You don't see many smaller or underground bands doing big tours around the place, but instead stick to doing mostly weekend gigs dotted about here and there. Will you be trying to get out of the country and around as many places as you can, or do you have other life commitments that would stop this?

Lovisa: We all have different jobs, but we're all very committed to the band and we'll definitely try our best to get out of the country and around as many places as we can. We're doing a tour in Germany July first through the tenth this year, and hopefully we'll do one week in the United Kingdom this fall.

Tess: Also we are working on finding a US record label to release the record, or an EP that we are planning to record in April 2011. If anyone reading this is interested in releasing our record in the US just let us know! We really wanna do a tour there.

MRR: I'm not 100% sure if all of you live in Stockholm. If not, does that make it hard to write and rehearse? How do you get around this?

Lovisa: All of us do not live in Stockholm, and, of course, it sometimes makes it tricky to find time for rehearsal. However, we're good at planning and are also very dedicated when we're in the rehearsal room so we're getting by. But yeah, it can be difficult.

Tess: Yeah, we are struggling! We also try to resolve the situation by recording the new songs and sending them to each other. It has worked pretty well so far.

MRR: An executive from Swedish TV approaches you with a suitcase full of money. He wants to use a Black Feet song on TV to advertise the new series of *Robinson* since it went so well for Dead By April. This could earn Black Feet a lot of money in a short time. The down side is that you become a household name pop-band. What do you do?

Lovisa: I am very tired of people in the punk scene blaming bands and musicians for "selling out." I believe it has a lot to do with envy.

Tess: Haha! Finally a good question. We will of course take the money. Who wouldn't? And then the whole punk scene can hate us for that and have something to talk about. Great!

MRR: Do you support the all-girl former punk, hard rock band Crucified Barbara performing a watered-down "by the rule book" rock song written for them by a group of old men (that probably just chose them because they are all girls) and miming on national TV in order to get on to Melodifestivalen (Eurovision Song Contest) whereas usually they are self-sufficient and bare boned bad-ass rock?

Tess: I don't care so much about that. If they wanna do it and it feels right to them, I would say let them do it!

Lovisa: I have nothing but respect for Crucified Barbara. I've played with them with my previous band Disco Volante a few times and they're awesome people and kick-ass musicians. Also, you've got it all wrong that they were miming. I'm with Tess. If Melodifestivalen is what they want to do, go ahead!

MRR: What's your main drive, your main reason for picking up your guitars, sticks and mics and making music? What do you gain from it and what do you want to give? Is it all just gain or all just give?

Lovisa: It's definitely both. I think if you've played music more or less your entire life, you're not able to just give it up.

Tess: More to give, I would say. We just wanna play 'cuz it's a fun thing to do in the boring everyday life, and a good way to express yourself. If people like our music, that's great, and if people don't, too bad.

MRR: And lastly, the generic, what's next for Black Feet, where can people reach you, see you, write to you, send you presents, stalk you, peer in through your windows and stare?

Tess: What's next? Germany tour July first through the tenth, recording an EP in April 2011. For more info, visit: www.myspace.com/blackfeetstockholm, Facebook: Black feet, Mail: blackfeet@klackan.se. Check!

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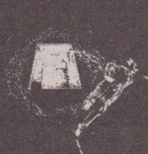

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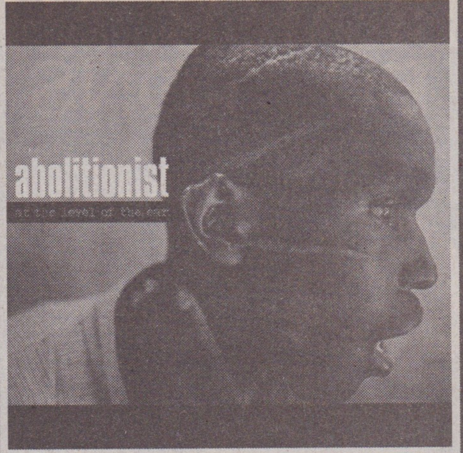
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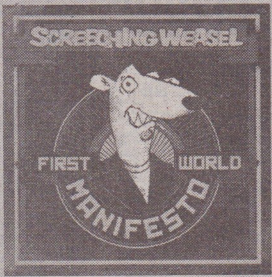
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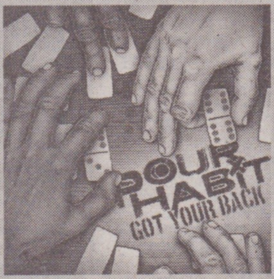
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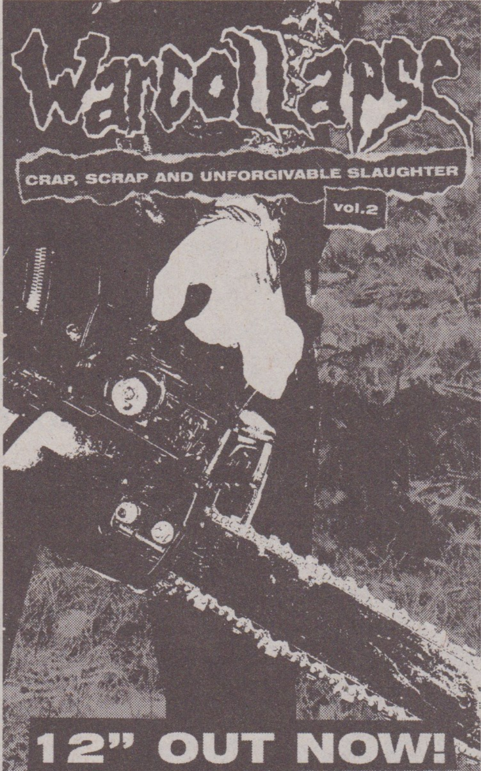
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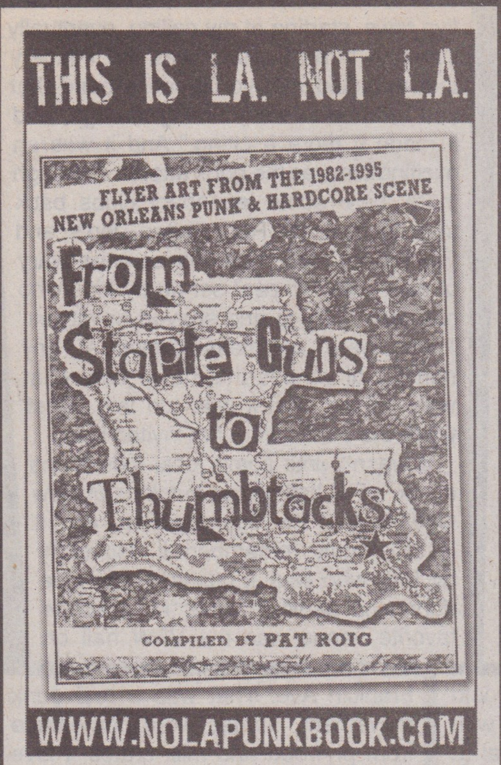
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This is LA not L.A: hardcore in New Orleans

By Michael Bevin

Nostalgia can be a tricky thing; you're always going to remember events a little differently than another person, especially when they refer to mass experiences. This idea becomes even more complex when you add a timeline rather than just a single, specific moment. And then you have the individual tastes and motivations of each person attempting to remember and catalog the events in question. Sometimes, it can seem as if all of the participants in a situation are all delusional, each having their own spin on what happened, where it took place, and exactly how everyone arrived at that point at all.

This can be exhausting when you get into whole eras of time, and even more frustrating once ideals regarding aesthetics come into play: start talking about books, movies, or visual art in a large enough group of people, and you're sure to hear more than a few arguments; the "I was there and you don't know what it was really like" viewpoint, the casual observer who was outside of the whole thing, the earnest historian, and occasionally you'll find some of the actual participants in whatever it is you were talking about, all offering different memories about what went down back then.

When it comes to those terms, those all-too-often repeated phrases, usually one topic comes to mind: Music. It will be forever rehashed, endlessly debated, and constantly dissected when it comes to the history of scenes, or movements in music history. For almost all of the major moments in the evolution of music, there are at least a few books out there that are supposed to tell it like it is, and give the reader a real idea about what it was like to be a part of those special days when the blast hit, and radiated outward.

You know, the days gone by… the old school. The Way It Was.

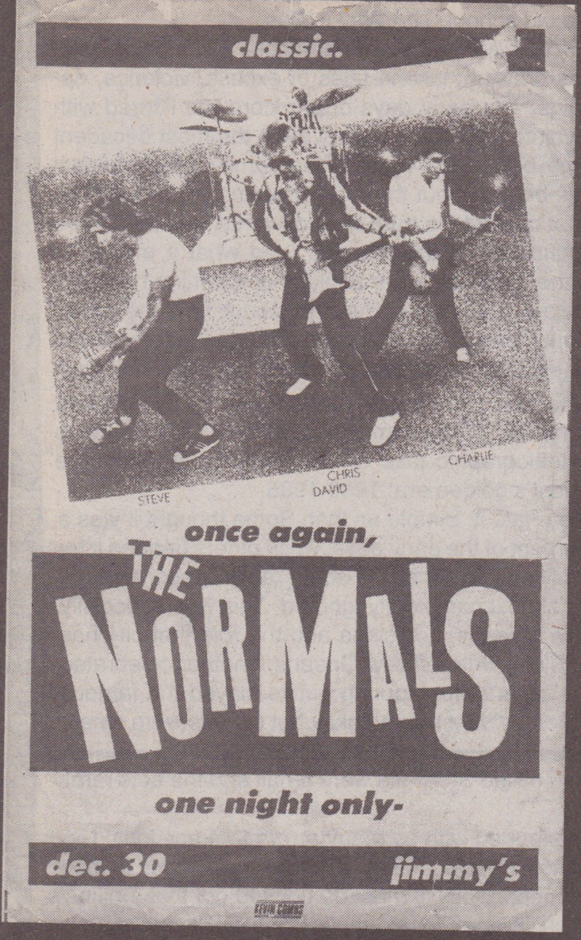
And it's like that with hardcore. *Especially* like that with hardcore. Even back when it was all starting, you had legends brewing; insane tales of excess, violence, rip-offs, and scores of life-changing gigs. The early days of hardcore are littered with enough crazy anecdotes, and convoluted accounts to rival even the most decadent rock histories, or the shrouded time before the Delta blues came to the national consciousness. There are countless books about the most (in)famous moments as they supposedly happened, ones that contest the truth of said events, and then there are books about the historical significance of the moment, and what it means to anyone researching the topic after the fact. There are books that examine hardcore from a philosophical or academic view, and theses that talk about how the music affected someone on a purely personal level. Then there are the ones that try to boil the whole timeline down, chart the evolution and provide some context. The most famous of these is undoubtedly *American Hardcore – A Tribal History* by Stephen Blush, which came out in 2001 to contrasting, sometimes heated reviews. Blush tries to give an alternate oral history/autobiographic take on the evolution of Hardcore nationwide during what is considered it's golden era: 1980-1986.

People either love the book, or they hate it. Simple as that. Some thought it was a portal back in time, and a good document of the early days, while others derided it for being exclusive, possibly elitist. It only makes sense, as some regional scenes were lovingly detailed, while others were almost completely ignored. This was especially true of the passages regarding New Orleans, Louisiana and the role that city has played in the timeline of hardcore. Blush writes: "New Orleans, another celebrated music town, was not into hardcore either. A few touring outfits played the famous French Quarter nightspot Tipitina's—they'd be treated okay but crowds were small. Gigs at an old whorehouse called Storyville were small and the acts rarely got paid."

That particular entry is plagued with so many errors that any local New Orleanian who even remotely dabbled in the hardcore scene back in those days would cry foul. Most importantly, it must be pointed out that Tipitina's is nowhere near the French Quarter, for example, nor was Storyville an old whorehouse. In short, the book made a lot of people angry in New Orleans. We know what we had back then, and what was left in its wake. We had some amazing shows here, some legendary moments off the stage as well, and when you get just the right group of people together who were around back then, you hear some intense stories, just like in any other town that had a hardcore fan base. And while our town admittedly did not have huge amounts of kids in attendance, we were serious, if not feverish about our scene. We traded tapes, stickers, and most important of all, we collected flyers for upcoming shows. Almost any bedroom or punk-house you walked into back then was sure to be papered with posters from gigs both past and future, some featuring big names, others boasting complete locals-only lineups. They were everywhere, those flyers, and anyone who ever went to a show back then can tell you about going home after a show with a pocket full of new handbills to be added to their wall.

Of course, that was a long time ago, and a lot of those collections were thrown away, either by parents who didn't approve or understand, or by those same Hardcore kids who had now grown up and didn't see any reason to keep those old pieces of paper hanging around anymore. And in New Orleans, you also have the specter of Hurricane Katrina, which successfully destroyed thousands of homes full of belongings, ones that in some cases contained archives of music memorabilia related to the early Hardcore scene. Searching on Facebook alone reveals more than a few groups dedicated to the warehousing and cataloguing of hundreds of those old gig flyers.

And that's where Pat Roig comes in. With the release of his book, *From Staple guns to Thumbtacks: Flyer art from the 1982-1995 New Orleans Punk and Hardcore Scene* Pat has assembled what could pass for the unofficial yearbook of the New Orleans hardcore scene. Part history book, part flyer archive, it is a huge volume that features memories and anecdotes from major players in the scene, and full-size reproductions of over 300+ flyers. Most of them are even sequential to their year (!) It is a true labor of love, and a solid look into the genesis of bands that are, or were, household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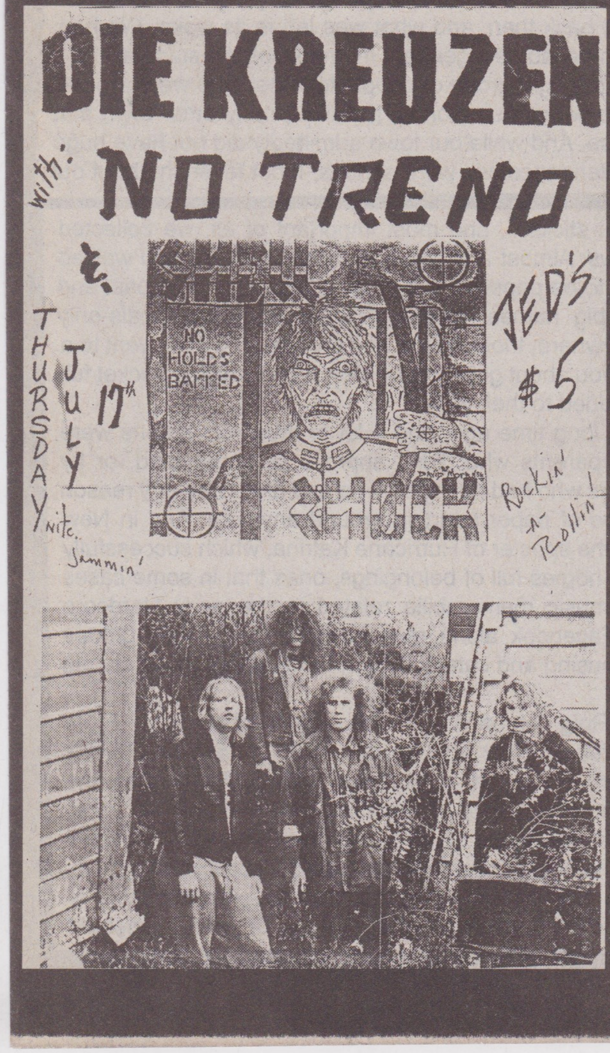
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names in Hardcore/Metal circles. Bands such as Shell Shock, Red Rockers, the Sluts, eyehategod, Soilent Green, and Exhorder are all evidenced, and in most cases the flyers from their very first shows are archived among handbills featuring a veritable who's who of national acts that have visited New Orleans.

Raised in a neighboring suburb called Metairie, Pat came to the hardcore scene around 1985. He took to it immediately, with the usual guidance from neighborhood kids who were into the scene already, and with the help of one of New Orleans' most revered early musicians: Mike "Hatch Boy" Hatch of local Hardcore pioneers Shell Shock. Hatch Boy worked at a record store that stocked all of the usual suspects on vinyl, and would always make sure to hook Pat up with whatever he thought was essential at the time. By the time Pat was able to go to shows, he was ready, thanks mainly to Hatch Boy and his primers on where Hardcore was at during the time.

Of Hatch Boy, Pat gives total credit, and respect. "Hatch seems to have started a lot of the kids, because he didn't look at us like children, but people to be brought in. There was never a separation to him, he was the kind of guy you could talk to before or after the shows, you know? No rock star attitude, just another guy who was into the same type of thing. It made the whole thing even more fun." Of course, Pat became a fixture at shows, and with that came an affinity for collecting flyers, which were the main form of communication back then. As Black Flag/Circle Jerks frontman Keith Morris points out in his blurb for the back cover of the book, "The importance of the handbill is that it's the cheapest form of advertising! What are ya gonna do? Buy space on billboards? Radio ads? Get on the phone and call yer pals? In this day and age there's the internet and alla the computer access but this wasn't the case back then! We had no choice!"

And Pat started collecting almost immediately, remembering, "The very first VFW hall show I went to, I got about six flyers, and that was it, that's how my collection started... and when they were hanging on my wall, they were in order of when I got them. So it was about four or five rows, starting at my ceiling, eventually covering three walls. It was the imagery that attracted me; you'd see a band that you listened to was coming through, and it made it more exciting." And it was an exciting time, as the book attests. Although there were some legendary clubs back then, such as the Rose Tattoo, Jed's, and Emergency Hall, most places were wary of any "teen dances" set up by kids who had torn clothing and shaved hairstyles. There were countless shows at any number of venues that never saw what was coming until it was too late. Most times the punks were not invited back.

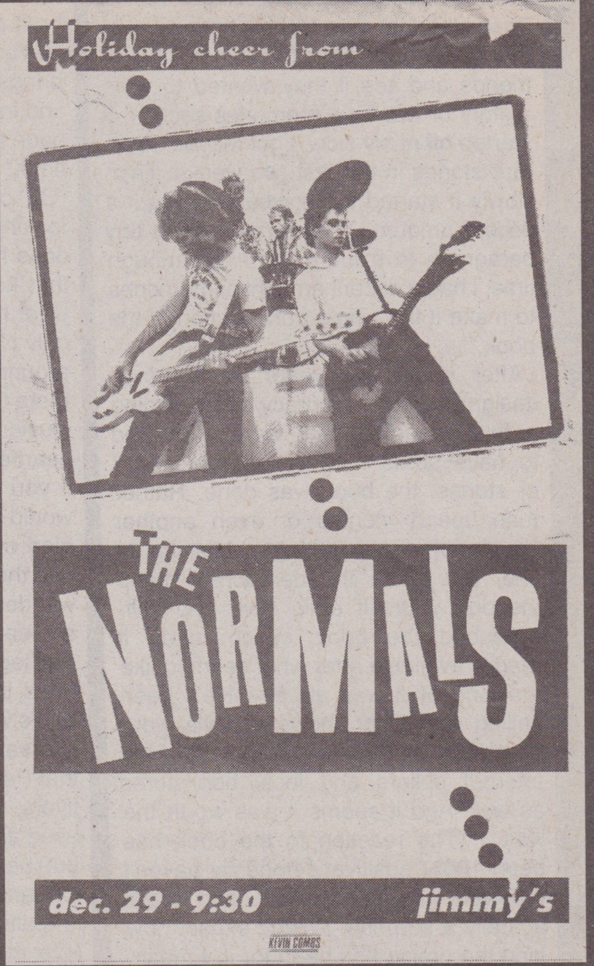
It wasn't until some local kids found an old VFW hall on the outskirts of New Orleans that the scene gelled, and it is still fondly remembered, especially by Pat, who was a constant attendee during that particular time: "My absolute favorite venue was the VFW hall on Franklin Ave. That was a real punk movement. Stages were homemade from plywood and milk crates. I love the fact that with what was essentially a raised empty warehouse, we were able to turn it into something special." The reign of the Franklin VFW hall lasted for a few very short, but intense years, eventually folding to outside pressure and simple decay. The place just couldn't take all of the abuse it had endured. Shortly after, the Storyville Jazz Hall in the French Quarter became the focal point, although it lasted for a considerably shorter period. Bought out by Jimmy Buffet, of "Margaritaville" fame, and renamed after that very same song as a burger joint, it was the end of the New Orleans Hardcore scene in a sense. But this was for more than one reason as Pat remembers: "After Storyville changed hands, that was kinda the end of the childlike aspect of everything. Things seemed to slow down considerably, and while some bands only got bigger, the big meetings of all of the old crew became more and more rare. That and Hatch Boy dying changed everything all at once."

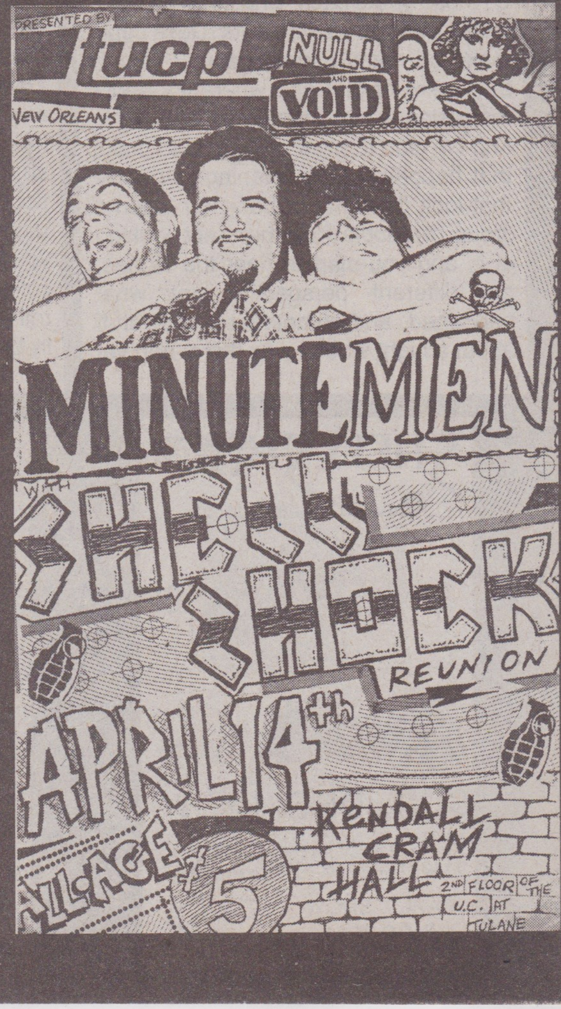
He's right. The death of Hatch Boy brought a certain sense of closure to the old guard, and forced the entire scene to take stock of not just where everything was, but where it was going. Things just didn't seem the same without his presence on the scene, and Pat was just one of many kids who felt the difference almost immediately. "Shell Shock was one of those bands that were friends with everybody. Those guys inspired so many people to form bands, and they always gave people a leg up by letting them play with them. And when he (Hatch Boy) died, it was an unbelievably sad time, and not just for me. His funeral was where a lot of us grew up, and some say that was where it ended as well for the local scene. It was the first major death many of us were faced with, and to have Hatch Boy leave us at that time was a turning point."

So like most other scenes across the globe in the late '80s, the music, and subsequently, the scene changed. Different sensibilities came about as other musical styles took the forefront. The crossover happened, and a lot of the old hardcore kids either went with it, or just left the scene entirely. It all seemed to become were like 3,000 people there! (Laughs) It definitely was a big difference compared to back home. So yeah, we didn't have one of those sorts of numbers, but we did a have a very dedicated group of people that were into it, and went to almost every show back then."

And while Pat and the rest of the leftovers from the New Orleans scene would tell anyone that would listen about what exactly went down during those early years, there wasn't a solid document that proved it. You have *Paranoize* fanzine, which has been publishing sporadically for over nineteen years always keeping true to New Orleans Hardcore and Metal, but otherwise there was no other record of it all… no way to set the record straight. That all changed in the Fall of 2005, when the seeds for Pat's book were first planted with an important discovery, and a suggestion from two very good friends: "It was soon after Hurricane Katrina. I a childhood memory for many of us, one that we would talk about in the years that followed with reverence and respect. After about a decade or so, the history books started to emerge, some good, some bad, but none that even barely mentioned New Orleans. And then came the one that stirred up a virtual hornet's nest in New Orleans—*American Hardcore* Pat, just like every other grown-up who was around in the time referenced in that book has mixed emotions about it, stating, "I love that book; have read it a few times. But when it comes to New Orleans, he got it wrong. I mean, sure, traveling to and from New Orleans can be a bad experience, but once you got here? It was a good place to play. And another thing that was helping my parents go through boxes of things they were able to save from their house that was flooded, and came across a box with my name on it. I opened it up and found it was full of flyers that used to hang on my walls. I couldn't believe that my parents pulled them off of the wall and put them in a box for me. I truly thought they were thrown away years ago. I put them all in comic wrappers and into a binder. I then took them to an Eyehategod show. I knew old friends would be there, as with every EHG show, and thought that they would like a trip down memory lane. It was Jimmy Bower and Mike Williams that said, "These need to be in a book!" I figured that we needed a voice for our scene. All through my teen years, all I read about was LA, DC, New York—nothing about bothered me was that while he mentioned Shell Shock, and the Sluts, he missed out on bands like Disappointed Parents, Virul Nihils, Graveyard Rodeo, Toxin III, even the Shit Dogs from Baton Rouge. He just seemed to lump us in with an overall take on "The South," and while we are a southern town, we're anything but that in most ways. I mean, you've got people from out of state writing about us that were never here. So how could they know? Sure, we had a small scene, but it was here. I guess the best way to describe it was when I went to California and saw a Circle Jerks show, and there the south. The most we would get was a little blurb in the scene reports in *Maximum Rockandroll*, and that was about it."

So Pat set to work, searching out other old punks who still held those days near to their hearts, but it wasn't easy. Many of the old guard was either done with that part of their lives, or in some unfortunate cases, passed away. Undaunted, Pat took his binder full of flyers, scanned them into his computer, and took his idea to the internet where things took off, albeit slowly. "It really all began when I started a Facebook page, where I posted a bunch of my old flyers, and other people added their collections, really rounding out the history. But it was turning into what would be one big piacture book.





Then I thought, how fucking boring would that be? So, I decided to get in touch with friends and see if they wanted to write a story or two for a memories section. It started off really slow. I got maybe three-four stories in the first two weeks. Then slowly it started to snowball and I got a decent amount. They range from a tiny paragraph to a full page. After enough time, I had a decent amount of memories to make it the whole front section of the book."

After about two years slaving over design, layout, accuracy, and finding a few stragglers that were supposed to have some hard-to-find flyers and/or stories, the book was done. Rather than spend months or even another couple of years getting publishing in line, Pat made the decision to keep the do-it-yourself ethic alive and self-published the book, which made it readily available after what seemed like too long of a wait already. He's been selling it at local shows and via word of mouth ever since, with help from internet sellers and local bookstores as well. And it seems it was worth the wait… "The reaction to the book has been 100% positive; I honestly haven't received one bad review, and that's actually a surprise. I didn't expect how kind the praise has been for it. I mean, all those years back, who knew that this would even be wanted, much less could make so many people happy? I know that we're at that age where it's about memories, we're starting to look back, and I'm glad to have been able to make that happen. I love listening to people that look through the book. Or when a group of people from here are looking at it, and you start to hear the stories, the different perspectives of what happened, and sometimes I hear stuff about a night when I was there, and yet I get a side of it that I never knew. I'd say that's the best thing about it for me; that it brings so much back for so many people and in some cases the people looking at it hadn't thought about those days in a long time."

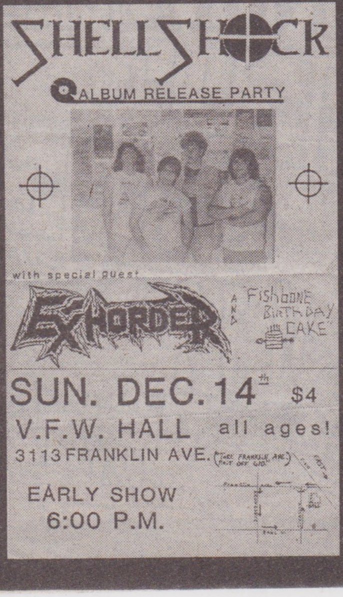
Of course, the bittersweet nature of looking backward isn't lost on Pat, and he does harbor a bit of nostalgia, but it's one that keeps him grounded in the reality of what he's offering. And this applies to not only New Orleans, but to anyone who was around in those days when hardcore was more than just a buzzword for loud and fast music. He sums it all up in a way that is both heartfelt and honest: "If I had one regret, if you could call it that, it would be that I would love for all of the people that have died over the years to have the chance to see the book, and for them to hear all of the wonderful things people say about them. It's really nice to have all of those memories and legends come back and even hear new ones that I never heard before… I mean, that's what keeps them alive in the end."

In saying that, it's also important to note that Pat still goes to shows, and still collects flyers, although not nearly as much as he used to. This is for a variety of reasons, but he still has a love for the local New Orleans scene, one that is as nostalgic as it is realistic: "We have bands now, ones that love that old sound, and do a great job of doing it right. These are mostly guys that we grew up with, the Pallbearers, A Hanging, Die Rottz doing the old Sluts material with Dave Turgeon and it's good… but it's not exactly the same, and I don't think it could be, you know? It's just a different time, and so it only makes sense that even if the music sounds right, the way it is now just makes it more of a look back than anything else. But, you know, I guess I have become jaded. I still collect flyers from the big bands when they roll through but that seems to be far and few in between. It seems that most of the flyers today are made on a computer. You still have bands that use original drawings, but it seems that for the most part the days of friends staying up all night at the local copy store to create flyers are long gone."

Whatever the outside view of the history of New Orleans hardcore scene proves to become—vindicated, or summarily dismissed, Pat Roig has tried as best he could to not only set the record straight, but also to create something more than just a cashing-in on the current nostalgia for the so-called halcyon days of hardcore. And he elucidates this point by saying, "Even if you weren't in New Orleans, and you weren't in our scene, when you see some of these flyers or read some of the memories it will hopefully bring something back for you. All of the bigger bands represented in the book toured together, all over the country, so I'm hoping that people will find something about it that makes them remember what it was like. I had some of the best times of my life back then, made friends that I'm still close with to this day, and it's all because of the New Orleans Hardcore scene that we were a part of. It was a shared experience, no matter where you were at during that time. My hope is that this inspires other people to do their own versions of the book related to their scenes. I'm a big fan of stories, other people's stories, and it would be great to see what it was like for other towns as well."

And with that, he adds, "Some of us old punks, we never die… we just stand in the back!"

M. Bevis is a staff writer for Paranoize magazine, and author of And God Looked Away (A Katrina Journal) He is a native New Orleanian, and one of those old hardcore kids he writes so much about. He can be reached at starofkaos@hotmail.com or www.facebook.com/mbevisnola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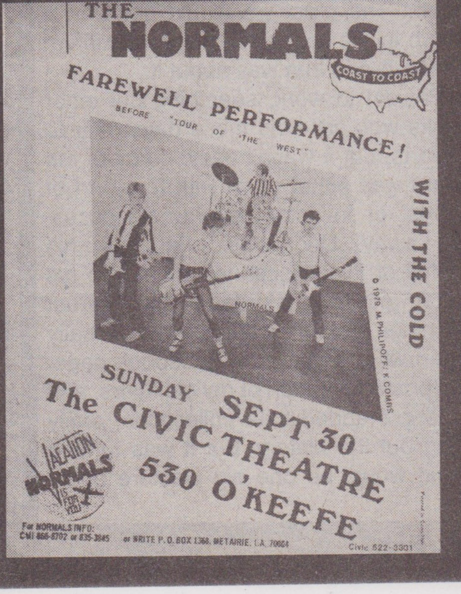
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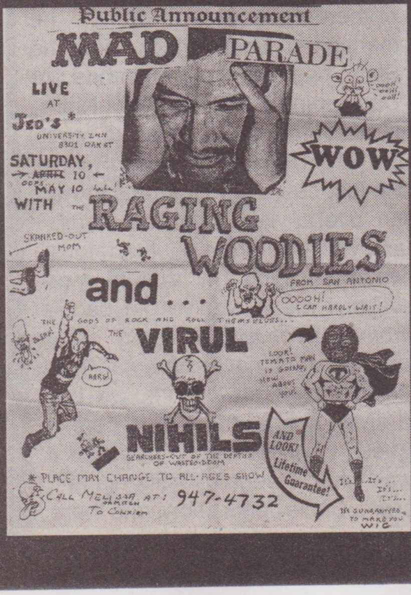
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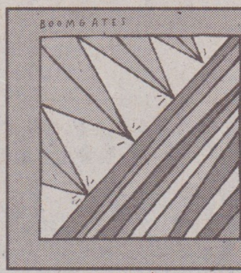

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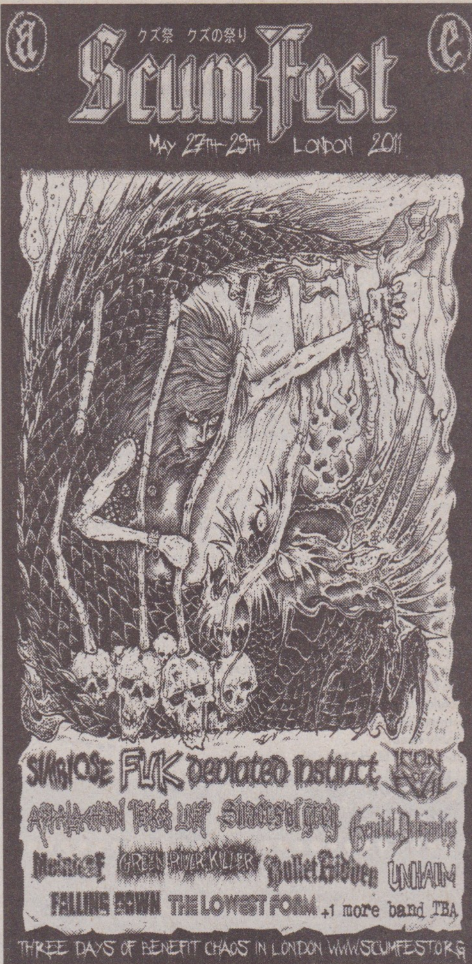
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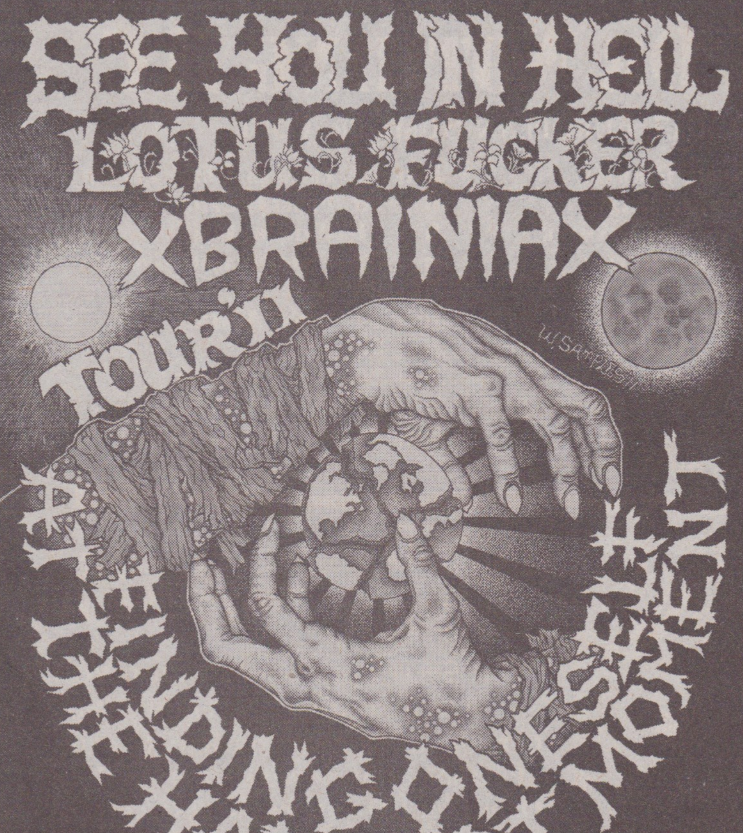
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The 1960s occupy an almost mythical space in our cultural memory: it was the time of free love, drug experimentation, of rock and roll, feminism and social progress. And for modern radical culture the tumultuous sixties also gave birth to much of what would become the anti-authoritarian movements that would run into the next century. Marxists, anarchists, anti-war and anti-nuke movements can trace their roots to this period. But while groups like the Black Panthers, the SDS, and the Weather Underground have received a great deal of attention in the last four decades, some other movements have fallen into relative obscurity.

Thirty-some years before black clad youths in ski-masks descended on Seattle, another group of masked protesters took to Wall Street, holding signs, firing off slogans and attempting to create general disorder in the financial center of the western world. And in their actions and writings produced during that decade, those young radicals, calling themselves Black Mask, would go on to become an important—though not often cited or acknowledged — influence for many tendencies within the modern anarchist movement. Battling cops, setting up squats, pulling massive social pranks—like allegedly cutting the fences to Woodstock—Black Mask and their later incarnation, Up Against the Wall Motherfucker, combined a kind of street protest ethic with a scathing and deep analysis of western culture.

PM Press has thankfully reissued the collection of these documents which has been out of print for a number of years. The collection, which includes all ten issues of the *Black Mask* paper and a great deal of the articles and miscellaneous papers from *Up Against the Wall Motherfucker,* provides a great look back into the early seeds of explicitly militant, anti-authoritarian, confrontationalist and even insurrectionary tactics and political tendencies in this country. From the broadsheets shaky beginnings reprinting news stories and articles from the Situationists to the biting and sometimes brilliantly confrontational prose of the Motherfuckers, the documents here do more than simply record a time in a now obsolete radical history. It offers us a glance back into some of the ideas and tactics that would go on to influence radical movements into the next century.

These papers present a number of ideas that now seem commonplace in modern insurrectionary culture: affinity groups, communal living, police confrontation, etc. But the urgency and directness in these pages seems just as relevant to the present as they were forty years ago. Within these documents we find condemnations of consumer society, of mindless technology, of the reification of radical gestures: issues we still hear echoed from modern movements. And just as these issues have not faded, the invigorating analysis and prose of Black Mask has not lost any of its force over the years.

This new printing does much more justice to the original documents than the previous edition. Primarily, the illustrations and photos are much cleaner and, in some cases, more complete. Also, a recent 2006 interview with Ben Morea has been tacked on to the end which helps to add a little historical context to the group. Other than that, if you already have the previous printing of the book, not much is new here. But for everyone else this new edition is well worth the time to procure.

Black Mask and the Motherfuckers began with the simple proclamation that art and creativity should stand as an integral part of life and not just an "appendage to wealth." Forty years later this notion still looms in the background of every radical endeavor, whether or not we are any closer to achieving it than in 1968. Still, the works and actions of Black Mask and Up Against the Motherfucker are both an important part of our radical history and a relevant voice for movements to come. This book is smart, angry, fun and anyone with an interest or commitment to modern anarchist movements should find a copy, spend some time with it and fall in love with the Black Mask group.

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MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

I was just in Paris. One of the many things I wanted to do while there was to see a movie. I am curious about French film audiences. They certainly have a great reputation of being big fans of cinema. Though I wasn't expecting it to be like hanging out with Henri Langlois at the Cinémathèque in the '60s or anything, I still wanted to experience it. I arrived with a list of possible movie theaters. When I picked up a copy of *Pariscope* the film listings were as slim as they are here. It was the same shit. Cinémathèque Française was having a Stanley Kubrick exhibit and screenings. So I decided to see the long version of **The Shining**. I have seen **The Shining** numerous times so seeing it again did not really excite me. When I arrived at Cinémathèque Française I discovered **The Shining** was sold out. I went to check out the Le Musée, the film history museum instead, but I still had my heart set on seeing a film in Paris.

A few days later while hanging out at a café with a few friends, one mentioned going to the opening of Le Desperado, a movie theater recently purchased by film director Jean-Pierre Mocky. Mocky bought the theater to show his films. According to my friend Mocky figured that promotion for films cost so much these days that it would be less expensive for him to buy a theater and show his films himself. Needless to say I was intrigued.

When I checked the film listings I saw that one of Mocky's latest films **Les Insomniaques** was scheduled for that night. That sounded good to me. However when I arrived at Le Desperado the film had been switched to **La Cité de l'indicible Peur** a film Mocky made in 1964 which I now know is considered one of his classics. It didn't really matter to me. Either way I was going to see the film. I had no idea how to buy a ticket at the box office, but I tried my best French. The confused woman selling the tickets reminded me that the film was in French. Yeah, I know.

I wish I could say all these years of watching French films suddenly made me understand French perfectly so I could follow the film with ease. That was not the case. **La Cité de l'indicible Peur** is the story of an escaped criminal and the attempt by a bumbling Clouseau-esque cop Inspector Triquet to track him down in a small French town. In the opening scene Triquet is preparing a meal in the police station. The criminal escapes from his beheading when another police officer stupidly puts his head under the stuck guillotine. What do you think happened to that cop? All that was easy enough to follow. It is when Triquet gets to the small town and everyone gets a bit more talky that I completely lose track of what is going on. However, there are still a few sight gags and some other odd stuff to entertain me.

Needless to say it was a really fun thing to do. Le Desperado has a cool atmosphere and unusual looking, but comfortable seats. Maybe I'll be able to track down some of Mocky's films with subtitles. (http://jpierre.mocky.free.fr)

Should a film replicate reality or should a film fantasize about it? If you're like me you would probably answer that it depends on the film. I like the story to seem plausible, but it doesn't really have to be possible. How's that for being indecisive?

Young Islands is a dramatic film that is filmed as if it possibly might be a documentary. It is a few days in the life of Corey. You walk the streets with him, experiencing what he does. There are some interesting moments, but mostly it is the mundane events of the day.

Corey wakes up at his friend Kenny's house. Kenny's mother prepares breakfast for them, and then Kenny has to head out to work. Corey doesn't want to go to his house so he wanders the streets. He gets recruited to play in a basketball game. He goes shopping at a flea market. He visits the grocery store where Kenny works and drinks milk out of the carton without paying for it. And so it goes.

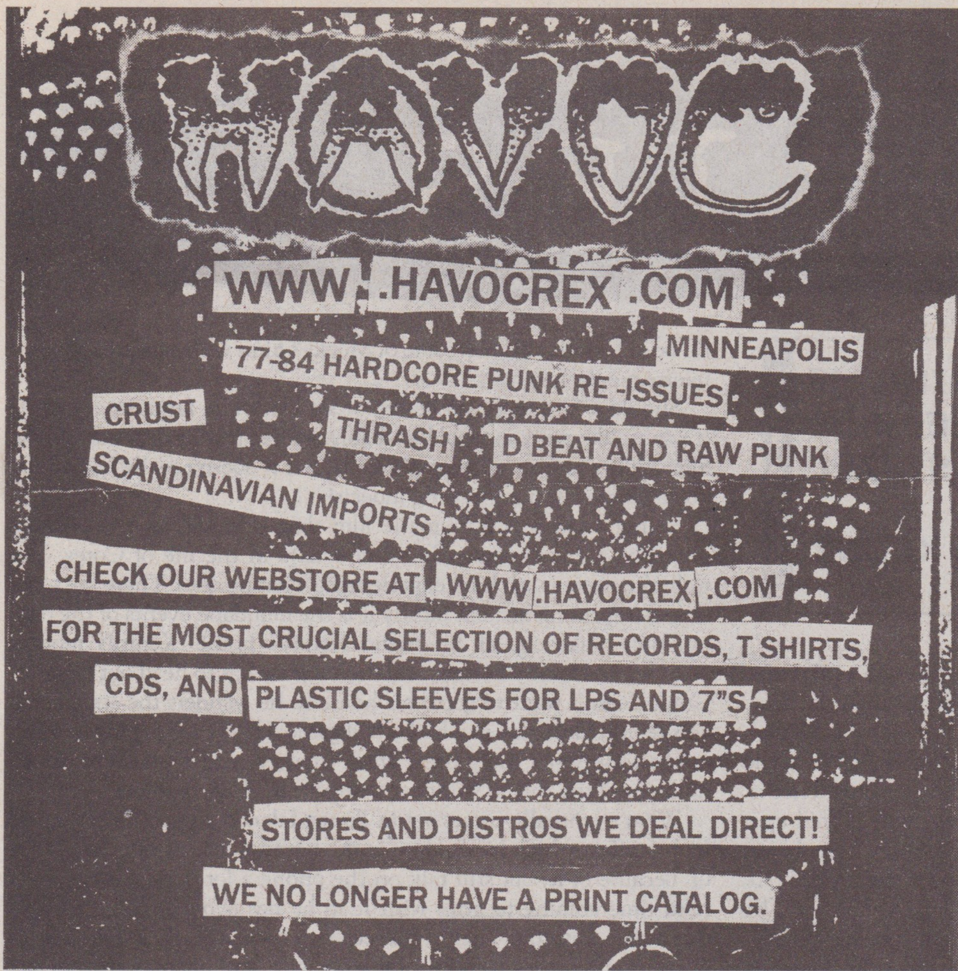
What eventually comes out in **Young Islands** is that Corey's father had an affair, which landed him in the hospital. His parents have split up because of it, but still talk on the phone a lot. Corey is having a hard time coming to grips with it so he has avoided going to visit dad at the hospital. Then it all seems to come together. There is an overriding sense of teenage obsession with and alienation from sex in Corey's life. There is his father's affair plus his hospitalization as a result of it as well as his mother's new boyfriend showing up around the house. There is a reoccurring presence of a prostitute on the street that Corey passes frequently. Corey finds naked pictures in Kenny's mother's bedroom. He also finds a photograph of a penis on the ground. Kenny's homosexual boss makes advances at the grocery store. Perhaps Corey even has repressed feelings toward Kenny. Corey's day seems so average because he's got other things on his mind.

While most of this is done organically so that the viewer may not be consciously aware of what is going on, I found it very hard to believe the attitude of the prostitute. At one point she simply seems bored of waiting on the street for her next john that she offers Corey a free blowjob. That doesn't seem likely. Corey seems like a nice guy and all, but I have to wonder if that would ever really happen. Perhaps this is one point where **Young Islands** blurs the line between reality and fantasy.

One of the DVD extras is a rambling self interview with writer-director Kevin Chenault that gives an interesting insight into what the film is about. It is mostly autobiographical. Chenault was inspired to write the story while watching **Hedwig and The Angry Inch**. Also the soundtrack features music from The Gizmos, Bon Vivants, Angel Corpus Christi and Hugh Cornwell. (http://youngislands.blackstrappictures.com)

We're still fighting to save San Francisco radio station KUSF. Check out savekusf.org for more information and to help out.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com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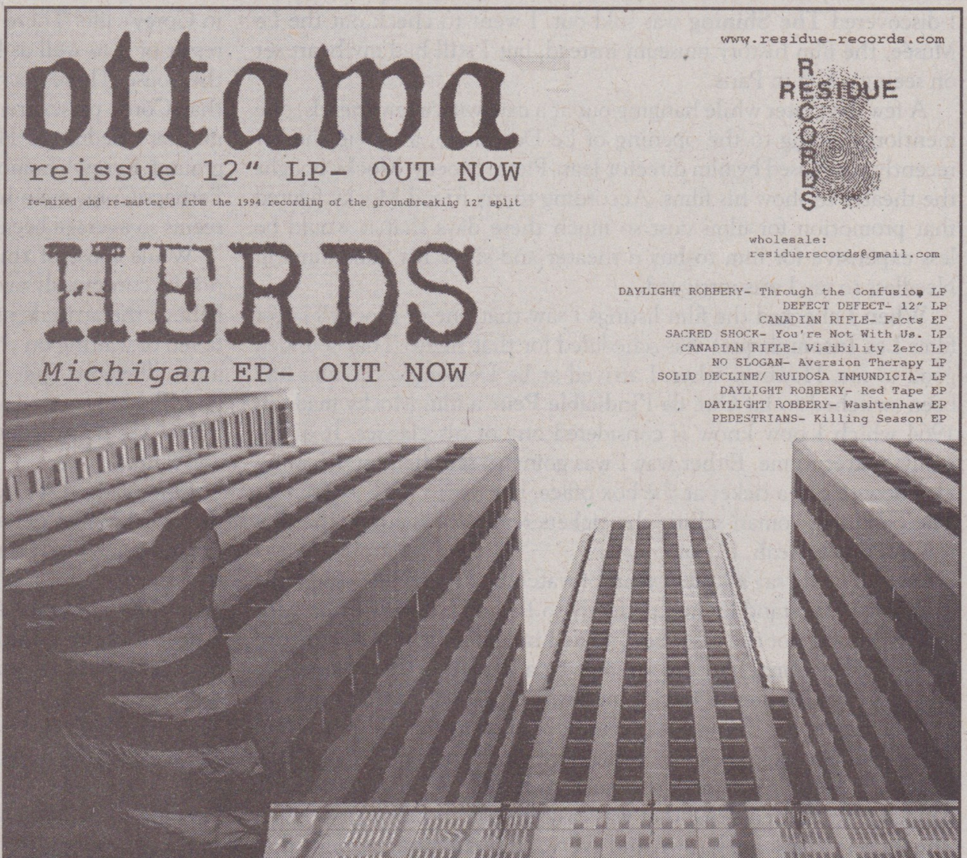
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RECORDS

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(JS) Jess Scott
(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(AU) Andrew Underwood

120 AND THE FIGHTING 68S – "Wallmart Anthems and Anarchy" CD

Lyrics from track six titled "High School Girls," "High School girl does everything I tell her / She doesn't know wrong from right / It doesn't matter." The rest of my review can pretty much go without saying. Total turd. Please someone with more energy than me; prank the hell out of this guy. (FS)
(Synicalist)

THE 255S / UNWELCOME GUESTS – split EP

UNWELCOME GUESTS, from upstate New York, play upbeat pop-punk/indie-rock, which in many ways reminds me of alternative rock bands from the late-'80s, back when alternative rock was an alternative. It's super hook driven with lead guitar licks all over the place and a little organ here and there. The second song, "Patience," just makes me think of a soundtrack to some movie starring Molly Ringwald and Anthony Michael Hall. The 255s, a British band, offer one track of pop-punk that has a bit of JAWBREAKER feel to it, though the vocals are about two octaves higher. (MD)
(Kiss of Death/Rordh)

DE AANSLAG – "De Puinhopen Van 8 Jaar Balkenende" LP

Dutch hardcore that sounds straight from the late '80s, like a faster version of German's SLIME or a Dutch AOD. I dig the singer and the tunes are cool, but the drumming and song structure is so one-dimensional it all sounds like one song. Kinda boring to be honest. (TB)
(Darcy Trash)

ABOLITIONIST – "At the Level of the Ear/Lies" EP

It's a weird thing how every time a band member is wearing a JAWBREAKER shirt on the back cover or insert photo, you're guaranteed the band will sound like JAWBREAKER. Every time! There is no other t-shirt that so easily forecasts a band's sound like the JAWBREAKER shirt. Well, maybe the BANE hoodie in the '90s. But anyway, ABOLITIONIST is a Portland band doing the JAWBREAKER thing, but a bit differently than most. They add a touch of PROPAGANDHI style politics to their poetic indie punk/rock. One of the songs is about the genocide in Rwanda, as well as the front cover and apparently 5% of this record's proceeds go to "Partners-In-Health." It's next to impossible to make proceeds off of a 7", but it's really cool they're trying to create something positive. Plus it's really refreshing to hear a band that does this style of music and plays songs that aren't exclusively about an ex-girlfriend. They're good, and if you're down with the JAW, I definitely suggest finding this. (FS)
(self-released)

AGATHOCLES / VIOLENT GORGE – split EP

The VIOLENT GORGE side of this is pretty much unlistenable, even by ultrarawbandonasplitwithAGATHOCLES-core standards. The snare sounds like a plastic bucket, it drives me crazy, otherwise, you know the drill; it's noisy lo-fi grind. I was actually listening to AGATHOCLES the other day, don't ask me what prompted me to do that, but this sounds different than the record I listened to, (The split LP with DRUDGE), this stuff almost sounds like some super fucked up black/grind/noise shit. I'm really into it, maybe think of GONKULATOR / BLACK MASS OF ABSU or something don't hold me to that though as I can't say any of that stuff is in high rotation lately at my house. If this is the new style these guys are laying down I might have to check out more. Oh shit, just realized I was listening to the wrong sides, so you can just reverse what I said for each band, the AGATHOCLES shit does suck, just as I remembered them; this actually makes the DRUDGE split seem brilliant in comparison. (AH)
(To Live A Lie)

ALE MANIA – "A. Who Sings that Beat?" LP

This is some new wave synth that is somewhat poppy, but not saccharine. This has definite GARY NEUMAN / DEVO / OINGO BOINGO / THOMAS DOLBY shit going on here, which I love. Some of these tracks are like the lost second sound track to *Forbidden Zone*. It reminds me of the old stuff from that Swedish band AUDIONOM mixed with some ARIEL PINK and CHRIS CONNELLY thrown in. The vocals are almost chanted and watery sounding by vocal effects—then suddenly they are crooning '80s new wave. This is all over the place, with some punk and garage moments and while I don't like all the stuff on here, I like most of it and it is interesting. I dig it, as this is exactly the kind of weirdo synth-y shit that I grew up with. You like NEW ORDER? This is for you. (MB)
(Volar)

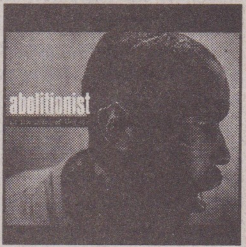
ALL WHEEL DRIVE – "Wszyscy Kolo Jechac" CD

Musically, this band is Portugal's answer to mid-period AFI, but even more produced and without anything to distinguish the songs from each other or anything else. Nothing else to say, really. (DG)
(No Pasaran)

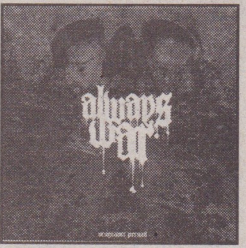
ALWAYS WAR – "Vengeance Prevail" CD

A CD in a cardboard slipcase with lame Deathwish records style photoshopped cover art; what a shocker this shit sucks. Metallic hardcore with lame mosh parts, I don't even know how to describe this, throaty vocals, maybe a little bit of ENTOMBED influence keeping it from being unbearable, but honestly anything beyond the mid-'90s in this genre is just lost on me. (AH)
(NAW)

THE 255s
&
UNWELCOME GUESTS



AGATHOCLES



Social Terror Fabrication
UNDER DARK FORCE

ANCHOR – "The Singles Collected" LP

One more instance of Sweden doing hardcore well. It's part TRIAL, part UNBROKEN, part pissed-off CARRY ON. I had heard that these dudes were good and they were on my list of bands to check out, but the vegan straight edge hardcore thing seems to have fallen off the last couple years. My mistake; it seems to be doing pretty well where ANCHOR are from. This record is a collection of songs that people like me might have missed when they were put out as EPs a few years ago. Oh yeah, it's on red vinyl. Collect it nerds. (BL)

(State of Mind)

ANTI-SYSTEM – "Discography" CD

Extensive re-issue of material from this UK anarcho-punk band. This CD features their 1982 demo, the *Defence of the Realm* EP from '83, 1984's *No Laughing Matter* LP, the *A Look At Life* 12" from '86 and various compilation tracks. I wasn't familiar with any of ANTI-SYSTEM's stuff outside of *Defence of the Realm* (probably their best release) before spinning this CD, but I must say their music was pretty great. At times they approached the intensity of DISCHARGE while maintaining a message similar to that of CONFLICT. Pretty much every one of their songs featured overtly political lyrics; animal liberation, war, poverty and famine were recurring themes. Some of the writing still holds up well, but other songs are dated (to be expected from a band of this sort) and incredibly heavy-handed. I'm not an apolitical person by any means, but really, do you need more than one song each about starving children, impending nuclear war and tortured animals per album? ANTI-SYSTEM definitely thought so, as it seems like the vast majority of their output was about those three topics. Also included in this package is a 44-page booklet that contains a wide array of interviews, clippings and photos and serves as a fine accompaniment to the tunes. If you were an original fan, this retrospective will be quite satisfying. For people unfamiliar with ANTI-SYSTEM, I can't fully recommend this discography as I had a hard time getting through it without losing interest. There is some great material on here, but for me the lyrics and vocals are so blatant that they border on being annoying. (KM)

(AntiSociety)

ANTI-SYSTEM – "A Look At Life" LP

FUCK YEAH!!! I love ANTI-SYSTEM, but I dropped the needle on this and heard the sweet strains of the song "Saint Vitus," by, obviously fuckin' VITUS bro! So yeah, this got sent with a fucking live bootleg of one of my favorite bands during their greatest era busting out all the hits, pre Wino era, fuckin' Reagers tearing it up for sure. Ok, well this appears to have supposed to be a reissue of the 12" with a couple of comp tracks on side B—I'm talking about the shredding metallic UK Anarcho band, not the ultimate mondo burnout band that is actually on the record. I will say that the reissue of ANTI-SYSTEM's shit is awesome, and since I already have all their stuff at home I can tell you it's worth picking this up, just make sure you have the right record in the sleeve. While you're at it pick up some SAINT VITUS. (AH)

(Antisociety)

APACHE DROPOUT – LP

This is a fun, jangle-y VELVET UNDERGROUND influenced record. It is groovy, makes your feet shuffle and your head shake back and forth. All that may sound like bullshit, but what can I say? That's what happened and I like this record anyway. Features former JOHN WILKES BOOZE singer Seth Mahern on drums. (CK)

(Family Vineyard)

ASOCIAL TERROR FABRICATION – "Under the Dark Force" EP

Ha, this is an easy one. I loved this record when I got it, and I still love it now. Barring the atmospheric intro, this is total late '80s Brit-core worship done impeccably. The classic high/low vocals, the driving but simple riffs, the tasteful blast beats and the muddy production all come together to create an EP that possibly excels the material that these crusties are inspired by. If you love the EXTREME NOISE TERROR and DOOM Peel sessions (best material by both, by the way) this is *the* record for you. Even if you're not familiar with that stuff and you just want the highest quality primitive crust money can buy, track this fucking record down. This is the aural equivalent of a head full of glue fumes and a gallon of scrumpy in a seedy alley around the corner from the Mermaid. Punx as fuck. (AU)

(Hardcore Survives)

ASOCIAL TERROR FABRICATION / EXIT HIPPIES – split EP

The three tracks from Japan's ASOCIAL TERROR FABRICATION are reminiscent of the late '80s crunchy crust of SHORT SHARP SHOCK-era CHAOS UK in rumbling attack, the rough hewn gruffness of DOOM in vocals, all run through a GLOOM-style Japanese noise punk filter. Totally blasting! On the flip Japan's EXIT HIPPIES' six tracks are a total trebly noise fest of distortion and feedback, feedback and distortion, distortion and feedback, feedback and distortion. Like early SWANKY'S broken into pieces of swirling near psychedelic noise and deconstructed hardcore. Both sides complement each other for a great split! (KS)

(Caps)

BAD CO PROJECT – "Mission Mohawk" CD

Back in the dark miserable depths of the early '90s we fuckin' loved OXYMORON. They were one of the first bands to resuscitate the sound of bands like the ABRASIVE WHEELS long before any bands were doing it in the US. The sound and look became almost comical, but the band's records have stood the test of time. This band is basically the same band; at least it's the singer Sucker who was always behind the wheel of OXYMORON. They have progressed a little more—think early RANCID—but still have hooks galore and the streetpunk menace that made his early band so great. I love this shit. Spiky tops? Take note. (TB)

(Joe Pogo)

BADDAT FOR TRUBBEL – "Det Har Ar Inte New York" LP

As a punk record aficionado, there are few things more exciting than finding a great record by an outta-nowhere new band. This is that sort of record…only better. In terms of international punk rock, I haven't been this wowed by a debut since EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING dropped their first A-bomb. Got your attention yet? Though Sweden's BFT shares little in terms of sound with ECSR, they share that same brand of confidence and pitch-perfect execution in what they do. And what is that, you ask? Well, imagine pairing a classic Euro *Killed By Death* sound (sung in Swedish, no less) with a lean toward pub rock and the amphetamine-fueled R&B that dominated the UK in the mid-'70s. While that might spell trouble for anyone unwilling to look past, I dunno, MASSHYSTERI for their Euro-punk fix, this amounts to nothing short of a fucking lightning bolt to the rest of us! It's refreshing to hear a band mining the sounds of the initial punk era but shrugging off the pose and fashion-aping, opting instead for legit soul and passion. No easy feat, my friends. There's not a single fucking dud among the fifteen tunes here, so singling any cuts out is a challenge. Check out the frantic "Fan Ta Dig" and the powerful, anthemic heart breaker "Jag Har Ingenting" for the purest, most effective distillation of this band's many strengths. I have not-so-silently been singing this band's praises since I first encountered them in late 2010 and, thankfully, a scant few copies of this LP have finally landed stateside. If you have any interest at all in hearing a neo-classic punk rock album, I implore you to check this LP out. Seriously…find this NOW. An absolutely perfect, jaw-dropping record. (MC)

(Punks Only)

THE BELLICOSE MINDS – "Tension Building" EP

This is the first EP from this Portland, OR band following up their celebrated five-song demo tape *Buzz or Howl Sessions* and this shit is awesome! Here we have four tracks, one of which is a rerecorded version of the track "Tension Building" that appeared on the aforementioned demo. There is an insert with their lyrics and a chiaroscuro photo of the band looking very Hammer Studios… Spooky. The lyrics have a political flavor to them as they deal with the ignorance of our nation, with statements like "I'd rather be angry and poor, than bitter and rich," and "the information age will have a bloody end." There is the same '80s goth, dark, cold/new wave post punk sound as their demo, but it sounds to me that the music has evolved some without losing its original edge and while I like how raw the demo is, this EP leaves nothing to be desired in the music department. Think BAUHAUS, *Pornography* era CURE, *Under en Sort Sol* era SODS and a darker CHAMELEONS. The recording is perfect for this sound; polished even, but you gotta be able to hear those keyboards, people, and the guitars weave in two very different sounds, one of which that still keeps a good lightly distorted buzz. The keyboard has great effect here and is an integrated part of the music that enhances the atmosphere they are building. The drums have solid JOY DIVISION-like timing and among the music make their presence known as relentless timekeeper, serving to harness the ethereal darkness (yeah, that sounds cheesy, but listen to the damn record, will ya?). My only complaint is that the vocals seem to have receded into the back round. They seem to be more sing song-y, softer and less enunciated, which reduces the punch of these tracks. The music is so metered, dark and strong, the vocals should be able to punch through somehow. Anyway, the guy has good pipes and should use them. Overall, I really

dig this record and if you like wearing black and like your punk gloomy and pissed, as I do, run out and get this! Now! (MB)
(Whisper in Darkness)

BEARTRAP – “Nailed Shut” EP

Did eight songs just fly by? BEAR TRAP could sit right alongside a handful of powerviolence or fastcore bands yet they play straight forward hardcore. They are spitting lots of venom and rage, and while I listen to this I feel like I’m being attacked and that’s a good thing. The lyrics fall somewhere between social and inter-personal. A sixteen song 7” that comes in at just under six minutes. They remind me a little of BRAINKILLER. If you want some new, fast, raging hardcore pick this one up. (MH)
(To Live A Lie)

BLACK MARKET BABY – “Potential Suicide” EP

Exciting. If it says anything about the material, this is likely the fifth or sixth version of it to be re-re-reissued over the years. As far as I can remember, this is the first reissue on 7” vinyl, here as a 4 song EP with their elusive *Potential Suicide* 45 on side A and early unreleased live versions of the two tracks from their test-press only *America’s Youth* 45, both originally released on Washington DC based Limp Records. I think it’s great this material is still hanging around in circulation, “Potential Suicide” is a bonafide melody punk classic, and the unreleased “Killing Time” is one of their best, even here as a live version. As long as it gets BLACK MARKET BABY into the hands of more kids, I’m down. (GB)
(Dr. Strange)

BLEACHED – “No Friend of Mine/Dazed”

The Clavin sisters of MIKO MIKA fame have a new band, which moves them on from that beach punk snottiness and into late DILS, or even RED KROSS territory. Sounds like *Girls in the Garage* takes on BEATLES 45s, it sort of feels throwaway in a bratty pop way, suburban transformations of the canon into trashy fun. I admit MIKA MIKO were one of my favorite bands so my expectations of this 45 were impossible to meet. At first I really didn’t care for it, but on repeated listens I like it a lot. It’s sort of got a TY SEGALL feel to it too, so I would say get this if you are at all intrigued by any of the above. I am a fan. (LG)
(Ooga Booga)

BORN BAD – “Total Bullshit” EP

Holy shit! This thing is ripping four blasts of total hardcore with some killer guitar work underneath the cacophony. A burly Midwest sound with a little more going on than the typical rehash shit—the sidelong track on side b is just crushing with some killer bass playing, and the GINN infused guitar really shining through. I’ve read past reviews that mention extremely shitty recordings, but this is the first I’ve heard and it is awesome, track this shit down immediately. (AH)
(Home Invasion)

BORN BAD / DURESS – split EP

I don’t know why we got this so fucking late, but I am glad it made it to the *MRR* compound and into my mitts cuz this record fucking rips. Winnipeg Canadians BORN BAD delivers two tracks of some ugly as fuck early-’80s in origin pissed off hardcore, yes, in the vein of NEGATIVE APPROACH, but, no, it’s not some shitty rip off that will lead you looking for your *Tied Down* LP. The music is pretty much fast all the way though and unrelenting leaving you feeling like you have to catch your breath. There is a sweet floor punchy moment at the end of their second track “Ingrate” that kills it for me, with the rhythm section pounding on as the guitar solos (not obnoxiously) into some messy as shit sonic noise (again, not obnoxious like the Mysterious Guy HC noise-for-fucking-noise shit). The vocals will get you wet…with spit that is, because this sounds like his mouth and tongue are in a battle with each other over which is angrier. The DURESS side is just as p.o.’d and fast, but these tracks change up the tempo. While these songs mostly fluctuate between fast as shit HC and heavy breakdowns (with a tiny hint of youth crew), there is definitely some fucking around with their transitions that make their chunky hardcore different than most. The vocals are clear but growling and yelled with full force. This is nasty, menacing and mean. I bet lots of shit gets broken at their shows, including bones. I wish there were some lyrics here, because I bet they would be a fun read. Both bands are recorded well, with just enough blown out fuzz, but not so much that it’s indecipherable. Ups to DURESS for thanking “no man,” and simply stating “straightedge.” Straightedge is still pissed and here is the proof. Unfortunately, word on the street is that both of these bands are done. Bummer. This record slays. Wish there was more! (MB)
(Home Invasion)

BOTOX RATS / MODERN ACTON – split EP

This is yet another solid 7” release from this relatively new punk rock label that is blowing up!! With local California boys MODERN ACTION on one side and London, England’s most reviling punks BOTOX RATS on the other, this is a top-notch 7”! The MODERN ACTION side is more of a mellow, mid-tempo ode to the perils of “livin life from the bottom of a baggie or a bottle of gin.” And on the BOTOX RATS side, the music is a little more abrasive and in your face with the snotty vocals warning of the vile, “nasty business” that the BOTOX RATS engage in… (ML)
(Modern Action)

ВРЕДИТЕЛИ – “Hardcore 2010” – flexi EP

Goddamn flexi discs! The needle is sort of bouncing up and down at the beginning of the first track. Argh! OK, now it’s catching on and…wait a second…what year was this recorded, 2010 or 1983? This fucking rules! Pronounced VREDITELY (translation: PESTS), this Russian hardcore outfit sure loves the early ’80s European HC sound. Bands like PROPAGANDA, WRETCHED, and INFERNO come to mind, and the somewhat raw fidelity (and even the shitty flexi format) gives the tunes on this nine track EP quite an authentic feel. And supposedly there are some members of GERM ATTAK from Canada in this band? Crazy. Get this! (BG)
(Drunk With Power)

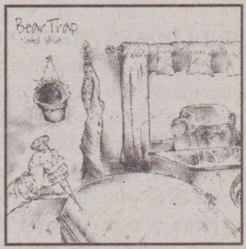
BRAINWAVES – “Can’t Take It” EP

It’s too bad this is a posthumous release, because this record rules and leaves you wanting more than the three short, frantic songs conveyed in this EP. BRAINWAVES were from Australia and played a ’90s DC style of punk. Incredibly gritty guitars, lyrics that are spit out rather than sung. It’s very raw and hectic. Sounds a lot like the stuff that’s been coming out of Canada these days with the likes of BAYONETTS and WHITE LUNG. Good stuff, well worth tracking down. (FS)
(self-released)

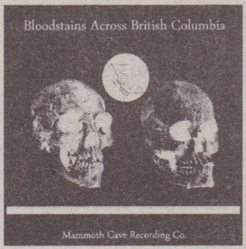
BROKEN WATER – “Peripheral Star” LP

This LP is beautifully inconsistent. Each track is like a tiny plump cake. The first track, “Peripheral Star” is red velvet. The flavor is made that much more tart by the restrained and somehow soaring vocals. It’s a classic shoegaze track, paying tasteful homage to the genre’s classics. “Heartstrings” is more driving and poppy, so I’ll say this is the confetti cake. We experience two vocalists on this track, which sounds a bit like a less obnoxious Thurston Moore backed by Marion Coutts—quite lovely. Side A ends with what I think I’ll call the urinal cake, as it is the toughest song on the album and sounds a bit like NU SENSAE. (By this I imply only that NU SENSAE are a couple of badasses that would probably make their enemies eat a urinal cake, not that they are made of or covered in urine). But, now it’s time to talk about the B-side, which is more often than not, the very best side

MISSION MOHAWK
FROM THE ASHES OF OXYMORON
NEWS
BAD Co.
PROJECT
Beware of Bad Company
BERLIN ROCKE



BLACK MARKET BABY
DSR 126


Bloodstains Across British Columbia
Mammoth Cave Recording Co.

of any vinyl release. "Kansas" is an epic ass-kicker that takes its time fucking you until your drooling-stupid and then fades away like your lovely ghost-mom, blowing kisses in the air and waving goodbye. So, this track shall be dubbed the black forest cake, as it is mysterious and gorgeous and takes an eternity to digest. And finally, the closer, "Okane No" is the most perfect track to end on. Bizarre dissonant guitar riffage? A borderline jazzbo bassline? More of the lovely DOG FACED HERMANS vox-stylings? Strawberry shortcake. I'm in heaven. (HD)
(Perennial)

BULLDOZER / REVILERS – split EP

For fans of melodic, slightly hardcore-tinged streetpunk, this tasty slab-o-wax will be right up your alley with a double-dose of killer punk rock! REVILERS from Boston and BULLDOZER from Barcelona, Spain both bring the tough guy attitude to the table with enough catchy riffs and guitar hooks to please almost everyone! I don't know if I've heard a split recently that had two better-suited bands together. Both play an up-tempo and aggressive, yet melodic rock'n'roll with gruff vocals and catchy guitars that will leave you wanting more than the two measly songs from each of these bands. Definitely check out both of these bands out and let's hope to see more from each of them soon!! (ML)
(Contra / Common People)

BURNING ITCH – "Me, Myself & I" EP

I'd slot BURNING ITCH's debut 7"EP pretty fuckin' high against the past five or so years worth of singles. It has that intangible, crave-worthy collector vibe goin' on that I'm a sucker for every time. Twenty years from now, when children are born, the next wave of rarities comps will be downloaded directly into their brain's hard drive via vaginal wi-fi… and that single will be on it. Will this one, his second or third single, accompany it? Well, it's not *quite* as impressive as the debut, but it's certainly no slouch either. What we have here is primo burn-out punk rock, slightly damaged but extremely catchy. I'd be curious to hear what this dude could do with a full band, but why fuck with things if the formula works? One tune, one side, no fucking bullshit. A winner! (MC)
(Leather Bar)

BUTCHER COVER – "Winged" EP

Dragged out drugged up "hardcore" "music" that's sort of got a Gravity records appeal, through the smeared lens of Load records. It's savage and falling apart with cretinous vocals and a super buried loathsome guitar solo somewhere. It sounds like people from the past appearing in the future and giving it a go on their own terms. Cave man with a cellphone. This is super awesome, like the VOMIT VISIONS of '00s hardcore! Get it and feel the wrath of your ridiculous existence. (LG)
(self-released)

BUYER'S REMORSE – "A Thorough Analysis" EP

This sounds like a less-good HOT SNAKES. I mean, it's not terrible and they seem to have some decent ideas buried in the terribly obtuse lyrics, but all these songs sound like outtakes from *Automatic Midnight*. Also, they have a song against museums, which seems like an odd battle to pick at a time when the United States is engaged in three wars and a major party is willing to literally shut down the government in order to prevent women having access to health care, but I guess my priorities can't be everyone's. Definitely recommended for fans of the HOT SNAKES. (AU)
(Commodity Fetish)

THE BUZZ – "Insanity" EP

Some old treasures recently dug up by the Indiana Jones of punk rock, Sing Sing records. By looks of the cover these old school mullet farmers seem to hail from the late '70s, I could look it up, but you ain't here for a history lesson and I ain't about to give you one. These three tracks of punk rock are catchier than sailor without a condom. It's got an almost Canada meets Northern Ireland feel, which basically means it's got sugar appeal without losing that "I will give you a severe hiding" charm. POINTED STICKS meets the STARJETS meets the UNDERTONES. (SD)
(Sing Sing)

CALIFORNIA 82 – "El Fin De Tu Cuidad" EP

Despite the name, this band are not in fact from California, nor are they from 1982; Spain 2011 in fact. The record, on the other hand, could easily hail from that dark period in music history. From the picture on the back, the group are going for a NEW YORK DOLLS / HANOI ROCKS look (although not as poutingly sexy), and musically, their songs have more in common with early VAN HALEN or RATT than any punk bands. However, there's something about the rawness of the recording and the sloppiness of the singing and playing that, intentionally or not, draws comparisons to by-the-numbers punk of the period. I thought I was going to hate this; I ended up enjoying it considerably. The first song on the B-side, "A Tope De Rock And Roll," is a killer SoCal glam-punk jam with Rikk Agnew style guitar leads. It's a strange record to be hearing in this day and age. (AM)
(Discos Coyote)

CAPITALIST CASUALTIES – "Live in Nagoya" LP

When a band has been active for decades and is pretty much *the* band for the genre of music they play, there is only so many ways to review a live record. If you like CAPITALIST CASUALTIES buy the fucking record, you know it's good. I can nitpick that sometimes I feel like the bass isn't high enough in the mix or the kick drum is a little loud but it's a solid recording and accurately represents what they sound like live. At least I think so, usually when I see them I'm trashed and on the receiving end of a lot of stage dives. For the baby punks out there, or people who don't like them (why are you still reading this?), who maybe aren't familiar with this band or powerviolence in general, this is a ripping collection of favorite songs from the catalogue of a venerable West Coast powerviolence band. Their music is characterized by fast and chaotic guitars that sometimes slow down and get moshy. The vocals are screamed in short, fast barks like your favorite '80s hardcore and lyrics are aggressive denunciations of modern culture, government, and personal behavior. If this sounds a lot like some band that you like, chances are they are fans of this band. (BL)
(Big Red)

THE CAPITALISTS KIDS – "Too Big To Fail" CD

Putting drawn images of the SCREECHING WEASEL and QUEERS logos, along with a RAMONES and what I think is a GREEN DAY poster (and a couple of other pop punk references I should probably know, but don't) on the cover of *your* album might give some the wrong idea. Or in this case, the right one… With their influences unable to be worn any more blatantly on their sleeve (no pun intended), this record sounds pretty much exactly like how you'd expect. Though there are occasional, subtle nudges to a more unique sound that I don't think it would hurt to exploit further. (GG)
(Grackle)

CENTER ZA DEHUMANIZACIJO – "Demonstracije '87" LP

This is a vinyl reissue of the 1987 self-titled cassette release by this long-running Slovenian punk band. Over the years (I think they're still going?) they have dabbled in different styles (including *acapella*—YouTube "CZD No Money"), but this recording found them in an artsy, post-punk mood—quirky, shambolic DIY punk falling somewhere between the RONDOS and the FALL. There are some bona fide hits on here: the B-side kicks off with "Partizani," a longtime mixtape fave. Musically this is enjoyable and packed with ideas, but I find I enjoy this kind of thing more when I can understand the lyrics. (AM)
(Subkulturni Azil Maribor)

THE CHERRY BOMBERS / SPACE FUZZ – split EP

The CHERRY BOMBERS play a sort of punk rock that at times seems totally out of control, but always manages to maintain a certain catchiness. I'm generally a fan of female vocals; I like them sugary sweet, but I also like them when they are tough as nails and badass, as is the case here. This one is dark. You can just imagine these guys in a smoky club with low ceilings. SPACE FUZZ is similar, in that it also seems totally out of control. SPACE FUZZ doesn't manage to bring it all back together, at least not for me. Their first cut was just difficult to listen to. The second track, "Bill Fuckin' Murray," got me paying attention again. The CHERRY BOMBERS were two for two. SPACE FUZZ went one for two. (KK)
(Helltunes)

CHROMATIC BLACK – CD

Ah, those crazy Europeans. CHROMATIC BLACK have taken the histrionics, matching costumes (of sorts), and rock'n'roll of the Scandinavians the (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY, and TURBONEGRO, and well, done their own thing. Color coordinated suits and leather outfits. They don't have the politics or sass of (I)NC, and don't rock quite the way TURBONEGRO do (well, who does). But, when they get going, tis rather fine, and judging from the pictures on the sleeve, looking suitably deranged, in a way that perhaps only the French-Canadians can match. Well worth tracking down. (RK)
(Ok! Good)

CIDER – "3rd Reichord, 19 Years" EP

The insert refers to CIDER's style as "Talentless baby music," and I think that's quite fitting, but this is just good light-hearted (in a not-serious way, not

cutesy or sweet), knuckle-dragging, meat'n'taters hardcore, the way it should be. I never realized until now how much CIDER reminds me of early AGNOSTIC FRONT. It's got that same raw and scrappy, sloppy charm and no-bullshit/no-real-musical-talent-either approach that those AF records had, (which are some of the greatest records ever made, btw). (JU)
(SPHC)

THE COATHANGERS – "Larceny and Old Lace" CD
OK, according to the internets this band is considered "thrashy" and into "fucking shit up." If this is what passes as that, I am bummed. It's like if RED AUNTS got incredibly boring. I keep doing that thing where you try to figure out what would fix something, but nothing works. Like, they should speed this up just a little bit... no, that's not it... They should be more fuzzed out... no. It just sounds like normal indie rock with bratty vocals. They just sound like they're kind of weird but they wanna make it big. Like something that corporate America would describe as "edgy." (MM)
(Suicide Squeeze)

COKE BUST – "Degradation" EP
DC's COKE BUST delivers the goods once again here with six more *blllasting* hyper-fast rippers of thrashing straightedge hardcore, not without a few crew shouts and breakdowns sprinkled throughout. From the first note, the A-side hammers away until the needle lifts and picks right up when it drops on the B-side and continues on until the lower-to-mid-paced final track, "Deathbed" carries it home. Into this record. (JU)
(Grave Mistake)

CÒLERA / RATOS DE PORÃO – split LP
Thanks to Nada Nada and Spicoli records out of Brazil you can now own a copy of this extremely fucking rare record from two classic Brazilian bands. In all honesty, I hate live records and only a few have been able to keep me listening the whole way through and this disc is definitely one of those releases. I have always been a fan of both these bands, and there are songs on this that are not on any other release and that alone makes it worth buying. The bonus to this all is that there are extra tracks thrown in and that gets me fucking crazy! If you already own a copy you might as well grab this version for all the extra stuff. "Nao Me Importo" by R.D.P. is amazing! Còlera does what Còlera does so well, punk with enough aggression to make you clench your fist but then they add plenty of melody to get everyone bouncing off the fucking walls. Great!!!! (MS)
(Nada Nada / Spicoli)

THE CONNIES – "Wounds" CD
With a name like the CONNIES, I was expecting an all girl RAMONES style band. Instead, this is more songwriter styled punk meets power pop—a bit like KEVIN K meets RICHARD HELL meets JOHNNY THUNDERS without the drug dependency. I guess they are somewhat local too. This is pretty good; it has USA 1980 written all over it musically. (RL)
(Radio Galaxy)

COSMONAUTS – LP
Swirling distorted psych, bulldozed along by pounding primitive drums, fuzzed out vocals, all glued together with a heavy spaced out guitar drone. If that ain't all the ingredients for record of the month my name is Prince bloody William. Imagine if you will the best of THEE OH SEES jamming deep with MOON DUO, with the aid of some sort of retro type drug that only Brace Belden knows the name of, and you would almost be right on the money. Heavy, without losing one single hook, repetitive without being the least boring and shamelessly stepped in the glory years of acid rock without being a boring regurgitating hipster. Be warned, this record will give you a contact high. (SD)
(Burger / Permanent)

CRIPPLED OLD FARTS – "So Thorn Inside" EP
OK, so this might not be the first choice of names I would come up with for a band, but this seven-track EP rips pretty hard so I can't knock it. These Frenchmen play superb traditional hardcore with cool lyrics, sung in English, and carry of vibe of being the real deal. No hipster shit to be found here, just timeless hardcore with a touch of punk rock that brings to mind early D.O.A or more recent shit like CIVIC PROGRESS and VIOLENT MINDS. Looks like this is their second release, the first effort being a split 12" with a band called UNLOSTIC, and I'm sure I'm not the only one who wants to track that down after hearing this sucker. *Fantastique!* (BG)
(Shogun)

CROSS RAGE – "Cross Rage" EP
Here's a new record from some of the folks who brought you such bands as BORN BAD and UNDER PRESSURE. Things begin with a bang on "Cross Rage" and "Intro/Don't Pray," two songs that sound so much like GOVERNMENT WARNING / DIRECT CONTROL, I had to check the record to make sure to make sure Brandon Ferrell wasn't behind this whole affair (he's not, but this is a No Way release, so it's hardly surprising that the aforementioned are a big influence). Anyways, this is fun and catchy and rages, and if you're already a fan of the No Way catalog, you won't be disappointed. (JH)
(No Way)

THE CUTE LEPERS – "Adventure Time" CD
Glammed up, diet BRIEFS sound. Yes I know that's a cheap shot, but eh, not to mention the similarity would be like ignoring your Grandma if she flashed her tits at the Christmas dinner table—hard to do. Fair doses of X-RAY SPEX and BOYS loving combined with plenty of female "ooooh" and "ahhh" back-ups make for a fun enough good time record, even though this formula has already been played out pretty much within an inch of its being. (GG)
(1-2-3-4 Go!)

THE CYCLOPS / EL PUNTO DEVIL – split EP
Both bands on this split are from Spain and play fast and pissed off hardcore punk with a bit of crust thrown in there. I like both sides. The EL PUNTO DEVIL side is faster and has that chunky and driving aspect of D-beat that just doesn't stop. The CYCLOPS side is more nuanced and has a more punk rock guitar style with some gang vocals. Both bands are doing something right. (BL)
(Ecocentric / Fiferro Records / El Lokal Distruidora / Helldrivers)

THE DARK RAGS – "Drunken Angel" CD
This is on the lighter, poppier side of garage rock. The band is from Greece but the singer has that LA hipster TOM WAITS influenced croon down pretty good. The lyrics are about being drunk and lonely, with a basic down and out feel to them. The guitar work is pretty repetitive so the songs kind of drag on. It could be livened up with more parts, they are perfectly capable of writing competent riffs. It's nothing you haven't seen before but it is put together solidly. (BL)
(self-released)

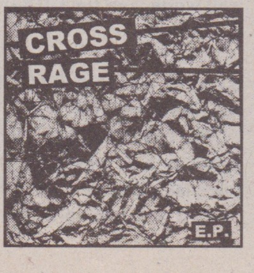
D-CLONE / NERVESKADE – split EP
Nagoya, Japan's D-CLONE blast three high-octane doses of in-the-red noise outs with screamed vocals, feedback soaked guitars and rumbling drums. There's an ALLIANCE-styled brief melodic passage in the middle track, but beyond that it's an extreme high-energy torrent of total distortion and blown out noisy hardcore. Killer! Portland's NERVESKADE pick up much more of the VORKREIGSPHASE by way of LEBENDEN TOTEN mechanical 1-2 drum overkill which dominates this recording over subdued guitars and shouted vocals. While riveting, their

BURNING ITCH
ME, MYSELF & I

California 82
EL FIN DE TU CIUDAD

CIDER APPRECIATION SOCIETY
CLEVELAND
Declare your independence from big business
presents...

COKE BUST
DEGRADATION E.P.



LP's take on a more standard DISORDER attack seemed a tad more explosive. Released for the bands combined Japan tour, includes a poster of all the flyers for the gigs. (KS)
(Hardcore Survives)

DEAD ACES – "Best of Luck In Your Future Endeavors" CD

They gave me CDs to review this month and they don't fail to *suck*. This here is some weak ass clean sounding pop punk under the guise of Oi. There's even some crappy intro with a phone call of a dude not getting hired at Target for talking about unions. Is he for them or against them? Who gives a fuck! Hopefully he's mopping piss at Taco Bell. Fuck the working class. Working sucks and I don't want to sing about it. Go die! (RO)
(self-released)

DEAD HEARTS – "A Death in the Family" EP

Octave chords, screaming, discontent heart-on-the-sleeve type lyrics, huge production, crew vocals…all the hallmarks of the current style of "hardcore" that is popular with the high school/mall set these days. Not that these fine folks aren't D'ing-I-Themselves or anything, I have no idea. I'm simply stating that the sound is mall-core, like a heavier HAVE HEART or something similar. (JU)
(State of Mind)

DEAN DIRG – "Verpisst" LP

Every time I hear this band I'm stoked. Super catchy German punk sung in English, sounding like a less tricky early FUCKED UP. Maybe it's just the vocals? The music is classic early '80s So Cal hardcore like the ADOLESCENTS or some shit, this has a similar tough vibe to label mates PRESS GANG too…. Ill shit. (TB)
(Hardware).

DEATH FIRST – "Trapped" EP

I'd love to be proven wrong, but DEATH FIRST seems to be one of the very few current hardcore bands whose lyrics are unique and actually worth reading and thinking about, as opposed to just an afterthought to fit the music. This time around, Jessi addresses topics including: a significant other threatening suicide as a means of manipulation, the fleeting and insincere outpour of aid that came with 9/11, and the present trend of sketchy punk dudes making reverb-filled music and "offensive" art. Musically, this improves on the NAUSEA / DETESTATION / ANTIPRODUCT-inspired sound of their demo and first 7", and has them shifting slightly in an early '00s melodic crust direction with riffs that are sometimes morose and other times livid, but still keeps all of Dan's great leads (that they can now fully play live, with the recent addition of a second guitarist). They also seems to have a knack for matching their lyrics to the feelings conveyed by individual songs, which drives their points home even further. This record is well worth your time. (DG)
(Destroy Me)

DEATH WITH A DAGGER – "On the Edge of the Unknown" LP

The band's name is ridiculous, as is the cover art, which is like something you'd see on a third-rate role-playing game from 1983. The first track is all right, if you like up-tempo metal influenced by the early days of IRON MAIDEN and HELLOWEEN. They can't match this level of songwriting the rest of the way, except on the longer, mid-tempo track "Mother Vulture." Even the best songs would barely earn this LP a place alongside my lesser metal records. The rest of the record doesn't have too much to recommend it, lacking drive, hooks, or even inspiring lyrics. The record is produced well, and once you open the gatefold it looks nice inside. (JM)
(Svart)

DESTRUCT – "New American Nightmare" LP

Starting with an intro of campaign promises of Candidate Obama that have been unfulfilled under his presidency—to close Guantanamo Bay, to end the Iraq War—Southern California's DESTRUCT draw a line between the promises of politicians and the reality of their lies. It's a murkier message than the clearer cut anti-Reagan bands of the '80s, as the politics are more textured by the deep, point checking partisan division, and sometimes flail on the confusing road that seemingly has the American public completely at the mercy of the "Independent voters." There's anger at the government, it's inefficiency and outright lies, but without a real direct plan of thought or what's going on beyond being pissed off. No fault of just being pissed off in punk rock though, and while the lyrics are kind of similarly scattershot, their heart's in the right place. Musically eleven tracks of UK Brit-punk influenced hardcore I'd generously peg towards a crude but fun facsimile of BATTALION OF SAINTS without the solos on a good day. On a bad day just lump them in with the basic assembly line of charged, bullet-belted UK via LA of the last 25 years. It's all in all a solid and good listen of total two-fingers-in-the-air punk rock of resistance, anger, and shouted sing-a-longs!! But next time—glue sticks not photoshop!!! (KS)
(Voltage)

DIE LAST – "OSTATNI" CD

I believe this band is from Poland. The back of the cover says 2009, so I'm not sure if this just came out, got lost in the shuffle or if the mail is just that slow. A few weeks ago I was listening to some of the DEZERTER reissues and this is pretty far removed for that sound. This is pretty much straight up the alley of AT THE DRIVE-IN late nineties post-emo-hardcore with maybe a touch of early ENVY. They do the pretty quiet parts and transition into the loud distorted parts with mostly sung vocals and the obligatory screeching back up vocal. That being said, they do it very well. Worth a listen and I really like the pencil drawing artwork. (MD)
(No Pasaran)

DISABLE / WARVICTIMS – split EP

A double dose of DISCLOSE-worshipping raw punx bands. What's not to like? DIABLE have a bunch of energy and some really fucking raw solos buried under their D-beat onslaught. Plus I love the high-pitched vocals. This isn't exactly going to stand out from the crowd, but I love this shit when it's done well and with sincerity and these guys have it nailed the fuck down. I'll be keeping an eye out for them in the future. WARVICTIMS (the UNHOLY GRAVE of D-beat split 7"s) return with some more of the usual. For what it's worth, I kind of feel like now that we have ELECTRIC FUNERAL I don't need to hear this band so much any more. These tracks aren't terrible by any means, but I feel like these guys are too productive for their own good and there's nothing here that really stands out from their other dozens of releases. If you're a fan, you're a fan, but I would pick this up on the strength of the DISABLE side. (AU) (Charged//Distorted)

DOW JONES AND THE INDU$TRIAL$ – "Can't Stand The Midwest" EP

Having spent a year at Purdue in West Lafayette, Indiana during the '90s dark ages, it still boggles my mind anything even remotely this rad could've come out of the same boring corn town way back in 1979. But grooves don't lie, and DOW JONES' "Can't Stand The Midwest" remains thee most enduring Midwest punk rock anthem ever waxed. If you're looking for more of the same, you won't find it here, as that song remains an anomaly in DOW JONES' adventurous late '70s punk wave output. Thankfully for me, I love their other stuff: Pop-minded jagged DIY nerd wave with analog synths and the occasional aggro freak-out. Lafayette's local Family Vineyard records promises to release their complete discography later this year, so this will have to tide you over unless you've got a stack of $20s to drop on an original copy of their split LP with the GIZMOS. Limited to 700 copies. (GB)
(Family Vineyard)

END OF A YEAR – "The Sorrowful and Immaculate Heart of Emmanuela Orlandi" EP

I'd never heard of this upstate New York band, but after doing a little research, it appears they have released a lot of material including records on Revelation and Deathwish. I guess I'm out of the loop. I haven't heard those records, so I can't offer comparisons. For a band named after an EMBRACE song, you'd think revolution summer DC style hardcore, and the music certainly leans that way with a nod to later RITES OF SPRING. The vocals are spoken/shouted and remind me of a hoarse version of NATIVE NOD. Interesting lyrics about the Pope and the unsolved disappearance of a Vatican City citizen. Main complaint, the lyrics are a pain to read. Three songs, which peaked my interest enough to search out more. (MD)
(Disposable Culture)

EVIL TED AND THE THICK PINK ANTISEPTIC – "Inspired" EP

The cover of this record has a picture of a guitar setup with pink fake fur wrapped around the cab, and an abundance of beer cans and bottles littering the floor in front of it, which pretty much sums up what's contained herein. This band plays no-frills bar punk with irreverent lyrics about topics such as the singer's wife not liking punk rock, and all those damn slugs in the garden. There are also a couple of more serious songs, one being about condos threatening Alaska's farmland. This record is definitely not for people that take themselves too seriously, but if you like your punk fun or even silly just once in a while, you might get a kick out of it. (DG)
(self-released)

FP – "Pedres Contra Planetes" LP

This instantly confuses me. All the words appear to be in Spanish, and some of them I even know, but this isn't the Spanish I learned in school or various kitchens across America. This certainly is not any

kind of Spanish spoken in Latin/South America, but it’s also not the *Spanish* Spanish they speak in say, Barcelona or Madrid. Yes, my brain be confused! Language or dialect aside, FP plays polished pop punk with a strong LEATHERFACE influence. Will fans of LEATHEFACE like this? I can’t say, as I really don’t like that band. I’d recommend this to anyone into fast pop punk à la Fat Records or ’90s Epitaph bands. (BD)
(Hang the DJ)

FREDAG DEN 13:E – “Under Iskalla Fanor” CD

I don’t know what the hell the name means but this band is rad. The music is a rock’n’rolled up aggressive crust sound that really grew on me fast. It struck me as a good way to make crust more melodic without resorting to screamo-sounding guitar leads. I’m a fan of Scandinavian crust in general but this a jazzy toe-tapping yet heavy variation of it that hits my musical palate in a few other places as well. I need to feed the lyrics into a Swedish to English translator to figure out what they are yelling about, but preliminary signs point to me being stoked on this band. (BL)
(Black Seed)

FROZEN TEENS / STREET LEGAL – split 7”

This record is fantastic. Both bands put out really good demos last year, and are now sharing this record for their vinyl debut. FROZEN TEENS come to us from the butt-flap capital of the US, Minneapolis. They play are catchy-as-fuck style of rock’n’roll punk. Real intense guitar riffs, they just cut right through you. It’s in the school of MARKED MEN and/or COLA FREAKS. They’re stuff is really good, and totally worth picking up, but some of their best songs are not on this. Look out for future releases. Hope that happens. On the flip side, STREET LEGAL fucking destroys. Between them and the Studded Bird, Kansas City is looking really exciting these days. STREET LEGAL plays a real dark, bleak, gritty style of punk; sung with the strained vocal of a tired living; but the enthusiasm of wide-open possibility. If you’re still listening to SPITBOY, you’ll love this shit! Great split EP, heavily recommended. (FS)
(Shut Up)

THE FRUSTRATORS – “Griller” EP

This pains me to do this as I have much, much respect for Dr. Strange Records for all that they have done for punk rock… but this is *not* good at *all*!! So what if this band includes Mike Dirnt of GREEN DAY fame. That might mean that this will probably fly off the shelves of Hot Topic and I wouldn’t be surprised to hear it on your local FM rock station. Does that alone make this suck? Nope. What makes it suck is the fact that these songs have absolutely no balls or energy or redeeming value. They are soft, boring, mid-tempo ballads that aren’t even interesting. Sorry Doc. (ML)
(Dr. Strange)

FUCK ON THE BEACH – “Eat ‘Em All” CD

It’s been over ten years since Tokyo fastcore maniacs FUCK ON THE BEACH’s two LPs on Slap-A-Ham, and five since their last solo 10” release on Germany’s RSR records. Guitarist, vocalist and larger-than-life personality Tsuyoshi has always remained the constant in F.O.B and the sound recalls those original records—short blasts of fast, blast beat driven hardcore with quick, scalding vocal trade offs and shouted choruses. The music has tightened up considerably in the intervening years with a precision attack that really favors it. The eleven and a half minute rampages here still have the feel and some of the wackiness of their early records, but the delivery is so professionally solid and speedy. It definitely merits fans of the shorter, faster and louder revisiting the band as each track wears the snare drum head thin, the vocal chords raw and leaves fingers probably bleeding as it blasts at another, refined level than previous releases! Even the packaging seems a little more serious than the party pix collage wildness of their other records, making for one of the band’s strongest release yet. Killer!!! (KS)
(HG:Fact)

FULL RAINBOW – Revolution Binge/Blackout Race

So, if you had been a fan of SORELY TRYING DAYS, take notice, as they have changed their name to FULL RAINBOW. The name threw me for a loop—I totally expected over-instrumentalized whiney emo shit, but I am pleased to report that couldn’t be further from the truth here. This Indiana three piece plays some grungy ’90s style stoner rock not unlike FU MANCHU, with hints of HELMET and the like. These guys would be right at home on a split with SUN GOD. Pack up that bowl, smoke down, and get ready to rock. (BD)
(self-released)

FY FAN – “Ingen Framtid” EP

Holy *shitttttt*… these Swedes have turned up the fuckin’ heat. I dig the fuck outta this band with their raw-and-fast-is-better approach to hardcore. Taking the best parts of abrasive Swede and Finn-core like a more modern TOTALITAR or ASOCIAL mixed with frantic Japanese influenced gear like FRAMTID. This is really fucking good and topped off with a swanky gold leaf embossed cover. Damn. (TB)
(No Way)

GASTRIC ACID – “The Satirical Skunk” CD

Oh just fuck me running, this is awful! Apparently ska punk is alive and well. Er, um, I dunno if it’s really all that “well,” but it’s very alive and people still seem to like it. These guys would be absolute kings were it still 1993 and this shit hadn’t already been beaten into the ground. Kids would be writing GASTRIC ACID all over the place where AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY logos were. I am relieved those days are past. (BD)
(self-released)

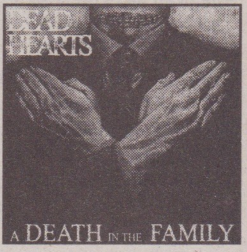
GENETIKS – “Schwarzbuch Deutscher Postpunk” CD

Hey assholes in Germany in this band. Yes, it’s hilarious that you’re in blackface on your record cover. It’s an absolute riot when you live in Bavaria without a sizable African population and probably rarely encounter black people in your daily lives. But in the rest of the world, blackface is pretty much a cruel relic of a not so distant past where the cartoonish nature of minstrel shows just reinforced racist stereotypes. Not cool.... and easily misinterpreted when the lyrics are entirely in German. The music here is futuristic, maybe the intent from the band name is dwindling of a pure caucasian race as interbreeding means the future will look more like all people of the world... But JESUS CHRIST, what fucking German band wants to get into that? Really? Side stepping that minefield, this band’s third CD is actually a cool ten tracks of minimalist keyboard-laden wave-punk kind that’s takes inspiration from the GANG OF FOUR / KRAFTWERK influence that was drawn by bands in the Touch and Go sound of the late ’80s and ’90s and / or NOMEANSNO but delivered here with a heavier lean on the retro New Wave and keyboards a la the EPOXIES. Only in a pinch or two does it go all “SPROCKETS” from its danceable bass lines. It’s largely a strong listen, despite the mixed, and probably just thoughtless, message of the packaging. (KS)
(Genoton)

GERM ATTAK – “Fear Of The Unknown” CD

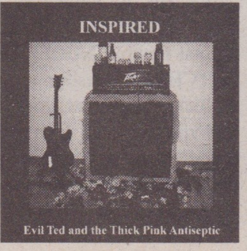
For some reason, this band has passed me by so far. Not sure why, since they’ve been around for a while, but I’ve never felt the urge to pick up any of their records, despite some pretty complimentary reviews and recommendations. Sitting down now with this fourteen-song CD, I can see that it’s been my loss. Still, it’s never too late. You rarely see a mention of these glue-addled Canadian spiky-tops without a reference to UK82 or the VARUKERS, and those influences are definitely there, but I hear a

DANGER FRIENDS
USA!



DEATH
FIRST
TRAPPED

DOW JONES
AND THE
INDUSTRIALS



much more straightforward punk sound too, along with classic US and Finnish influences. There are times on this CD that I even hear elements of the OBSERVERS or RED DONS. Catchy, angry, unpretentious songs played in a tried-and-true style without sounding completely dated. (AM)
(Drunk With Power)

GERM ATTACK – "The Punk Single Collection Vol. 1" CD

The simplest thing to say about this Canadian punk band is that they are punk-as-fuck!! It appears that they have only been around for about five years, yet amassed an impressive discography already of about five 7"s that yields 26 tracks on this appropriately named *Punk Singles Collection*. This is the kind of stuff that I would have slam-danced my ass off to when I was a teenager. I'm admittedly too old to truly appreciate it at this point in my life as I'm slowing down a bit, but for anyone who is into the spiky-haired, studded black leather and denim type of punk rock, then this is definitely something worth checking out with the one-two drumming and choppy guitars and bass sound of older '80s UK punk and American hardcore. (ML)
(Drink With Power)

GIUDA – "Get It Over/Kidz Are Back"

WTF? Discoteque special (as the cover indicates), indeed! These Italian crust monsters have shaken out their dreads, hung up their vests and even showered for us for this amazing single. This is awesome! This sounds like some killer old-school '70s Junkshop sleaze glam; think EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS style pub rock. The track "Get It Over" is straight up SLADE '72. I about laughed through both songs, but then it hit me—these songs are great! This is a great release for fans of SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS with STRANGLERS flavor. Shit, GIUDA, where do ya go from here? So good! (MB)
(UFO Hi-Fi / White Zoo)

GOBIERNO MILITAR – "Destino Punalada" EP

Goddamnit, *another* killer Spanish band! What the fuck is going on over there? This EP could be the third side on the R.I.P. / ESKORBUTO split. Totally raw, basic one-two hardcore punk with a dash of DISCHARGE in the buzzing riffs and some of the most (for the lack of a better word) sincere sounding vocals I've heard on a hardcore record. It's total '80s style shouting, but with such rawness and conviction that I can't help but be won over. I wish I could go see this band right fucking now. Forget the '80s revival of the early '00s, this is the real shit. (AU)
(DSG)

GRAVE DANCERS – "Morbid Nation" CD

Alright, I'm going to come right out here and admit to come cultural bias here: while I'm kind of sick of American retro-thrash ala MUNICIPAL WASTE and HAVOK, I'm still stoked on its Indonesian equivalent. As evidenced by how much I enjoyed this CD, samples I can't understand and all. This is total fucking NUCLEAR ASSAULT / SODOM / WITCHERY worship, with sick double-bass, tough-as-fuck vocals and some seriously killer riffs and melodic solos. All the lyrics are in Indonesian, which definitely makes the whole thing cooler. In fact, the only English lyric in the entire booklet is: "Head bang mosh stage dive and circle pit," so you know where the fuck these guys are coming from. This is 1000% better than the last TOXIC HOLOCAUST record, and well worth your time if you enjoy a spot of thrash in your musical diet. (AU)
(Firstnote)

THE GROGGS – "3D" EP

The garage power pop mix never grows old. Rough and ready pop tunes with an always-welcome hint of punk. Four tunes in total, all wrapped tightly with abundant sing-alongs and poptastic hooks. Taking that classic sound and giving it a right ol' Bay Area dusting down. It will make you dance, and sometimes that's all you really need. (SD)
(Church of Sound)

THEE HEADCOATS/THEE HEADCOATEES – "The Sound Of The Baskervilles" LP

This is a high-quality re-issue of the celebrated live collaboration between Thee Headcoats and Headcoatees, famed UK brother/sister/lover bands and irrefutable garage punk legends. While BILLY CHILDISH and his cohorts should all be immediately familiar to any and all readers of this zine, it's incredibly important to remind yourself just how fucking great these bands were. The performances captured here are top notch, the sound is great (listen to that absolutely fucking vicious guitar!) and the package is quite nice. I'm tempted to say something horribly cliché like "If you remember the '90s, then you weren't there!" but then I realized only a total fucking idiot would say that. Ooops!!! (MC)
(Vinyl Lovers)

HEART ATTACK – "Toxic Lullabies: 1980 – '84" LP

This fucking dream collection would be flawless if it weren't for the somewhat poor sound quality, like the grooves in the vinyl aren't deep enough or something. But then again I've never really heard clean versions for a bunch of these songs, even on the official collection put out by Broken Rekids a while back. This boot, essentially the same anthology but on wax, is a treasure trove that compiles everything these New York punks ever recorded. The first side of the album contains the amazing *Hitler* demo from 1980 (with the essential KBD track "Young & Dangerous") and the *Mojo Sessions* demo (with the classic "You"), also from 1980. This period of the band was more of a late '70s punk style with hints of speed creeping in here and there. Flip the record over and you get the legendary 1981 *God is Dead* EP, the *Keep Your Distance* 12" EP from 1983, and finally the *Subliminal Seductions* release from 1984. These EPs are some of the greatest NYHC releases of the era, and unless you're a lucky motherfucker you probably don't have all of them. Now's your chance. (BG)
(bootleg)

HELLOWAR – "On the March to the Final Doom" CD

Awesome!!!! Epic, punishing black metal and Swedish hardcore influenced crustcore from Indonesia; this 21-track CD combines an exceptional six song 2009 recording with recordings from the band's first two EPs from '06 and '07. The high quality of this new recording and seamless blend of crust and metal really had me guessing Scandinavia on first listen, as the sound is similar to the blurred post-HIS HERO IS GONE / TRAGEDY next step metal punk fusion taken by bands like WOLFBRIGADE, MARTYRDOD or later SKITSYSTEM. HELLOWAR provide a pretty inventive blend of those influences, with gnarled vocals, great playing, quick tempo changes and fantastic moody riffs. By far one of the best bands I've heard play the style in the last five years because that's what made the style work—the unpredictable ability to jump from doom riffs to full throttle D-beat and back within the same song... The EP's recordings are less fleshed out and more drum driven on the rawer side, but still carry great energy. Includes live video and a sticker, lyrics entirely in Indonesian. *Kiiiiiillllllllller!* (KS)
(Revulsion)

HERE HOLY SPAIN – "Division" CD

What the F is this? Not punk rock, that's for sure. This is closer to NICKELBACK than it is the CLASH, the RAMONES, SEX PISTOLS or any other *remotely* punk rock band to be influenced by?!? Not really sure what to say about this other than it sounds like it should be on FM radio and not in the pages of *MRR*… (ML)
(Idol)

HICKOIDS – "Kicking It With The Twits" CD

I like the idea of HICKOIDS covering a bunch of British bands. The choices are interesting: the WHO, ROLLING STONES, the MOVE, SLADE, ELTON JOHN, MOTT THE HOOPLE, BRIAN ENO and the DAMNED. But the way I imagined it before I put the CD in player and actually heard it was unfortunately not the same. I was expecting the usual HICKOIDS' irreverence—cowpoking up the Brits or whatever. But that doesn't happen. All the versions are done pretty straightforward. Which is kind of disappointing since they bothered to cover "Bennie & The Jets." That one alone seems like it would have been easy and fun to inject some redneck humor. (CK)
(Saustex)

HIGH TENSION WIRES – "Welcome New Machine" LP

Starting at 100 MPH and barely taking a breath, beginning to end this is a totally relentless display of awesome power-pop-punk-rock. Denton delivers again. What the fuck is in the water in that place? If you're not familiar, these guys are a "supergroup" of sorts. Consisting of members of the RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS, MARKED MEN, the REDS, BAD SPORTS, WAX MUSEUMS and well, probably a fuck load of other inbred projects, most likely all bloody brilliant. I don't want that to influence how you feel about this record before hearing it though. This band has a sound of it's own that is well worth checking out. 9.9/10, coz nothing is *totally* perfect. (GG)
(Dirtnap)

HI HO SILVER, AWAY! / QUICK ATTACK – split CD

A split with two bands in the nerdy jangly punk genre. If you are big on the PLAN-IT-X or MUTANT POP labels sound, then this might be for you. My interest in this sound is limited so I was so-so on this disc, which didn't really stand out. (RL)
(Skulltula)

HI HO SILVER, AWAY! – "Compromise" EP

When this band plays fast, they kinda sound like a whin(y/ier) DEFIANCE, OHIO, who I happen to like, thank you very much *MRR* readership. When they slow it down, it gets pretty painful to listen to. The songwriting is nerdy in a way that I like; I just wish they were pissed instead of glum and mopey. I like what one of the guitars is doing, being kinda twangy, and I appreciate the use other instruments (synth and violin[?] and maybe something else) even though it doesn't work for me here. Good effort. (LP)
(self-released)

HIMEI – "Himei" EP

I didn't really know what I was looking for in the bin when I got assigned this record and then when I saw it I literally expelled an "Oooooh! *Fuck*!" because unlike a name or a face, I never forget a record cover. Being that this is written in Japanese characters, there is very little in the way of information I can give you except that it is contemporary Japanese girl-fronted raging punk, which instantly produces the bliss chemical in your punk brain. (Martin and I had already thoroughly boogied in the *MRR* halls to their other EP—this one is a repress of their first self-released record.) Closest thing to an heir to the NURSE's throne, angrier than LIVIN' SACRIFICE, and completely fresh. These four songs at 45 are thru and thru punk, unafraid of delay, disco cymbals, a good old-fashioned break down, and tie-dying the vinyl. If you're reading *MRR*, you need this. Gimme gimme gimme. (JS)
(HG:Fact)

HOMOSTUPIDS – "Strawberry, Orange, Peach, Banana" LP

I don't know why I like this band so much. Well, this record is great so maybe that's the answer. I guess it's their first time recording in an actual studio, which wasn't something that I felt made their other records inferior in anyway, or actually even noticed that it was the case. But the sound on this is particularly good. So there you go. This is a really hard review for me to write. Don't know why. HOMOSTUPIDS border genius/moronic in a way that is hard to put into words. If you have never heard them before, they are from Cleveland, there's the context. The music? People are using the words primitive and garage, but that just brings to mind some dank cave man Estrus strut, which this is not. It's punk, but it sounds clean compared to say ELECTRIC EELS, but it demands your attention. The song titles all involve the word "Man;" "Cannon Fodder Man." All of them are catchy and demand your attention like I said before, and demonstrate why this is a great record by one of my favorite bands. I am sorry this is such a lousy review. Because seriously, this is a really good record, one of the best. Top ten of 2011 already. (LG)
(Fashionable Idiots)

HOT NEW MEXICANS – "It's Called Leaning Back" LP

I'm having the hardest time putting my finger on this record. Maybe it's what would happen if punks listened to old pop and country records, and maybe post-PAVEMENT indie rock/pop bands. No, that's not it. Is it NEUTRAL MILK HOTEL but with some folk punk? Doubt it. Is it really really good? Fuck yeah. How did I avoid checking this band out for so long? If you give a shit about pop music, and need it at least to taste vaguely of punk, you should check this out. It was originally on CD in 2005, and now it's on vinyl, so maybe you already knew about this, but if you didn't as I didn't, here you go. Oh, they also remind me of the OLD 97S, which is weird but rrrrrraaaaaaaaaddddd. Weirdo pop forever! (LP)
(Salinas)

ILEGAL – "La Vida es el Producto de Nuestra Esperanza y las Visiones Irreales" EP

This is the second EP by my favorite Canadian band made up of non-Canadian punks. Fuck, I have listened to this a couple of times now but this is my first time with headphones and it sounds completely amazing. Buzz saw guitars, pounding drums and the bass just possesses you. The vocalist has a very unique style that is not over the top screaming but more sung, if that makes any sense. This release does not have the crazy raw sound of the first EP, but rather a bit more of a polished touch that in no way subtracts an ounce of power from the insane song writing and overall energy this band shells out. I am foaming at the mouth over how killer this record is. (MS)
(Todo Destruido)

I.M.O.D.I.U.M / LA RELEVE – split EP

Both of these Franco-bands play fast poppy stuff in two slight variations. Now to how similar the record sides are: LA RELEVE play two straight ahead poppy numbers, French WEASLES style, and then one short hardcore-by-a-pop-punk-band song. I.M.O.D.I.U.M play two gruffer poppy numbers, a little less easy to pigeonhole, and then one short ska-by-a-pop-punk-band song. Also, they steal a couple of riffs in strange ways. Weird how the songs on both sides are sequenced in such a similar way. The whole thing makes this American boy go, "How very French." Did I mention that this shit's from France? Don't know what the lyrics are about (betcha can't guess why), but baring some horrible revelation I could totally dance to this. (LP)
(Chevaliers de la Table Basse / Le Volume)

INSULT / RAMPANT DECAY – split EP

Are these really new INSULT tracks? I don't think INSULT has released anything in over ten years. INSULT still does fast hardcore that reminds me a little of DEEP WOUND. Not really fastcore. Not really powerviolence and not really grind—'80s hardcore twice as fast?? RAMPANT DECAY is from Providence, RI and do grindcore with roots in hardcore and vocals you can sing along to. I was really blown away when I listened to their side of the 7". Four times in a row. Another 7" worthy of a listen. (MH)
(Patac)

IN VITRO – "Konfrontacje" CD

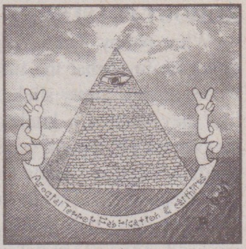
Seems that Punkcore 82 style punk is alive and well in the Eastern Bloc. Spiky haired zombie punk flanked by rate on the cover, crisp production, gang choruses—you know the drill… like the VIRUS in Polish. It's fine, and if you dig Polish shit, worth checkin'. Snoozeville for me. (TB)
(No Pasaran)

LA IRA DE DIOS – "Apus Revolution Rock" CD

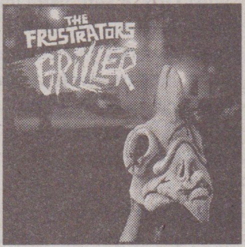
The band scores huuuuuuuge points off the bat for having one of their song titles read out on my media player as "Gay Gorillas Sulking Concrete." None of the songs are actually named that, but there it is. Their "5000 Anos" song is also listed as "5000 Anus." It's the little things, folks. LA IRA DE DIOS are obviously of the '90s hi-octane rawk school. Every song is identical: hard rock (*not* punk) complete with thinly veiled metallic guitar work. It's kind of comforting to know that the endless stream of bar-rock-as-punk clichés are alive and well in Peru. That comfort quickly gives way to reality: this is a total and complete waste of time. (MC)
(self-released)

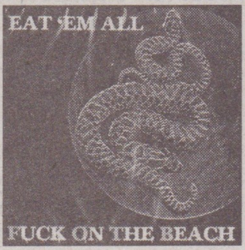
IRON HAND – "Usurper Divine" EP

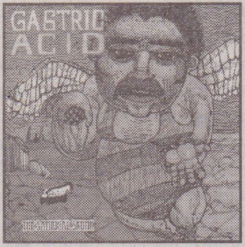
This is the crust record I've been waiting all day to review. These dudes play pretty straightforward D-beat with a bit of melodic guitar that doesn't ever get into that high-pitched finger picking thing that bands seem to be in love with nowadays. The songs are brutal and don't let up, and the band in general feels like some people that want to tear shit up. And if the name of the band is a roundabout CROW reference, my liking of them just went to the "fuck yeah" level. (BL)
(Red Scroll)



FROZEN TEENS
STREET LEGAL
split 45







DISCOTEQUE SPECIAL
GIUDA

KOHOUT PLASI SMRT – "Huzva" CD

Whoa poppy. I'm having a hard time putting my finger on just what the fuck is going on here. The record sounds pretty slick, but not commercial, just like they wanted a kinda clean recording. Maybe they sound like a punk version of an alternative rock band? Man, that sounds harsh. When they just try to play punk (like, adult dudes who wear SID VICIOUS t-shirts style punk), I actually start nodding my head. They use metal and ska elements in some of their songs. For some reason that itself seems indicative of a style to me. It seems that they've been a band for almost fifteen years now, and I read that the different band members wanted to play different styles early on. That makes a lot of sense actually. Maybe this sounds like these guys listen to nothing but '77 European punk and VAN HALEN. (LP)
(self-released)

KRANG – "Speed Of Tent/Spirit Animal"

Canada's KRANG offer up two fuzzy stoner rock numbers, neither of which have any real punk elements to cling to. Let me just say that I fucking dig HAWKWIND a lot and I'm often compelled to listen to this kind of shit, particularly when I'm in a mood that requires me to *feel* like a fat, ugly asshole as opposed to merely just *looking* like one, but this is not one of those moments. And even if it was, I can think of several records I'd turn toward before this even became a contender. (MC)
(Mammoth Cave)

KRIEGSHÖG – CD

Alright, if you don't already like this band, this is your chance to get into them as this is a discography CD that includes their five-song demo, the *Hardcore Hell* EP (now repressed by Heart First from Germany including "Battlefield" by ICONOCLAST that originally appeared on the covers songs demo tape), the cover songs tape (ICONOCLAST and the ASEXUAL), the tracks from the split w/ DOG SOLDIER 7", tracks from the split w/ DEATHRIBE 7", and their self titled LP. All of this adds up to 30 tracks and a full hour of the raw, noisy, thrash-y, D-beat violent mayhem with shouted/screamed throaty vocals, pummeling drums and fuck-all distortion that had me get into this band in the first place. The sound on this CD is great and if you can take this much brutality for an hour, then this is your shit. What I like best about this CD is that it makes even the most "collectable" material from this band available to people who weren't able to get it the first time around. Also, that comparing all their material, included repeated songs, and hearing the evolution of this band is available to everyone beyond the usual record collector scum. It comes with a nice booklet with the artwork and lyrics of all the tracks on each release and a list of which release each track came from and who put it out. I am not sure how the price on this will change by the time this review comes out, but overall it beats spending stupid amounts of green on one 7". I am into this. (MB)
(H:G Fact)

JAMES LEG – "Solitary Pleasure" CD

Solo album from JAMES LEG of the BLACK DIAMOND HEAVIES and the IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS. Slow, trudging blues-y rock with deep, menacing vocals. Actually, I am hesitant to even call it rock as most of the time it sounds more like demonic show tunes. Plus there are no guitars. Organ is the predominant instrument next to Leg's voice. He seems to be an admirer of TOM WAITS yet comes across more as QUINTRON's evil brother. (CK)
(Alive)

LIFE SCARS – CD

This is really good. A mostly lady punk band from Poland playing blistering fast hardcore. It's dark, political and even catchy at times. It's in the school of BEYOND PINK or the first EL BANDA LP. This shit will tear your face off. Check it out. (FS)
(No Pasaran)

LIPSTICK VIBRATORS – "The Prick" CD

Punk rock with a small p and a capital R: strike one. Sunglasses and chain wallets? Strike two. Your band name, strike three and you're out. Maybe in the '90s this was cool. (SD)
(Attitude)

LIQUID STONE – "Here Comes The Weekend/ Because Of You"

Look below these words to the end of this review. See what it says? "Sing Sing." That is shorthand for "buy this record." This label has a knack for tracking down some of the catchiest punk singles that never quite made the big time, and more to the point, negotiating legitimate reissues of them. The highlight of LIQUID STONE's brief career seems to have been a tour with the UK SUBS. The A-side of this has a slightly annoying echo of the UNDERTONES' "Here Comes The Summer," but the flip is a bona-fide classic combination of buzzsaw energy and housing estate boredom. I'm going to play it again now. (AM)
(Sing Sing)

THE LOCAL SPASTICS – "Daily Routine" EP

If you appreciate some nice drawings of cocks fashioned into objects such as light switches and guns, you might want to purchase this for your budding art collection. If you like some fairly clichéd, yet undeniably ballsy and straight up NEW BOMB TURKS like rock'n'roll, this will also work for you. But, if your fave is pussied down PÖISON IDEA like punk, with classic misogynistic "I fuck you in the ass because you're a slut" (Ok! Fair enough) style lyrics this will surely get you and your cartoon dick solid, solid as a rock. (GG)
(Darcy Trash)

LOTUS FUCKER / PENIS GEYSER – split EP

On the A-side, we have three new tracks from DC's foremost (and only) anime fueled noise-punk outfit, LOTUS FUCKER. These songs are a bit more straightforward than anything they've done prior, which is in no way a bad thing. It seems they've opted for a faster, more powerful sound on this EP. The production is a bit fuller than the LP and their split with the WANKYS, but the vocals and riffs are as urgent as ever, and just like their live shows, the songs bleed into one another in a way that demands the listener's constant attention. On the flipside, we have PENIS GEYSER, who definitely fall into the "noise not music" camp. The drummer is constantly counting-off with his sticks, so the band knows when to begin the next noisy blast, and essentially that's what PENIS GEYSER sounds like, a bunch of noisy blasts. While I appreciate the amateurish energy that only non-skilled musicians can conjure, there really isn't anything in their "music" that warrants repeat listens. (KM)
(SPHC / Solar Funeral)

LOVE BOAT – "Love is Gone" LP

If the question is three Italians lusting after the LA'S: LOVE BOAT is the answer. Sounding way more Liverpool than *Livorno*, these male SHANGRI-LAS sound like they're squeezed tightly into JOE MEEK's BRIEFS (like what I did there? Two references in one?! No?) Though a little twee at times, this record has some well executed moments of pop brilliance. Nice job lads. (GG)
(Alien Snatch!)

LOVEY DOVIES – CD

A trio from New Orleans. This is some loud, fuzzed-out guitar, indie rock with gravelly vocals and bit of melancholy throughout, à la DINOSAUR, JR. The vocals took a little to get used to. My first impression was that they were pretty dull and distracting. But I was won over on songs like "Comatose," my favorite song on the disc, and "Never Ender" where the singer really turns it up a notch, and on subsequent listens I really appreciated the vocals. They throw in some acoustic guitar here and there, which adds some nice dynamics and the recording is top-notch. The songs on the second half of the disc (side B?) really started to grab me. If guitar driven indie rock is in your ballpark, then be sure to check this out. (MD)
(Tuff Fuzz Swamp Cult of Swirly Hypnotic Rat Eyes)

MADONNA BANGERS – "Well?... Is It Magic or Tragic" LP

Oh the funny Canadians. Rough and tumble melodic teen punk rawk that somehow reminds me of listening to the first DEAD MILKMEN album. Well, like the first DEAD MILKMEN album filtered through two decades on a steady diet of garage punk and Rip Off Records antics. I'm suspect if I was a womyn circa 1998 I would probably question their band name and the insert diagramming a redneck rape scene and discarded baby in a trash can. Stranger still, there appears to be a womyn in the band. You kids these days!? One sided 45 rpm 12" on swirly maroon vinyl. (GB)
(FRVDTY)

MALIGNANT GROWTH – "Demo 1983" EP

Hahaha sick! It's hard to tell from the kinda lame cover and blank labels, but after consulting the exhaustive insert I got the scoop on this hella rad Louisville hardcore punk demo from 1983, just released on wax for the first time by the French Fries over at Who Cares. I knew I'd heard of this band before, I almost want to say I have the actual demo in a box somewhere, but these hardcore garbage-men (believe it!) were Kentucky's first and foremost One-Two-Core exports who ended up opening for any and all hardcore legends unlucky enough to have a tour stop in Louisville circa '81-'83. The insert retells the now typical "band that could have been…" story including their *Master Tape* appearance, Paul Mahern (ZERO BOYS) recording session, and a scrapped Dischord records split label release. As with most of

their Midwest core-horts, things fizzled quickly, all but forgotten for decades. This six track EP is a bonafide ripper. Had it seen a vinyl release back in the day it would be a strong second tier contender. 300 pressed with the first 50 on white vinyl. (GB)
(Who Cares)

MANIPULATION – "Subversive Intent" EP
A fitting soundtrack for urban warfare, as implied by the record cover. This band has a somewhat unique sound that's likely informed by crusty hardcore, but with a CORROSION OF CONFORMITY or *Kings of Punk* drive to it. Their heavy, slightly noisy sound is built on with dark, adrenaline-filled melodies that listen like an urban air raid, backed by the occasional divebomb, siren guitar lead, and cymbal-heavy drumming, as the vocalist rails with a determined snarl. As a sidenote, Annie from THIS IS MY FIST is in this band, and you get to hear do some backup vocals that are a contrast to the style for which she's better known. (DG)
(Sorry State)

MAXIMO VOLUMEN – "Inyecciones por el Bul" LP
This is a LP release of a 1987 demo recording from this Catalonia Spain band. The quality is top fucking notch here! The music is most easily described as raw, chaotic hardcore with some blast-y parts, but it is waaaayyy more than that, kids… The most prevalent comparisons to other Spanish bands are ANTIOGMATIKSS and DELIRIUM TREMENS. US influences list SEPTIC DEATH, early CORROSION OF CONFORMITY and SIEGE. And Italian HC influences like NEGAZIONE (especially in vocals) and INDÍGESTI. While all that is true, there is definitely an element of chaos in MAXIMO VOLUMEN's style of raw punk that makes this band stand on its own. It's ugly punk with just the right amount of weirdness, wildness, risk, discordance (there is definitely some RUDIMENTARY PENI here) and anger that let you know this is sincere as well as killer HC. The vocals are throaty and shrill with lyrics in Spanish covering political upheaval, state control, pain of daily life and other areas of struggle. The lyrics have a good amount of alliteration, rhyming and repetition of words that make them poetic, yet not cheesy, and while these themes seem cliché in our time, they are put together in a way that is not trite or boring. "El Mas Pequeño" is a fucking jam. Very little is known about this band. It is rumored that there may be a phantom 7" somewhere. Also, while there is talk that this band was formed by a slew of other bands, the only solid info I got was from this guy Vomito from his blog Punk Rock '77-'80 that MV was formed from the break up of EXTERMINO, another obscure Catalonian band who release their own demo prior in 1984. MV also was said to have played often in Barcelona at the time with SUBTERRENEAN KIDS and TROPEL NAT. Whether any of that is true or not, if you want some good, well played, kinda crazy, Spanish raw punk with a ton of heart, this is your jam. This is killer, I fucking love this, it is not to be missed. (MB)
(Burka For Everybody / Terminal Picnic)

MEN'S INTEREST – "More War" EP
Second pressing of this minimally informative black paper and gold silk-screen 7" that has no song titles, no lyrics, and no real info other than the band name and the phrase "More War." But these are merely trivial details when the grooves produce a sound this wild. The vocals, which come from COLD SWEAT / REPERCUSSIONS howler Sean Dean, who, over the last decade has laid down some of the wildest vocals in hardcore and somehow seem to sound crazier than ever with MEN'S INTEREST, which sees him backed by men from a handful of Boston bands that people are into. This record is really unlike anything I've ever heard and is unmatched in the "something different" department with just right amounts of metal, tempo changes, sharp turns, non-stock riffs, and energy, and when the songs break and let loose, which they always do, a real savagery is unleashed somewhere in the fray with cool guitar work or some other accent that elevates the quality of these tunes. By far one of the most head-scratching-ly interesting records I've heard in a while. (JU)
(Home Invasion)

MICHAEL CRAFTER – "A Hessian's Confession" EP
It's a bit strange to say this but this release reminds me of a MICHAEL PLATINIUM release. It's anonymous about who's in the band. The band is a person's name. And the energy is jumping out of the grooves. Raw hardcore, fastcore and grindcore glory. There are nineteen tracks on this 7" and twelve on the MICHAEL PLATINIUM 7". I don't know jack about MICHAEL CRAFTER or if he's a real person, but it's clear by this 7" that the people making the noise love powerviolence and are taking it's energy, silliness and speed as an influence. Sure, it's fast hardcore and grindcore but it's got the vibe of powerviolence and rips. (MH)
(Tenzenmen)

MIXTAPES – "A Short Collection of Short Songs" EP
A sappy, slick sounding record, pure and simple. It's got the flavor of major label bands that walk that indie rock/pop punk line (or well, that's what the marketing department says). Maybe this is a band trying to "make it?" If that's the case, they sound to me like other bands that "made it," and I really can't comment beyond that because that's not the scene that I move in or the music that I routinely think or talk about. Sorry. (LP)
(Animal Style)

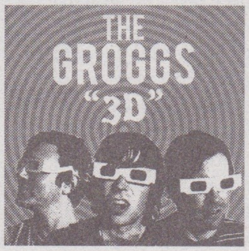
MOONDOGS – "Heads I Win/Two's A Crowd"
As always Sing Sing steps up to the plate with a lovely looking 7"-er. Sweet die-cut sleeve, two tracks… my kind of record. The MOONDOGS were one of Belfast's wimpier bands—in a city renowned for wimpy late '70s punk, that's something! I dunno, this is ok, but there're way more records I'd rather throw on. It's super wimpy rock'n'roll inspired power-pop. The collectors and pop nerds are drooling I'm sure, for me? Meh. (TB)
(Sing Sing)

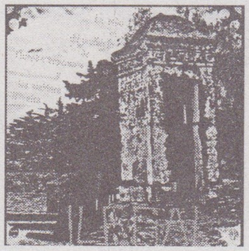
MONUMENT – "Goes Canoeing" CD
Look in the mirror: Are you wearing horn-rimmed glasses, a ringer tee, gas station jacket, Dickies pants that are a bit too short, a chain wallet, Converse One-Stars, and a Jan Sport backpack with a CAP'N JAZZ patch? Then this album of delicate, passionate, "progressive" time signature, arpeggio, DC '90s emo is for you. It's all very well played, the songs are well "crafted" and the singer's voice is not annoying. Still—that said, this is not for me. (AM)
(self-released)

MÖRKHIMMEL – "In the Shadow of the City" LP
Nicely packaged in a silk-screened fold over cover, this is a limited to 350 re-issue of this Czech band's (Dark Sky) first demo recording from 2007. At the time this was a project band of two members of the Czech crust bands BETON and MASS GENOCIDE PROCESS that later grew into a full band and released another LP. Only one of that LP's tracks original version appears here. This is mid-tempo heavily black metal influenced hardcore that largely rests on a repetitive onslaught of crude, expansive riffs that dominate and flood the recording, with the hoarse, vocals that fill the rest of the space. The EXECUTE side of the split with INFERNO has the same measured feel, but this is more akin to spooky black metal as it spits lyrics like "Stupid rockstars will hang on trees / Little girls give you panties" or "Walk in shits / In the middle of a beautiful garden / You drink rancid piss" and then the other half of the lyrics are in Czech. Made with auto drums—it's barely noticeable as the drumming is likewise crude, primitive pounding making for a brain jarring, but not quite brain shattering listen. (KS)
(Shogun)

FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN

Gobierno
Militar





MUCH WORSE – "Absolute Nightmare" EP

Best record of 2011 so far. Imagine GOVERNMENT WARNING and ATROCIOUS MADNESS joining forces, and you might get something resembling the fusion of catchy song/riff writing and raging abrasion that is this record. This band puts forth fist-clenching riffs that are melodic and intricate, yet twisted and evoking of sadistic thoughts, all backed by someone who sounds like he's laughing while telling a sorrowful tale. If this wasn't enough, they clearly know how to write memorable songs that go somewhere, and the production is burly and raw without being unnecessarily noisy, which gives it this killer sound that's loud and abrasive but also clear. Please do a West Coast tour so that I can rage at your Bay Area show and then follow you north and/or south. (DG)

(No Way)

MUNDO MUERTO – "Què Asko" 12"

LA area band that has been playing all over for a couple of years now. For those who are unfamiliar with MM these punks have a punk/HC style with tons of hooks and the playing is fucking solid. This is their first 12", with five tracks in total and the needle just blows across this sucker pretty damn fast. The quality of the recording is nasty and delivers quite a bite. If I were to have one complaint it would be that there are too many "Whoa Whoas" for my taste. Actually, the song writing is so good they aren't even needed. Kind of strange reviewing this since I have already heard the upcoming 12" that will come out in the near future and I am sure many folks will be running out to grab one. (MS)

(Mata la Musika)

NAPALM RAID – "Corruption of Their Little Minds" EP

Your pencil will be worn to the nub as you go down the crust checklist: black cover featuring dead people of color, a name referencing war, dove illustration… Song titles, lyrics, song structure, it's all extremely rote. That said…it's a decent EP. They get a full and strong sound and nail a few tunes. If you flail your rotten dreads to each and every HELLKRUSHER-for-this–millennium, or if you're collecting Maritime province records (the band's from Nova Scotia), this EP will get you where you need to be. This is their first record, so hopefully future assaults will be a little more honed and distinctive. (JM)

(Rust and Machine)

NIGHTBIRDS – "Midnight Movies" EP

This is the third EP by this NYC band which features Mike Hunchback of such bands as WEIRD FANTASY BAND and, uh, HUNCHBACK. I got to review their first EP last year and thought it was great, and this is no exception. I'm not a huge fan of a lot of the rock'n'roll punk that has been coming out in the last several years, but these guys do it right. Imagine AGENT ORANGE on speed. Fans of MEAN JEANS will certainly dig this. (BD)

(No Way)

NINE FINGERED THUG – "Unica/Hans"

The risk you run when making a concept record is that people won't get it. This is a noise rock band doing some kind of two-song interpretive project about Hans Bellmer and Unica Zurn. If you don't know who they are, you aren't alone. Despite not getting it, I liked the songs. The fuzzy, overdriven bass and spooky guitar picking play off each other well. The guitar gets a little psychedelic and the singer sounds like a real weirdo. I would have liked it more if I hadn't read the damn lyrics first. (BL)

(Hollow Bunny)

NOEM – "Panic" 12" EP

From the minimal artwork I was expecting minimal music: On the contrary, NOEM are loud, dark, and heavy. This EP contains four long, repetitive, grinding jams. Think later, metallic BLACK FLAG with elements of NEUROSIS, and a German Sam McPheeters on vocals. Powerful riffing, tweaked solos, and tight, pummeling rhythms are the order of the day. It's not something I'd ordinarily spin, but I've listened to each side of this record three times now, so that must say something… (AM)

(Static Shock)

NO PROBLEM – "Paranoid Times" EP

Paranoid Times is the second EP from these Edmonton hoodlums who undeniably know how to put together some catchy, melodic hardcore with a touch of a street punk vibe. The group features members of WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES, which would certainly be a reference to throw out for comparison, but more 'core than spikes (if that makes any sense). And as good as that band was this is infinitely better. Remember that fantastic band ABSOLUTE ZERO that I think only had one EP on Allied records back in the early '90s? These guys totally remind me of them. All four tunes on *Paranoid Times* are totally worthy, with imposing instrumental capacity and killer vocals that will make you flip this over a few times before you're done. And it looks like an LP is coming soon on Deranged, so you might want to pick up this EP as a warm up. (BG)

(Handsome Dan)

NORTHLESS – "Clandestine Abuse" 2xLP

Halo of Flies records and the Milwaukee and Green Bay area have produced a lot of great bands in the last two years, so I was excited to listen to another discovery/release from the area. NORTHLESS were a bit of a surprise in that their sound is never really metal and never really hardcore. This falls someplace in the middle but could safely be considered sludge metal. Think middle-era NEUROSIS or faster THOU or the pummeling of BISON BC. That's all a stretch as this band has their own slow heavy sound with understandable vocals and doomy melody. I looked at a photo of the band and one guy had a SWANS shirt on and the track I'm listening to right now, which I think is "The Storm" could easily be a M. GIRA dirge. (MH)

(Halo of Flies)

NOW DENIAL – "Fuck" LP

I think the name of this record might actually be *Fuck Now Denial*, but I can't really tell. If it is, it fits perfectly with the style of negative hopelessly emo hardcore they play. This is what screamo was before the term was co-opted by shitty bands who play massive package tours or fests put on by shitty radio stations. The recording reminds me a lot of the two ACRID LPs, and almost sounds similar, but whereas ACRID called themselves "poison-free powerviolence," I'd call these guys "posi-free heavy/slow violence." Bonus points for the screened, hand-numbered out of 300 sleeve and ugly-ass burnt orange vinyl. (BD)

(Tory Johnson)

NU-KLE-ER BLAST SUNTAN – "Blot Out The Worthless Sun" LP

I have been pretty curious about this record as I'd heard it is pretty "out there" and shit dude… Yeah, for the style this shit might as well be from fuckin' Mars, man. Looking beyond the weirdness for a moment, this is pretty brutal fast crust with super raw throat ravaging vocals, some blasting, a little of that weird southern crust sound; they're from Georgia, and a lot of those bands seem to add a little more to the standard shit. Maybe picture like DOOM on mushrooms or something, fuck I don't know—the label says DISRUPT jamming with HAWKWIND or something, but honestly I don't actually remember what DISRUPT sounds like five minutes after listening to them. They do use that crazy outer space guitar noise thing that HAWKWIND do, which I fucking dig a lot—I love that effect. Yeah, this shit is right on, pretty far out, but the negativity brings you back out of your interstellar bliss pretty quick and reminds you that for now, you're stuck on this shit hole planet full of goons. (AH)

(SPHC)

ONE WIN CHOICE – "Conveyor" CD

The socially acceptable face of screamo? Not quite sure what this quintet is exactly battering on about (despite the lyrics), though they do package their angst in some enjoyable math rock/hardcore that doesn't meander too much. And the singer actually has a fair amount of melody and punch to his anguished roars. And they are mercifully free of beards. Can't say I'm overly familiar with this genre, but they are pretty melodic. And considerably better (musically) than I remember BOY SETS FIRE being. Though the latter did have some excellent politics. If OWC have any, it's lost on me. (RK)

(Jump Start)

THE OOPS – "Taste of Zimbabwe" LP

A carload of manic Italians on too much sugar and speed, gnawing the sides of their cheeks out in a frenzy. Like the Chipmunks joined the HOT SNAKES cut their throats and got rid of any "rock" tendencies, or if some low life glue huffin scum bags saw the REGULATIONS and decided they wanted some of that but with less feeeeling and more OUT WITH A BANG. This band play full bore snotty garaged out hardcore. Here are some lyrics so you can decide if they are for you: "Wooden cunt is hard to fuck / I've got a mallet." Or maybe " Do you need a razor / Get laid with your teenage chicks / Forget about your bankrupt / Let her dope and let her bleed." Maybe that one is about Berlusconi? The singer sounds like PERRY FARRELL from JANES ADDICTION! For real. (LG)

(Slovenly)

OSASTO 11 / VALSE TRISTE – split 10"

If I was leafing through records in a store and came across this 10", I would immediately dismiss it based on the cover art, which is merely a collage of toilets. What a shitty cover! (What an obvious pun!) Fortunately, this is a pretty solid split featuring two goofy Finnish bands. VALSE TRISTE is the older of

the two groups (two of the guys are noticeably balding) and they play some bouncy hardcore punk influenced by dirty rock'n'roll. Lyrics in Finnish, but I'd guess that most songs are about partying, or some strange abstract concept. OSASTO 11 are much in the same vein, they play fast, but again, they're more snotty than serious. Anyway, they write pretty damn fine songs. "Mutka" is a slice of stomping, punk goodness with a line about John Wayne that I (obviously) don't understand. Still great though! When I listen to this record I picture a bunch of Finnish punks drinking their faces off in the comfort of a squat, while snow piles up in the surrounding city, circumstances I can definitely get on board with. (KM)
(Lahna)

PAINTBOX – "Anarchy, Madness & Love" DVD

Collecting 31 single angle and multi-camera song performances as well as incidental videos of Tokyo's PAINTBOX in over two hours of footage, this is as much a document of one of Japan's most experimental and great hardcore bands as a loving tribute to the band and its guitarist Chelsea, who passed away in 2007. PAINTBOX were a fascinating band in taking cues from the high energy, titanic hardcore from Chelsea's time in legendary Japanese band DEATHSIDE but then broadening the spectrum of influences to include melody, classic rock influences, psychedelia... And while that might sound puzzling to people not familiar with the band, whose final record even took an epic QUEEN-styled "anything goes" zeal, the video is largely songs from the band's first two albums and singles and one thing is abundantly clear: THE AMOUNT OF SHRED IN THIS DVD IS RIDICULOUS. It's absolutely off the charts insane. Chelsea would basically embellish, improvise and add to the recorded versions of songs, as the rhythm section and vocalist Mune's harsh guttural growl were so dependably solid, he had room to go off. It's a level of playing that doesn't really exist anywhere else in punk or hardcore, but has enough focus and clarity that it doesn't dominate the music to an extent that it only becomes music for musicians. It's just jaw dropping. The care that went into this DVD is also abundantly clear, and having met the band, (and even making a brief cameo in this DVD!) a lot of attention was put in the incidental videos to express the whimsical nature of the band and it's members. Most of the videos are from shows in Tokyo, and all give a great feel for what a show with a great band in Japan is like, but this DVD also includes video of their brief US appearances at 924 Gilman Street, Los Angeles and the inaugural gig in Austin in what became "Chaos in Tejas." The DVD rounds out with live performances from the band's 2009 tour with Osamu from ASSAULT and ALLIANCE on guitar, featuring older tracks and "Genseki" from the band's final *Trip, Trance & Traveling* LP that was never performed live before the tour. This is a fantastic, really well made DVD, with the changes between live shows (and the included booklet that list all the shows PAINTBOX played lists hundreds) keep it consistently fresh to retain interest over its long playtime, even the repetition of different performances of a few songs. A fitting tribute to a band whose influence is already felt in modern Japanese and world hardcore; highly, highly, highly *recommended*! (KS)
(HG:Fact)

THE PART FIVE – "The Tightening" CD

I put this into the CD player and an hour later I was like "Oh, I was supposed to be listening to that CD." So I listened again, and it pretty much hit me with the same enthusiasm. I hate to review something as being bad just because it wasn't great. But knowing how little the *MRR* audience, (myself included) equate "proficient" with "good," I have to cut to the chase. This Midwest trio has clearly practiced, is in tune and on beat, and the recording is quite clean (too clean?), but the compliments start to evaporate thereon. You know how there are bands where even people who "don't like music" can get into them? And there are two reasons for this: either because they're the motherfucking BEATLES and even your grandma grabs a broom, or because the band inspires thoughts like "Hey I have no taste or opinions and this vaguely sounds like whatever music I have somehow by way of a miracle absorbed through existing in our modern pop culture via advertisements and waiting rooms." This is not the Beatles so I guess you get where I'm snarkily going with this. I really do think these guys have technical talent and with a little less BLOC PARTY-drums and MODEST MOUSE-cries...well, who knows. Somebody make these dudes a mix tape, quick! (JS)
(Cardboard Sangria)

THE PAUKI – "Ship Won't Go To Port" CD

Ok, this is a weird one in so many ways. These chaps are from St. Petersburg, in Russia. Which in itself almost makes one thing nostalgically of Leningrad. I'll take a revolutionary dictator over a despotic Tsar most days. Not that these chaps have much choice, I'm sure, over the choice of their hometown. They do, however, have to take some responsibility for their dress. There's the usual "street" wear, tough guy wifebeaters and whatnot, that you'd expect from a self-professed "beer core" band. But, er, what's with the kilts! I know Scotland is fucking cold, and they wore 'em there (albeit 700 years ago). But kilts in Russia!? I can only guess this has to do with some bastardized "folk" infatuation that street-punks have, now that tough guys love WOODY GUTHRIE. Can't see any other way to fathom the kilts, and bagpipes and flute. When they're not swinging their sporrans to a couple of jigs and reels, tis pretty standard street punk fare. And they like to drink too. Not bad, just a little schizophrenic. And confusing. But hey, mebbe that's just me. And at least most of it is in Russian... (RK)
(Bruised Knuckles)

PEOPLE'S TEMPLE – "Sons of Stone" CD

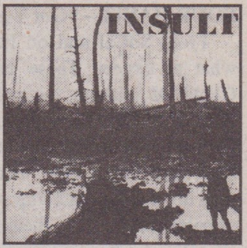
This band is killer, especially late at night when the drug haze is peaking and you're kicking back with eyes closed. There's a nice psychedelic swirl that works its way throughout the songs, which are catchy and fuzzy in a BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE sort of way, but also with a '60s blues punk influence that conjures up the spirit of groups like the CHOCOLATE WATCHBAND. The nods to that past era of rock and roll are ubiquitous but subtle enough to completely keep this out of the category of generic '60s retro garage. I have to say that this is fucking close to perfect, a blend of old and new that doesn't suck (cause that mix usually fails), and if you dig this sort of thing you need to get on it. Seriously, so many bands try to do this and hardly any do it right. Fucking awesome. (BG)
(HoZac)

POISON PLANET – "Undermine" EP

It's nice when the anger on a punk record is rooted in both sonic aggression and intelligence, and *Undermine*, POISON PLANET's second EP, shows just that. This 7" is made up of four more songs of smart, political-aware, fast, straightedge hardcore with certainly no lack of kroosh mosh-able breakdowns plus a DYS cover ("No Pain, No Gain"). Not much else to say about this, really, beyond a whole-hearted recommendation if you're into simple classic-sounding US hardcore, that really believes in and cares about the issues that they choose to sing about. Looking forward to more. (JU)
(Third Party)

POUNDAFLESH – CD

Generic English punk that fits somewhere between mid-late '80s UK hardcore (the last of the four tracks is a EXTREME NOISE TERROR cover) and '90s streetpunk. I imagine these guys are regulars on the pub circuit supporting all the UK82 bands that are still at it. Horrid? No, but there's zero to distinguish it from the pack of bands endlessly rehashing sounds of the past. (JH)
(Poundaflesh)



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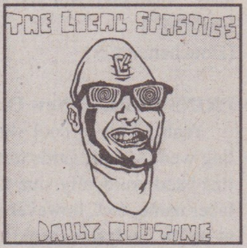


MALIGNANT GROWTH

MANIPULATION

mixtape
songs

POUR HABIT – "Got Your Back" CD

From SoCal and on Fat, so you kind of know what to expect. These guys sound like PROPAGHANDI without the political bite and A WILHELM SCREAM with the vocal stylings of the OFFSPRING. Lots of guitar riffing with double lead lines with little reggae mixed in. This is decent and well done although being one of newer bands in this popular genre makes them seem less vital. (RL)

(Fat Wreck Chords)

PREDATOR – LP

Finally, the overdue second vinyl offering from the current kings of Atlanta punk has landed. And it does not disappoint! PREDATOR's strength lies in their ability to craft short, sharp tunes that straddle the line between punk and hardcore, flirting with just enough creepy darkness to be unsettling and highly rocking simultaneously. The obvious inspiration point here is classic LA punk (see the darkness mentioned above), but with songs this great it's impossible slap an overt retro tag on their backs. It's simple, tightly wound and pretty much perfect. Wanna hear one of the best songs of the year? Check out "You." I have…over and over and fucking over again. Excellent! (MC)

(Douchemaster)

PRINS CARL – "New Order" CD

Yeah!! This is cool shit! Admittedly a little red flag went up in regards to the potential dodginess of this band politically, due to the album name and the label name, etc., however nothing blatant jumps out at me in the lyrics thankfully since I really like this band! They have a great sound that exemplifies the best of the modern skinhead/streetpunk genre—aggro/tuff-guy vocals that are still a little melodic with catchy hooks and guitar riffs and a driving rhythm… True, a lot of this genre is boring and cliché, but I'm gonna go out on a limb and say that these guys manage to avoid that pitfall and come out sounding pretty good. (ML)

(Noise Of Sweden)

PUDÖR CRÒNICA – "Que Fas?" 10"

Heavy brooding punk from the lovely Catalonia region of Spain. It's got that classic '84 Alternative Tentacles vibe, whilst adding an extra dose of dark heaviness. The FEEDERZ come quickly to mind as well as some earlier JESUS LIZARD. Seven tracks, which include, surprise surprise, a FEEDERZ cover as well as an ELECTRIC EELS tune. (SD)

(Crack / Ripper)

RAUNCHY SEX – "Means Fucking Trash" EP

I do love me some raunchy sex. Not sure about this band though—the thingy inside says this is their best stuff from the last few years. Not that great then. It's lo-fi L.A.M.F. or OBLIVIANS style rock'n'roll. They make big claims to their drunkenness. Being a drunk myself, I think they need to mix some uppers with the bourbon. "I'm In Love With WWIII" is the best (fastest) song. "Hospital Bed" is some kind of ode to the DOLLS or something. Maybe it's better live. I like the spirit though. (RO)

(Trash)

RAYMILLAND – "Recordings '79-'81" LP

This is weird freakpop that the folks who re-released it want you to think is "post-punk," but as you can see from the dates of the recordings, this is just not possible. It sounds like a mix of DAVID BOWIE and DEVO with an agonizingly mid-tempo pace. The vocals are obnoxiously affected *and* effected. Since I'm a terrible snob, this is really distracting for me. If you're into thinking you are superior for knowing about obscure bands that aren't really that good, then you should totally get this record! (HD)

(BDR)

REALITY CRISIS – "Sound of Destruction" EP

Perhaps it's the addition of a guest guitarist from doom masters ETERNAL ELYSIUM, maybe it's a natural progression of their sound, but this is definitely a different REALITY CRISIS then we've ever heard before. The hard-hitting crust is still the backbone of the sound, but there's something new here as well. But fuck me if it doesn't sound amazing as always. The dual vocals cause chaos, as always, and the gang choruses are *huge*, but the riffs are a bit busier, the tempo's a bit more moderate and the songs are a little longer than what's normal for the band. Much like the last LIFE EP, it's possible that REALITY CRISIS are dipping their toes into the metal influence pool, but that's not at all an indictment of this record, which might hit harder in two songs than the *Who is Your Messiah* EP did in four. Point is, unusual for them or not, this is still a REALITY CRISIS record and given that they're one of the best bands in the world today, you fucking need it. (AU)

(H:G Fact)

ROGERNOMIX – "The Trickle Down Effect" EP

Although you probably wouldn't expect it from the *Simpsons*-like cover image (drawn by Alex Ratcharge), this is a fast and heavy crust record from a bunch of New Zealand punks. The pseudo D-beat riffs, raging dual male/female vocals, and heavy guitar tone strongly bring to mind a few of the more raging Profane Existence bands of the mid-'90s. Don't get me wrong: this is no STATE OF FEAR, but if any of this sounds like your bag, it might be worth your while to check this out. (JH)

(Always Never Fun)

THE RUMBLERS – "Resistor Radio" CD

Not much to say about this one, really. Twelve tracks. Pretty good channeling of the early BAD RELIGION sound/style/vocal inflexion (minus the oohs and aahs). Pretty minimal packaging, including no lyrics, but as far as I can tell, they share similar lyrical concerns. The guitarist is called Donnie Switchblade. More than decent, if you dig that BAD RELIGION sound. (RK)

(Creep)

RUN, FOREVER – "The Devil, and Death, and Me" CD

I'm not a grammar expert, but do you need all those commas in the title? Maybe, you, do. This is a trio from Pittsburgh, PA. Though the guitar is usually electrified (there are a couple acoustic numbers) this is very much folk/punk that is pretty popular these days. Think early AGAINST ME or ANDREW JACKSON JIHAD and even indie darlings BRIGHT EYES, especially the impassioned, warbly vocals. (MD)

(Solidarity)

RUNNY – "We Have Come For Your Women (And Some Of Your Men)" CD

Brat punk with hints of hardcore, minus any hooks and all rounded off by a vocalist whose voice grates cheese for a living. (SD)

(Powerload)

SCHOOL JERKS – "Control" EP

These Canadians are snotty little shit starters. I don't know them in the biblical sense but can only imagine. I loved they're last two records and they always reminded me a little of the FUCK-UPS from this here town. Well the song "Ready To Die" starts off with a little rip off of "I Think You're Shit" by the aforementioned band. Great shit. Buy this and punch someone in the face. (RO)

(Cowabunga)

SHANNON AND THE CLAMS – "Sleep Talk" CD

SHANNON AND THE CLAMS has been plugging away in the garage scene for what must be a few years now, and I guess this is their third full length. The band stomps and coos through twelve numbers here, combining the romantic and the ridiculous to create an infections album. The best part is when they meld their voices together, like on "Cult Song." The worst part is that, on the CD at least, the vocals sometimes sound too distorted. Like maybe there's some clipping they tried to cover up? That's probably just the case for this format. It probably sounds great on LP and cassette, which it also came out on. If you like garage rock that worships old Spector girl-groups, then you will probably do the boogie dance in your boogie pants to this. (LP)

(1-2-3-4 Go!)

SHARDS – LP

This entire album reeks of sarcastic contempt for mankind. There's definitely some alienation from conventional establishments, but not in a juvenile way. The lyrics and music are presented in a clear, concise and almost humorous manner and if you have a mindset that's even remotely similar to these guys, you'll be enthralled from start to finish. A darker, heavier version of the GERMS is the best description my sleep-deprived brain can muster at the moment. Overall, a great album, one that I'll be spinning often when I feel disconnected from the world. (KM)

(Sorry State)

SHARP ENDS – "Broadview Pressure Test" EP

It is amazing how much this band sounds like ZZ TOP with ROB ZOMBIE fronting. If not for the super fuzzed-out quality of the recording, I might be more confused about the contemporaneousness of this release. These tracks are fairly innocuous and they maintain a continuous theme of classic rock. (HD)

(Mammoth Cave)

SHARP OBJECTS – CD

Five gorgeous tracks of early '80s California punk rock worship. This could come off any one of those classic comps that came out around that era whilst still sounding so relevant to the here and now. It's got that energy, more hooks than a pirate convention and those ever-important double fist in the air moments. I'm thinking AGENT ORANGE meets the

ADOLESCENTS. Four of the tracks have been released as two seven inches, if you have missed out, do yourself a favor and pick this up. (SD)
(Modern Action)

SHRINNIRS – "Early Singles" LP

I hope anyone I know is reissued in such an earnest sentiment. No big gatefold with colored vinyl, (not that there's anything wrong with that) just a hand written Bic pen scrawling track numbers across the vinyl, home-printer inserts with pages of interviews. Instead of opting for an mp3 download, they've engineered a brilliant CD-sized box glued to the Sharpie fumes-exuding cover, holding a CD-R and original flyers for when SHRINNIRS opened for the EX. The glitziest component is that the liner notes are by magic wand-clenching legend-makers, Byron Coley and Thurston Moore. The mature critical duo describes SHRINNIRS as "nutmeg wierdom" and I'm gonna go ahead and uproariously laugh and then without missing a beat co-opt that expression to relay this crazy fucking grab bag of '80s freak-y noise-y. It's like the well-annunciating drama kids got into Sonic Youth and lit candles but totally showed up to science class on time. The collection's variety is so gaping; there is a song here and there for almost anyone vaguely into "indie," "punk," or "noise." The fiery punk jammer on side A is killer, along with a lot of what I consider to be pretty fluffy female-led adult-aged college rock. I wish I could tell you track names, but the insert info is so "Good Morning Meth" sketch-scattered I don't know what I'm even looking at to tell you the truth. This is either a long lost treasure of spice-cabinet weirdiosity that has its occasional snoozers, or it's Kim Gordon's contemporary Garage Band project looping with DOG-FACED HERMANS outtakes. Either way you're probably curious. (JS)
(Mystery Train)

SHRIN – "Fire Works" EP

This band sent us two insanely packaged records this month, this is a 7" of a live performance in Cambridge MA in 1995. It's packaged in a Xerox of one of those Allan Lomax folk LP compilations. The band has been in existence since the '80s in various forms with different variations on the above band name: they are now called SHRINNRS. This really reminds me of early '90s DC sounds, AUTOCLAVE, TSUNAMI, the HATED even. More fucked up than any of those bands though. Female vocals over sort of weird and interesting guitar, it's not indie rock, it's *more* than that, got a GREG SAGE desperation that supercedes any MECCA NORMAL comparisons. (This band is also made up of two people). Dawn's guitar style is really cool, especially on the song "Riot On!" It's got this spooky otherwordliness. (LG)
(self-released)

SILLA ELÉCTRICA – "Ritmo Suicida" LP

I always worry when bands I heart do long players, since the 45 is the perfect format for this sound, but there is nothing to fear. This is fast desperate and necessary punk rock from Madrid, with trebled out punchy guitars and relentless chanted male/female vocals. This'll make you wanna grab the nearest complacent long hair and give em a haircut they'll never forget. I mean this is really fast and catchier than herpes—for a frame of reference you could think about the hardcore era of ULTIMO RESORTE. Clara just has the best most out of control desperate voice ever. A wound up tight and frenzied punk attack that will appeal to you if you are into early GORILLA ANGREB or even RUTTO. Eighteen songs of up the punx insanity. (LG)
(Sóla Para Punks)

SILVER COCKS – LP

I have one word to describe this band, and it will be all I need to say. *TAXI*. This band sounds exactly like TAXI from Rome, Italy who took the rock'n'roll world by storm about a decade ago with a few killer singles and a couple of albums mostly released on Dead Beat records. There isn't a lot of info about this band included on the jacket and no insert, but they *are* from Rome as well and if I was feeling lucky, I would almost be willing to wager my life savings (which ain't much) that SILVER COCKS may even be a new incarnation of TAXI or at least include some former members of TAXI. If you liked TAXI at all, then definitely check these guys out!! (ML)
(White Zoo)

SISSY SPACEK – "Vanishing Point" flexi EP

Noisecore! Drums, electronics (noise) and vocals. Spastic short bursts borderline grindcore drums with noise electronics and screaming. Think LIGHTNING BOLT on crack. There are seven short bursts on this one sided flexi 7". This is yet another project with John Wiese involved. Wiese is currently one of the most diverse and prolific musicians going. He's involved in over 100 releases ranging from his solo noise project to playing with WOLF EYES and METALUX and playing with SUNN O))) to BASTARD NOISE. It's often difficult with an artist this diverse and prolific to find the gems but with Weise I think a lot of what's he's been involved with turns out well and I liked this release a good bit. (MH)
(To Live A Lie)

SIVLE SI DOG – "Room 30" CD

When this first came on all I could think of was ROLLINS BAND. But with a little research I learned this was a North Carolina band from the '90s and this is a re-release. So now I'm thinking more Am Rep and JESUS LIZARD, which is an improvement in my mind. I wasn't familiar with this band but if you are into that era of noise/grunge before grunge became bad radio rock then give this a listen. (RL)
(Girth)

SLOBS – "Look Busy, Do Nothing" EP

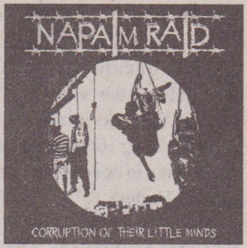
This band plays in a trebly, proto-hardcore style with a vaguely beach-punk-on-a-cloudy-day vibe. The vocalist is snotty and hoarse, but he sounds unsure of himself in his delivery. The songs sound like a halfhearted delivery of warmed-over CAREER SUICIDE and REGULATIONS riffs that don't even attempt to go to the primary source of this sound or come up with anything interesting. I actually feel like this band could be good if they had some attitude or didn't sound so damn bored playing these songs, but I'm not feeling it here. (DG)
(Cowabunga!)

THE SNALLYGASTERS – "Black Aggie" CD

I'm not really getting the vibe of this band. I was sure this band would be from Europe but they are from Baltimore. I was also expecting something more goth but they are plodding tough punk. Not so much in a knucklehead way but in a TURBONEGRO or ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN way. The band name is nothing to brag about and neither is the music. (RL)
(Unmutual)

SORRY EXCUSE – "Normalcy" EP

Straight Edge hardcore from the Midwest, don't know where in the Midwest exactly, but it's all the same out there right? Oh, looks like they're from the land of the fabled KC masterpiece BBQ sauce. This may seem like a random comparison, but this really reminds me of the VISUAL DISCRIMINATION *Serial Killers* EP that came out a while back on Deep Six. These vocals are brutal and the speed pretty much never lets up, the only thing that reminds me that I'm listening to a modern edge band are the occasional gang backups, and of course the lyrics and cover art. Third Party records? This is the same label that put out the XPLAGUED WITH RAGEX shit, what the fuck? This is a lot more raging than that—believe me. Another great 7" for review, recommended for all fans of great fast Hardcore, regardless of lifestyle choices, open your mind, maaaaaaaaaaan. (AH)
(Third Party)


NAPALM RAID
CORRUPTION OF THEIR LITTLE MINDS

POISON PLANET
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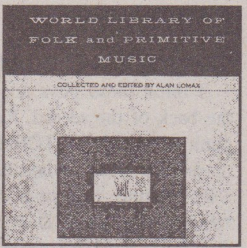

WORLD LIBRARY OF FOLK and PRIMITIVE MUSIC
COLLECTED AND EDITED BY ALAN LOMAX

STARS BURN STRIPES – "Buy Now Pay Later" CD

This Danish band does the melodic hardcore thing along the ways of NOFX and BAD RELIGION. They do mix it up with some horns and an acoustic song towards the end of this eight-song release. This is decent but nothing special. (RL)

(5 Feet Under)

STATIC ANTHEM – CD

God, this is terrible! Well… maybe not terrible, but it is not good. I really hate being that asshole reviewer that tears something apart as I'd rather offer some constructive criticism, but this is just dull, dull, dull. The drumming and guitars are so stiff and unimaginative that it sounds like when a band is comprised of all first-time musicians, but I don't think that's the case here as these guys *can* play. Unfortunately they are just playing by-the-numbers rock, trying to sound punk. (ML)

(self-released)

S.T.D – "Atomschlag S.T.D 1983: Graceful Taste of Rays" CD

A few years ago I picked up the awesome Austrian rare punk compilation *Es Chaos Is Die Botschaft* while trying to satisfy my voracious appetite for all things obscure and one of the tracks that stood out for me was "Konflikt" by some unknown band named S.T.D (Social Transmission Decay). The song was totally in the UK82 style and sounded like early ABRASIVE WHEELS or something, meaning it was on the better end of that spectrum. I assumed that S.T.D had some singles floating around out there somewhere, but apparently these boys from Vienna only recorded a demo in late '83-early '84, played a handful of shows in their home city, and then disappeared. For a demo these ten tracks have surprisingly good sound quality and could have easily been made into an album if there weren't a thousand other bands during the time trying to do the same thing. What really stands out for me is that some of the songs take the time to have musical buildups and clock in at three or four minutes, which gives some variety to the otherwise straight up hardcore punk assault. Lyrics are provided with translations in both English and Japanese and three extra live tracks are thrown in as well. Totally worth checking out if you dig this style. (BG)

(Hardcore Survives)

STEAKNIVES – "Devil Inside" LP

I think these guys are Eyetalian guessing from the back of the record. Really good late '70s style punk with high STITCHES like vocals. Kinda like those '90s KBD revival bands. I bet these guys do a lot of shitty European crank and are a blast live. "Radical Shit" and "Devil Inside" are the best. They do a BAD BRAINS cover I could live without. Not fiercely original but pretty great. (RO)

(White Zoo)

STILLBORN – "Rise Again" CD

Round three of crappy CDs. This time we got a band featuring tough punk types named Davey Bones and Drew Bastard. Yikes. More clean sounding poppy garbage. Dorky big rock guitars and cock rock attitudes. The song "Next Victim" sounds OK for a minute. Not really. OK. I couldn't make it through the whole thing. Break up now! (RO)

(Snot Merchant)

STRANGE ATTRACTOR – CD

I find it absolutely funny that STRANGE ATTRACTOR plays some JAY REATARD inspired trashy punk, but the picture of the band inside the CD cover is a bunch of dorky looking guys wearing clean shirts rockin' out in a basement rec room. The carpet even looks like it has been vacuumed. I love contradictions and I encourage them too. Back to the music. It is blown-out, messy rock which I am sorry to say will probably always bring to my mind Mr. Reatard until someone manages to take it in the next direction. Even the lyrical content is strikingly similar. That said, nineteen songs in nineteen minutes is always a good idea. Great version of "You Don't Love Me" too. (CK)

(Red Lounge)

STREET EATERS – "Ashby and Shattuck / Mother"

Man it's been a long time since an awesome picture disc 7" came into *MRR*. Unless you listen to ZZ TOP-style rock, you probably only have like two 7" picture discs. That terrible SCREECHING WEASEL one, and some other random one. Well, here is a rare treat, cause this record actually rules. The Bay Area's STREET EATERS continue their parade of record releases with this two song EP. One original song and an EX cover. They're a male/female two-piece that does drums and bass with super fuzzed-out tones and harmonizing vocals. They have the feel of DINOSAUR JR with the musical sensibilities of SHELLSHAG. It's fun stuff; puts a smile on your face for sure. Poppy but not too poppy. Worth checking out. (FS)

(Starcleaner)

STRIPMINES – "Sympathy Rations" EP

Goddamn this is one heavy and hateful record. Unlike many of their contemporaries, North Carolina's STRIPMINES avoids easy categorization, opting instead for a mix of hardcore styles that is simultaneously simple and complex. Throughout the record, they balance fast, downbeat hardcore à la TOTALITAR and crushing mid-paced mosh parts like WASTED TIME to brutal and refreshing effect, (both of these comparisons come from the Sorry State description, but they really are very appropriate). What I like most is that the entire band contributes something unique that makes each song stand out from the pack. The vocals are uncommonly harsh, the drums are tight and rough, and the bass lines and guitar leads (especially on "Turn My Back," which is probably my fave on here) are creative and unique. If you're tired of records that go nowhere or recycle the same ideas, this is for you. Highly recommended. (JH)

(Sorry State)

THE SUBVULTURE – "Ambition" EP

Listening to this, I got the impression it was their first record, and searchin' the internet and the record library here reinforces that idea. The B-side is a winner, with a cool, rough-edged melodic hardcore song reminding me of fellow Finns JUGGLING JUGULARS and a gloomy, pensive number, "Ambitions," which is their most ambitious and best track. It is so easy to have a corny, sucky song in this vein, and so great when a band pulls it off. The A-side has two lesser tracks, including a bad ZOUNDS cover. (Maybe they should've put on the record that they didn't write that one—I didn't know until I read a translated web page.) The A-side also seems to suffer from a mastering or pressing problem—it sounds a little warped. Well fuck it, I can't stop playing the other two tracks, "Ambitions" especially. This is worth it for the one functional side. It would go great on a mix tape with LIBYANS. (JM)

(Blame the Victim, no info / Bleak Eyes, no info)

SWAMP THING – "I Never Knew" EP

New EP from this Richmond band that likes a bit of metal in their hardcore. Honestly, when they go for the throat, which is usually about a third of every song, they're pretty raging. Then of course, there's a breakdown, or an interlude that builds into a breakdown, and that's generally where I get off the SWAMP THING train. My guess is that these guys and BRACEWAR play a lot of shows together in RVA. You should know by now if you're into this kind of hardcore. (KM)

(6131)

SWEET TOOTH – "Japanese Void" EP

Following an excellent demo, St. Louis' SWEET TOOTH deliver a ripping debut EP. Combining the best elements of Y2K thrash and more recent, more blown-out hardcore punk equals a winner in my book. "Saved By Hardcore" is the scorching opener that condemns people who get into punk for the wrong reasons. The band is tight as fuck, and just when you think they're never going to step off the gas, they transition into mid-paced parts that are hard without sounding tough, no small feat. They also hate small talk. I know most punks claim to hate small talk, but I genuinely believe these guys. They wrote a whole song about it, which contains the fantastic lyric, "You wouldn't be talking if words weren't free." (KM)

(Cowabunga)

SWITCHBLADE JUSTICE – "Let's Destroy The World Tonight" CD

These guys *love* the MISFITS. Worst fucking cover art ever maybe. A horribly drawn picture of some yuppie punk couple with their hands intertwined lovingly with some city burning in the background. Clean (boring) pop punk with tinges of spooky rockabilly. I am barfing up an excellent dinner as I write this. Someone's gotta pay. (RO)

(Real Punk Radio)

TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET – "Another Way" CD

With 17 tracks, clocking in at under 34 minutes, this is the short, sharp, shock intro to the pre-history of this pre-eminent pop-punk band. They wear their influences (RAMONES, of course) proudly on their (leather jacket) sleeves, and on the soles of the obligatory Converse. And have that second-wave SCREECHING WEASEL / QUEERS melodic-snot (hey, have I just invented a new category!?) down good. Real good. This anthology collects the *Another Way* LP, *A-Bomb* 7", and their tracks from the split EP with BILL THE WELDER. If you missed 'em the first time round (first time being the earlier years of this century), now's a great time to catch up. For sure. (RK)

(Red Scare)

TELEBOYS – "Ascoli Brucia!" EP

Imagine a Rave Up release without any of the studio recordings. This is that. These songs would sound great if they had been recorded in a studio. They were not recorded in a studio. They were recorded live on crummy Italian tape recorders then released by Rave Up Records in 2011. A historic document, if nothing else. That being said, the songs aren't bad but I just can't imagine buying this—it sounds *bad*. There's one listenable tune (don't know what it's called as the labels are blank, but I think it's "Ascoli Brucia" itself) and three that passed through my ears like hot butter. Pay no more than a quarter. (BB)
(Rave Up)

TELECOMMANDE – "Panique Devant L'écran/Pixels"

I have a soft spot for punk bands that use drum machines. There is something so unnatural and wrong, yet oh-so-right about that sound. Particularly when combined with a raging guitar. TELECOMMANDE are such a band. This one-sided 7" has two catchy, fun songs. The first one is dancey. The second punky-er. Both have distorted vocals with French accents. Great stuff. (CK)
(Leather Bar)

THINK TWICE – "National Sacrifice Zone" EP

One of those bands where everyone wants to drop the word crust. but damn it I'm going to try not to. This is straight up fast hardcore. There are fastcore leanings and a little bit of that PROTESTANT sound but I'm still not going to say crusty hardcore. Noisy hardcore from Tennessee that both rips it up and doesn't set itself apart. (MH)
(Give Praise)

TIMMY'S ORGANISM – "Can and Bottle Return, Smile" EP

Second Timmy record in as many months that I've had the pleasure to review for *MRR*. To be honest, I'd be happy to review a record by this cat every month. Keep the streak alive! Each Organism single is varied and different from its predecessor and this Bat Shit installment is no exception. Alternating between solo excursions and band explosions, this EP out-rocks the recent Sacred Bones LP and comes off a lot dirtier and desperate than just about anything you're likely to hear these days. Out-there punk rock for weirdos simply does not get better than this. (MC)
(Bat Shit)

TO BE HATED – "Banned in Dade County" EP

These Folk are from Florida I guess considering both sides are recorded live there. One side in a bar and the other in a record store. Poppy Oi inspired rock'n'roll. Cover art ripping off the BAD BRAINS. Tired. Sounds like '80s LA beach punk at times and they played with AGENT ORANGE so that's a good match. "Outsourced" (Terrible title) is a song about those damn *furoners* taking our work away and is pretty catchy. "Mind Control" is the other standout track" I'm not going to loose any sleep over this but keep trying. (RO)
(Suburban White Trash)

TOPLESS MONGOS – "Hey My My" EP

Ultra lo-fi, primitive rockin' stomps. This is barebones music with no frills and that is just fine with me. The singer has a dirty, nasty voice. It sounds great. Extra props for covering the "Theme from Human Centipede" even if such a song does not exist. (CK)
(Mammoth Cave)

TRANSEX – "The Heart of the State" EP

Whoa whoa whoa…wait a minute! Bands still pull this kinda shit? Remember fifteen years ago when every fucking band aped JOHNNY THUNDERS but came out sounding more like fucking KISS (or worse)? Well, hop into TRANSEX's time machine and prepare for suckitude. These guys remind me of shit like TRASH BRATS or DIMESTORE HALOS or any number of justly forgotten faux-glam junkie cheetah print asshole bands, only several rungs down in terms of quality or authenticity. "Cops Are Gay" is so mind-blowingly fucking dumb that it's almost commendable. Next, they butcher the CORTINAS hit "Fascist Dictator" and I'm left watching the record spin as I fantasize about shitting down their throats. The two tunes on the flip are not quite as offensive as the first two, but after those, anything is an improvement (even DISCLOSE). Horrible, horrible dogshit *on neon pink vinyl*!!! Excuse me while I cut my own dick off and feed it to rabid dogs. (MC)
(White Zoo)

TRENT FOX AND THE TENANTS – "Mess Around" EP

I love punk rock that manages to also be rock'n'roll. This is the shit. I admit to being a total sucker for music that is catchy, melodic, head-bouncy, whatever you want to call it. This has got all of that. This is rock'n'roll. This is catchy. This is pop punk. This is punk. It is extremely well played. I love this shit. If their first song didn't remind of the (fucking) BLACK KEYS, I might even like it better. (KK)
(Kind Turkey)

TV GHOST – "Mass Dream" LP

Four grown ups from Indiana playing SCIENTISTS by way of HUMAN EYE (it's in the effects) recorded by Greg Ashley. I doubt TV GHOST is going to make any new fans at this point in their career, but they seem to have a rather dedicated base that gets excited over their new releases, and I can see where they're coming from. It's definitely decent, the singer has CRAMPS intonations, which always sound nice with reverb, and it's not lo-fi. I like it but it's too In The Red for me, if you know what I mean (do I know what I mean?). I hate to mention this, but these guys are still fairly young and do blow the shit out of most bands made up of guys twice their age, and live they're quite good. I think I just hate LPs. (BB)
(In The Red)

TWO TEARS – "Eat People" EP

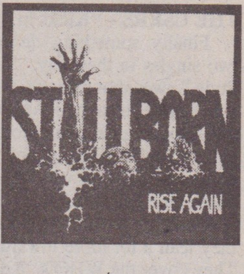
This is KERRY DAVIS of RED AUNTS latest band. TWO TEARS are sometimes a one-woman band, but in the case of this 7" two of the three songs were recorded with a bass player and drummer. Catchy and garage-y, but with a different sort of sound than most of the garage girls are dealing out. Davis has a real nice, powerful voice so she doesn't need to cover it in distorted fuzz. Fabulous. (CK)
(Kind Turkey)

UNARM – "Hypocrisy" EP

I tried to think of a way to describe this without using a current buzzword, but in this case I think it's unavoidable. This is fucking raw. One lady and three gents from Japan assaulting the eardrums with some fast, blown-out, bile filled punk. Commanding vocals accompanied by a pounding rhythm section, they even throw in some non-wanky guitar solos that rule. Musically, this is far more intense and definitely a step above bands that blindly ape DISCHARGE. If you're bummed that KRIEGSHOG is breaking up, grab this EP and few beers and you'll certainly feel better. (KM)
(Hardcore Survives)

URBAN WASTE – "Recycled" LP

Yes, is the same URBAN WASTE from NYC who released one of the finest cult records in American hardcore history—a fun and nasty little self-titled 7" on Mob Style records back in 1983. And yes, they've gone and tarnished their reputation with this LP, a completely unnecessary collection of songs that lowers them to the level of every mediocre band suffering from a lack of ideas or/and song-writing skills. Sometimes the past is better kept in the past; I really wish these guys could just enjoy their place in history instead of trying to relive it. (JH)
(Rebel Sound)



TELEBOYS
ASCOLI BRUCIA!

THINK TWICE
National Sacrifice Zone

disable
WARVICTIMS

złodzieje
rowerów

THE USERS – "Kicks in Style" LP

Finally something *decent*. The USERS released two singles in their day, "Sick of You" and "Kicks in Style," two above-above-average *punk* singles. Their songs draw from the RAMONES and the DOLLS but, like a lot of great punk groups, don't really sound like either. You've likely heard them on the Raw records compilation, or on various comps over the years. The unreleased and live songs (a staple of all Rave-Up's releases, often for the worse) are actually decent, though they lean a lot more towards power pop than the 7"s. They cover the WHO's "It's Not True" and apparently Robyn Hitchcock (of the SOFT BOYS and later solo fame) plays bass somewhere on here. Dave Goodman produces, and there's only one unlistenable live cut! A Rave Up first! (BB)

(Rave Up)

THE UV RACE – "Homo" LP

This is the second LP for Australia's UV RACE, although it's been floating around on cassette for a while. I think there are about nine punks in Melbourne, but between them they've got at least half a dozen of the best bands going right now in a variety of styles. The UVs are tucked into the twee, shambolic, bedroom DIY booth of the Melbourne rock diner, with a stoned mix of the VELVETS, the CLEAN, the SWELL MAPS, and the PASTELS. A lot of *Vice* reader approved bands try to cynically mine this reverb soaked vein of obscure music history because it's "kind of in right now," but you can tell that the UV RACE are just a bunch of kids having a good time. One of the more enjoyable shows I saw last year. Who am I kidding, any band with Mikey from ECSR can do now wrong in my book. (AM)

(In The Red)

VIRGIN ISLANDS – "Ernie Chambers v God" CD

So, this doesn't really appeal to me all that much. This band being from Seattle, and all, I'd call them post-grunge, maybe? After all, a dude who produced and or recorded MUDHONEY and other various Northwest punk/grunge bands' records produced this. They sound like they could be a band that toured alongside SOUNDGARDEN in the early '90s, but with a more overtly political edge. (BD)

(The Control Group)

VIVID SEKT – "Horde/Runaways"

I want to like this record more than I actually do, but I just can't make that happen. I did like the demo, but it's not what I would normally listen to. The music and lyrics, which are most notably influenced by classic late '70s-early-'80s UK anarcho punk, are intelligent, conscious, and full of heart, but this record is just too slick sounding for the style. The tunes are played with a general looseness that suits them well but the clean recording ends up detrimental to the *aires* of the band and seems to take away some of the "soul" of the songs. I much prefer the more-raw demo version of "Horde," which shows VIVID SEKT sounding the way they should. The flip, "Runaways," still suffers the same from the recording, but resonates with me more than the A-side. (JU)

(Shock! Horror!)

WASPS – "This Was Punk" LP

London's WASPS were right there at the inception, playing the Vortex and Roxy with all the big names. Their first 7" *Teenage Treats* is one of my all time faves and spawned a whole series of obscuro punk comps. The band did two great 7"s and then evaporated. No idea why they never get any play, 'cos their fast SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS on speed sound is pretty fuckin' special. Here we have the usual Rave Up treatment; most (but not all) of the great tracks interspersed with ho-hum live stuff. I wish they'd just re-released the first 7" instead. It's all good, don't get me wrong, and the unreleased track is a treat. I'm just a purist. Anyone digging the vibes of the ADVERTS, USERS and the first wave of London punk should check this shit out. (TB)

(Rave Up)

WHITE LOAD – "Plays Fuck Jams" EP

Live 45 with three songs including two covers, one of LIVE FAST DIE, one of an OBLIVIANS song. The first song, the only original, is manic and breakneck, definitely sounding like hardcore as seen through a weirdo noise filter that I so enjoy. It's a sonic sensibility that sounds like laughing all the way through black out nights of juvenile self destruction, sloppy, gritty, shock with no value… a bunch of "scum punks" if you will. The recording is blown out and the awkward background noise abounds; is this a circle pit in a basement or a dive bar full of regulars with ears bleeding? It's good, managing to pull me from PUFFY AEROLAS to FLIPPER to the WIPERS to well, the OBLIVIANS all within about five minutes. (MM)

(Bat Shit)

WHITE WALLS – "The Milk of a Lonely Man/ Lady Parts"

Young, I don't know about dumb, but certainly full of cum. The singer croons like he's doing an impression of David Yow on the verge of ejaculating, and this thought actually passed through my head *before* it was pointed out to my oblivious brain that there's (depicted) semen on both the front *and* back covers of this record. "The Milk of a Lonely Man" takes a slightly-faster-than-lurching pace, and gets driven almost entirely by a scuzzy bass line, with some guitar leads that listen like musical fireflies before the epic guitar riff kicks in for the, um, climatic chorus. "Lady Parts" is about wanting to finger someone, and is more of a straight-up, headbanging noise rock number, except for some brief guitar dissonance that ends the song. I don't care about some dude's (real or feigned) sexual frustration, but both these songs are quite good. (DG)

(Video Disease)

XTRAMEDIUM – "Bernard L'Hermite" EP

I must say I'm out of the loop when it comes to French punk bands. I should probably step up my game when it comes to this kind of stuff. These guys are from the Riviera and play up-beat catchy punk. The vocals remind me a lot of that guy from the STRIKE with that weird style that's something like a loud whisper. I must say the packaging is quite nice as well. The cover appears to be both screen-printed and letterpress (a medium that not enough bands use). This is well worth checking out. (BD)

(Chevaliers de la Table Basse)

ZŁODZIEJE ROWERÓW – "Rozproszenie" EP

Normally mid-paced, melodic, and slightly metallic hardcore—metallic in a clean riff sort of way and not a thrash or sludgy sense—like REMISSION or ONE STEP AHEAD or later period VERBAL ASSAULT, doesn't really do it for me, but for some reason I'm totally digging the way these guys lay it down. Maybe it's because these Poles do it right. Or maybe it's because all the straight up hardcore, as much as I love it, is starting to sound tiring and predictable. I mean, when this type of stuff was originally coming out in the early '90s it was a response to all the late '80s hardcore that was getting repetitive and stale. And now the cycle repeats. The best part is ZLODZIEJE ROWEROW has been around since '93, so their approach is the real thing, and not some lame retro attempt. Outside of the great guitar work and solid rhythm section, the lyrics on this three-track EP are poetic and insightful, falling between positive optimism and melancholy, and sung with heart (English translations are thankfully provided). One of the songs is a bittersweet realization that the band is coming to an end, and that's got to be a pretty profound feeling after almost twenty years. Another is the longstanding frustration and puzzlement of what happens to people's beliefs as they get older. I suppose this is the last record by this group, which is too bad 'cause they're amazing. (BG)

(Refuse)

ZŁODZIEJE ROWERÓW – "Emo'la" LPx2

Honestly, this reminds me of a more Euro-squat orientated FALLING FORWARD, or a more chuggy emo rocked out LIFE… BUT HOW TO LIVE IT. So yes, it's chuggy yet melodic emo rock that sounds like something kids in big shorts and Art Monk Construction t-shirts would have made in 1995. There is a definite political hardcore edge; this band is not kids whining about how sad their feelings are. From the liner notes I can deduce that they were actually from the late '90s, so my aforementioned assumptions are not too far off. The vocals are passionate, spoken/intoned in places, sometimes there are female back ups. The lyrics are politically charged, somewhat philosophical covering the meaning of home, and how race and class cut in for some amongst other more introspective ruminations. This is a double LP, beautifully put together and represents it's time in the evolution of hardcore. Is it something you would be intrigued by though?? (LG)

(Emancypunx / Refuse)

V/A – "Bloodstains Across British Columbia"

Aahhhh, a compilation of British Columbia bands singing songs about Vancouver (or at least it seems to be a major theme). Because of my already existing love of such bands as NU SENSAE, SHEARING PINX and WHITE LUNG I was already like, whoa boner comp. There were a couple missteps into bland territory with tracks by NEEDLES//PINS, INDIAN WARS and YUNG MUMS, but even those moments were decent. Some old friends blew my mind like NU SENSAE's wander into a creepy witch chant with Daniel singing (I'm assuming) rather than their normal fare of full on sonic assault, SHEARING PINX continues to forge away from loose jams into tight riffs and I am so fucking into it. Some new surprises included AHNA and MANIC ATTRACTS. It also packs thirteen tracks onto a conveniently sized seven-inch. Oh, and part of a *Bloodstains* series of Canadian bands. Sick. (MM)

(Mammoth Cave)

V/A – "This is Peterborough Trice" CD

This is a compilation of bands playing in Peterborough UK in 2010. Apparently this is the third installment in as many years. And according to the liner notes they didn't have a very enthusiastic response from the bands they asked this year. So the 21 bands on this CD are not necessarily the best and the brightest of Peterborough. Which is actually very apparent. Most, if not all, the songs on this are pretty bad. Half of it is really over-produced radio hard rock. The other half is Guitar Center-core. Yikes (FS)

(Rowdy Fargo)

V/A – "Under the Covers Vol. 2: A Tribute to Paul Collins, Peter Case and Jack Lee" LP

A more ambitious collection than the first I Hate Rock'n'Roll *Under the Covers* compilation which simply featured DARKER MY LOVE and AUDACITY covering each other's songs on a 7". This record is a tribute to PAUL COLLINS, PETER CASE and JACK LEE, the men at one time known as the NERVES. But since it is not merely a Nerves tribute also included are covers from the Collins' and Case's subsequent bands the BEAT and PLIMSOULS. I would have been impressed if someone took the concept all the way and went for a song Lee wrote for SUZI QUATRO or PAUL YOUNG, but none of the bands were that adventurous. Overall this compilation features the songs you would expect: "Hanging on The Telephone," "Walking Out On Love," "A Million Miles Away," "One Way Ticket," etc. done by some of the current garage-y bands. These are great songs so it would be hard to do a bad version, but TIJUANA PANTHERS, WHITE WIRES, LE FACE, RATAS DEL VATICANO and PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS all do great versions while managing to keep with their personal rock'n'roll "style". I wish the DAVILA 666 song was recorded better. Something is missing there, making it sound a bit flat—otherwise it would be on that list too. (CK)

(I Hate Rock'n'Roll)

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Kevin Manion, Justin Briggs, Dan Goetz, Langford Poh and Matt Bleyle

48 THRILLS – Gruff dude pop-punk from Portland. They're playing that D4, OFF WITH THEIR HEADS style that everybody loves so much, and they play it pretty alright. I'd dance with my pint to these dudes for sure. (Langford) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, 48thrills@gmail.com)

AGATHA & THE CHRISTIES – Reverby garage pop from Brighton, UK. Sounds a bit like later FRUMPIES with even more of a BILLY CHILDISH / HEADCOATEES vibe. Also reminds me of HUGGY BEAR at times for some reason. So ya I guess it's got a weird riot grrrl / garage rock revival thing going on. A little too cute at times for my taste but well played and recorded. My favorite song might be "Crime Fight," a retro/spooky B-52S style song a la the REVILLOS. If you crave Casio keyboard when you're listening to the Chicago blues then this is right up your alley. (Matt) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, agathaandthechristies.blogspot.com)

ANIMAL EYE / GREEN SCREEN DOOR – ANIMAL EYE plays some absolutely ruling synth-driven punk `that's fairly eclectic, like the SCREAMERS leading some sort of art school apocalypse. Could easily see this band on Criminal IQ. GREEN SCREEN DOOR is different musically, yet are on a wavelength that makes it perfectly logical that these two bands would be on either side of the same tape. The songs on their side strike me as riding this tension between mellow post-punk and some sort of uptight anxiety, with a spazzy guitar playing off of subdued riffing, as the male and female vocalists sound like they're giving stern orders without passion, that in a weird way reminds me of FLIPPER. Regardless, this tape rules and is well worth your time. (Dan) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, c/o Chris Greenspon, 16180 Appleblossom, La Puente, CA 91744)

BORN BAD – I can't quite tell if this is a (great sounding) live recording, a (great sounding) practice recording, a four-track recording, or none of the above. Get the picture? Not that it sounds pro, or even "punk-pro," but it's pretty raw yet you can hear everything *perfectly,* aaaaaand the playing is tight as shit. Wait a sec, I had the Mono on and I'm gonna start over… Okay, that's more like it. Those initial remarks still stand but the guitar now sounds much noisier and piercing. I wasn't very impressed with BORN BAD at first, and I gave their first 7" a kinda "eh" review, but over time I was into what I heard from them more and more, and have grown to be a pretty big "fan." And on revisit a while back, I love that first 7" too. (I guess that's my apology? Not that it matters). This tape rules and is chock-a-block full of nasty (Canadian-played) American hardcore in its most pure and primal with tasteful leads and the chops to stand out. (Justin) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included. Home Invasion Records, 10-140 Lilac St., Winnipeg, MB R3M 2T1, CANADA, homeinvasionrecords@gmail.com)

THE BOSTON STRANGLER – Without mincing words, this demo (which actually came out in 2010) is probably my favorite release in some time. '82-'84 Boston hardcore is my favorite music of all time and without exaggeration I will stand by the fact that everything about this demo, from the lyrics, to the recording, to the riffs could have existed alongside *Get it Away*, "Regular Boys Haircut," or your *Tailgate*, etc. THE BOSTON STRANGLER is the brainchild of SCAPEGOAT drummer Ban Reilly, who played everything on this recording, and armed with a brash, antisocial confidence he has created a museum-quality ode to a time and place that is much harder to recreate than you'd think. There are a lot of intricacies that are most often missed when people aim at sounding like "classic Boston hardcore," that have been completely nailed with this project. But don't think that it is simply a genre exercise; this tape is as excellent as any hardcore record could *ever* possibly be, and stands on its own in any light, with the drumming being extra impressive. (Justin) (5-song cassette, lyrics included. www.nowayrecords.com)

BROWN SUGAR – After a jangly, albeit sarcastic-sounding, '60s style garage pop ditty about a girl down by the river, this Buffalo band kicks out some, loose, rowdy, hardcore that's full of equal parts spite, irreverence, and quirky, spontaneous-sounding songwriting. The band's name comes from an H100's song, and the direct influence is obvious—especially with the vocalist's frequent screams that sound a helluva lot like Chris Erba, as well as Gerry Roslie (of the SONICS) - but they sound equally influenced by various wild, reverbed-out '60s garage stuff, and this tape wanders more and more into this territory as it progresses, ending with a masterful, hazy lethargic quasi-surf number. Easily this band's best output yet. (Dan) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, c/o Feral Kid Records, 27 Ripley Place, Buffalo, NY 14213)

THE CHERUBMACHINES – I kinda dismissed this one before I even listened to it. First off, the CD got stuck in my laptop, then after dislodging it I was browsing the band's myspace and saw that this is a one-man band/recording project influenced by some fairly awful mainstream rock bands. Luckily, this is pretty decent. Pop-punk meets post-grunge with an excellent, super-distorted guitar tone. The guy knows how to write hooks too. If you're unfortunate enough to live in South Carolina, you should remedy the situation by starting an actual band with this fellow. (Kevin) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/thecherubmachines)

THE DELICACIES OF CONSUMING FLESH – I actually was just sampling tracks from this demo this morning on the label's website, and here it is… Apparently this cassette is a dark conceptual piece about a fucked up religious maniac going on a devious missionary trip with tragic results, which I will let you discover for yourself. I had no idea that THE DELICACIES OF CONSUMING FLESH were locals, and similar to the SNUFF FILM 7", a project of the members of MIGRAINE and ECOLI all jamming together. The sound here, as one might expect, is very chaotic, noisy, and unquestionably discordant hardcore, with some jazzy parts thrown in here and there. The one-track B-side loses me some with its "free"-dom, but I wholeheartedly appreciate the risks that were taken in making/writing this and on the whole it comes off as a fully realized and executed release. (Justin) (5-song cassette, lyrics included. Home Invasion Records, 10-140 Lilac St., Winnipeg, MB R3M 2T1, CANADA, homeinvasionrecords@gmail.com)

ETHER RAG – Sludgy hardcore/power violence from Enmore, Australia that only kind of reminds me of MAN IS THE BASTARD. They're not really brutal in that upset ogre style that defines most power-violence. They sound more like a hardcore band that tries to get their guitars to feedback like EYEHATEGOD. Pretty brutal nonetheless. No song titles, only roman numerals, which is almost becoming a standard these days. (Matt) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics, PO BOX 22, Enmore, NSW 2042 Australia, spincontrol@mindless.com, itsavideonasty@gmail.com)

FP – Spanish pop-punk reminiscent of classic Bay Area acts. If FIFTEEN decided to get back together and played near Barcelona, these guys would be the opening band. Gravelly vocals accompanied by an incredibly tight yet understated rhythm section. Lyrics in Catalan, but the explanations included let you know that these songs aren't apolitical brain droppings. If you crave speed or soaring, repetitive choruses in your pop-punk, FP aren't going to do it for you. If however, you appreciate subtle riffs and incredibly catchy passages that get better with every listen, definitely check this out. (Kevin) (13-song CD-R, lyrical explanations included, myspace.com/fillsdelaplana)

CHARLES LEO GEBHARDT IV – Apparently this guy did some time in UNNATURAL HELPERS, who I don't mind, and he is a pretty solid guitarist. However, this is absolutely fucking terrible folk pop. Sugary horseshit music with sappy lyrics that will make anyone with half a brain cringe repeatedly. In every city in America there is a shitty bar where some guy that sounds like this plays on weekends, and the few bored audience members curse the fact that they paid $10 at the door to hear "Live Music." (Kevin) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics, ggnzla.com)

HUBRIS – More super negative hardcore from a tape label with a METALLICA reference for a name. Every single song on here is about becoming aware of something awful. They're pretty pissed. Singer has a lot of distortion on his voice. Everything's muddy, but because they wanted it that way. Givin' the kids something to mosh to. (Langford) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, Fuckin' No Regrets Tapes, 4621 9th St NW, Washington, DC 20011)

INDOCTRINATE – Metallic crusty hardcore that's clean sounding enough to make me wonder if this kind of band is the end result of Deathwish Records fans getting introduced to crust and thrash metal, which in this case isn't necessarily a bad thing, but a few things on here, such as the trading off of the (main) throaty and grunting vocalists sounds unusually amateurish here, and somewhat amusing to boot. This CD has three songs that each push between three and five minutes, but they're varied and well-written enough that they at least don't get stale. (Dan) (3-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/indoctrinateofficial

ISTERISMO – "In Giú Sotto" – This appears to be an Australian tour cassette from the noisy Japanese hardcore powerhouse. The tape features half (four) of the songs from ISTERISMO's excellent *Non Puo Sopprimere Il Mio Conflitto* EP on Overthrow and the band's three tracks from the equally sick *Yotsuva* compilation LP that Crust War put out. For those unfamiliar, ISTERISMO's "music" sounds like classic era Italian hardcore tunes rocketed through the GLOOM filter. White-hot screeching, in-the-red guitars, and a bomb blast of high-energy…well…everything, pushed out in a wall of non-tone with the vocals yelled in Italian. Not sure about the availability of this cassette at this point, but there are still a small amount of copies of the releases these songs are taken from kicking around distros, which are well worth investigating if you're at all intrigued by the noisier side of hardcore. (Justin) (7-song cassette, lyrics included. dbeat_holocaust@yahoo.com)

LADDERLEGS – Sounds like modern inland Mass. weirdo rock. Most of you probably can't name a band like that since SEBADOH or DINO JR., so here's an update. A lot of the songs sound like the in betweeny numbers on REPLACEMENTS, MINUTEMEN or HÜSKER DÜ records, if that makes sense. This CD-R is all over the place, and I like it immensely. Ooh, also sounds like a punk band that regularly shares the stage with arty noise and indie acts (which I know they do if they play in inland Mass.) They're cool, czech 'em out. (Langford) (11-song CD-R, no lyrics, LADDERLEGS 738 Central St. Apt. 2 / Lowell, MA 01852, ladder.legs@yahoo.com, myspace.com/ladderlegs)

LIL DAGGERS – I'm a fairly nostalgic gent, and these Miami natives play some psychedelic garage jams that sound like they were recorded decades ago and just recently liberated from a time capsule. So yeah, I'm into this. Let me put it this way, if the History Channel used this as the soundtrack for their next documentary about '60s culture, people would think it's a product of that era. There are a couple songs, "Slave Exchange" being one of them, that could be played over montages of protesters marching on the capital. There's also an abundance of downer drug songs like "Ghost Herd" and "Pair Of Lives" which could be used during segments about LSD, or at the end of the documentary, when the condescending narrator declares that drugs killed the revolution as images of hippies passed out on the street fill the TV screen. "Strange Wolf," the closer, makes me want to drive out to the desert in the dead of winter and take peyote. Fabulous. Did I mention there's a creepy organ in most of the songs? Well, there is, and it fucking works. LP forthcoming, get into it. (Kevin) (11-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/lildaggers)

LINDSEYS – Jangly two-piece garage punk from the land of rain and coffee (Seattle). There a couple tracks on here that I really dug, "No Pray" and "Ah Ah Ah" are excellent. The lo-fi production is cool, but a lot of the riffs are similar and they use the same guitar tone throughout, so without a bass player it sounds repetitive and even a bit grating. If these guys are hell-bent on being a two-piece, they might want to invest in some pedals. Also, I think naming a band after another in the long line of dead rock 'n' rollers is pretty stupid. (Kevin) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics, ggnzla.com)

MASSGRAVE – A very "Brit"-sounding release here from this new Japanese band. The erupting bass sounds, howling vocals, rapid-fire drumming, and crunchy guitar tones remind me of a middle ground between the more grind-y and more crust sounds of the early days of Earache Records. Definitely some DOOM in there too. Metallic but not metal, crust-y but not crust, and quite thrashin' but not thrash. Great stuff that is very worthy your lunch money if you consider yourself a fan of anything I mentioned. (Justin) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included. Hardcore Survives, 3-37-9-15 Koenjikita, Suginami-ku Tokyo, 1660002 JAPAN)

THE NEW MEXICO – I believe this is the second demo from these Kentuckians. Solid hardcore punk with a focus on songwriting. I'm guessing these guys listen to a lot of '80s SoCal bands. "Escapegoat" is legit banger that could pass for a lost ADOLESCENTS song. Bonus points for being from Kentucky and actually playing punk. I'd write more, but I can't stop thinking about fried chicken. (Kevin) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/thenewmexico)

OMMA COBBA – The first tape from a label that promises singles only. This one's of the dreamy garage variety. Droning organ gives these songs a real relaxed vibe. Maybe like VU minus any danger whatsoever? I don't know if that's apt, but it's alright for a quiet day at home spacing out. (Langford) (2-song tape, no lyrics, Craft Singles 1749 Beech St. / Halifax NS B3H 4B7, craftsingles.com)

PROGNOSIS NEGATIVE – Holy shit this band rips. Brutal SEIGE worship! Great riffs. Even better delivery. My favorite tape of the month. I almost started moshing by myself when listening to this. This was recorded at 1919 Hemphill, which is tight because I thought everyone in Fort Worth only listened to the MARKED MEN. The cover of this tape looks like Jerry Seinfeld with vampire teeth and three Xs on his forehead which is deep on way too many levels. (Matt) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, progneg.bandcamp.com)

SLOGAN FREE YOUTH – Pissed off at everything thrash from somewhere in Australia a la LÄRM/MDC kinda. Songs about dropping out of school and doing drugs as a revolutionary act and moshing in your bedroom alone (something that we all do). This band sucks in all the right ways. Favorite line "You never consider how you feel / You just think about how you should feel." (Matt) (8-song CD-R, lyrics included, itsavideonasty@gmail.com)

SPASTIC MAJESTIC – They have a really good song called "Sick and Tired." Sounds like MOTORHEAD played really dumb and punk. Not d-beat though more like "Warthog" or PF COMANDO with an "Overkill" style chord change. Another case of pretty good songs, but crappy digital sounding recording. I really need to get over that I guess. Some of the songs are one and a half to two minutes too long. By the way this band is from the Netherlands. "Sick and Tired" rules though. (Matt) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.spaticmajestic.com, info@spasticmajestic.com)

STAY HUNGRY – Swedish sXe hardcore that sounds frighteningly similar to many American sXe hardcore bands I don't care to list. You know the drill; clean production with everything pushed up in the mix, fast parts that transition into slower two-step or windmill inducing breakdowns, gang vocals sprinkled in. Not my thing, but if you're stoked about watching videos on hate5six, you'll be into this. (Kevin) (14-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/stayxhungry)

SURREAL EXIT – There's virtually no common thread between the songs on this Olympia band's demo, so I'm going to go through it song by song. Intro: acoustic song with a flanger effect. First song: This band really, really likes SONIC YOUTH, and is doing a decent job of capturing *Goo*'s driest moments, with the vocalist's tone, the guitar sound, and everything. Second song: A simple but interesting guitar-based drone song. Third: A somber song with dreamy, double-tracked vocals, played on a steel acoustic(?) guitar and a wind instrument I can't identify that briefly gets distorted. The B-side has two more noise songs, including use of what I'm guessing is a guitar slide, and a song that's some RAMONES-in-a-Nordic-winter shit, complete with animal sounds, and I seriously have no idea what the hell kind of percussion they're using, but I like it. (Dan) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, fzinternational.blogspot.com)

TEENAGE LOVE 13 – I love '90s RAMONES and a few TURBONEGRO songs but I wasn't able to get into *The Weirdness* and TEENAGE LOVE 13 kind of reminds me of all of these things. I can tell these guys listen to the DEAD BOYS and actually like rock 'n' roll but the production is not very rock n roll. The songs aren't bad but I guess that's not all that matters. I dunno, maybe I just need to embrace the technological advantages of the new millennium so I can get down with TEENAGE LOVE 13 and post-reunion NEW YORK DOLLS albums. Cool side note: This band has been around since 1984 and have played everyone from THE REPLACEMENTS to SUICIDAL TENDENCIES. (Matt) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.teenagelove13.com)

TEROKAL – SLEEPER CELL was a great

band and I'm stoked to see Adam in a new band here. I mention this because TEROKAL, while not all *that* similar, is definitely mining the same territory of faster heavy hardcore with interesting non-passive riffs that are more involved than your usual three-chord hardcore punk. I'm hearing some Swedish/TOTALITÄR styled influences thrown in there as well. I will say that this tape suffers some from the muddy recording but this is a demo, after all, and it doesn't really detract all that much from the listening enjoyment. Can't wait for more. (Justin) ($3 ppd, 6-song cassette or CD-R, lyrics included, 1026 N. Fremont St., Portland, OR 97227, pdxterokal@hotmail.com)

UNHOLY THOUGHTS "Sleep" – Man, the amount of great hardcore being reviewed this month is *siiiiick* (even though some of it has been out for a li'l while), and this cassette from RVA's UNHOLY THOUGHTS is no exception. Members of SOUTHSIDE STRANGLER, SYNDROMĖ, and GOVERNMENT WARNING, so you can expect plenty of piss, snot and vinegar in the delivery. Puking out classic-sounding American hardcore punk with lots of subtle hooks all over these songs that are mostly fast with occasional slowing down for some creative mid-to-slower-paces. I love this, and the family of folks behind it seems to always have new projects that never disappoint and continue to pump out great hardcore punk one record/tape after the other. (Justin) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included. Vinyl Conflict, www.nowayrecords.com)

UP FOR NOTHING – Sounds like commercial bands from days of yore like NEW FOUND GLORY, but more "punk" like The BOUNCING SOULS. If that's your thing you might want to check out this band when you're not busy listening to RVIVR. Cool side note: they recorded in a mansion that Steven Segal used to live in. (Matt) (12-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/upfornothing1, upfornothing@hotmail.com)

VIDEO NATION – Everything I got from Australia this month has been pretty cool and VIDEO NATION does not disappoint. Stripped down hardcore/thrash with barely audible vocals. They kinda sound like "You Gotta Brain" era FARTZ trying to play like INFEST, which is a recipe for disaster (pardon the cliché) that I am loving. There are some really hilarious riffs especially on my favorite song. I'm not sure what it's called but I think it might be "Dumb." (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, itsavideonasty@gmail.com)

VICIOUS BRICKS – Some interesting mid-paced blasts of ugly, angry hardcore to be found on this plastic-encased magnetic ribbon. The riffing is very meat'n'taters and the tone of everything is really beefy, even the snare, and it adds a kind of smothering effect to the sound that feels oppressive and unsettling. No solos, no polish, no obvious influence. Just swelling anger that sounds genuine. Good stuff. (Justin) (6-song cassette, lyrics included. 3208 N. Rome Avenue, Tampa, FL 33607)

YI – I'm not a huge fan of math rock but this tape is really good. I guess cause it's not really math rock at all, but I can hear it somewhere in there. This band replaces emphasis on strange angular riffage with good sounding lo-fi recording/songwriting. The vocals kinda have a DAVID THOMAS thing going on. Actually they sound a bit PERE UBU inspired. Solid musicianship and songs and a very cool sounding DIY recording. Stoked to hear more from this band. (Matt) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, www.yipunx.tumblr.com)

ZERO ZERO – Goddamn this is awesome! A Brazilian take on early '80s skate thrash. No agenda here, just youthful energy. Lyrics entirely in English and they are so stupid and irreverent that I can't help but love 'em. "WE ARE BOMBSHELL SURFERS! Looking for the biggest waves just to crash... JUST TO CRASH INTO THE ROCKS!" There's also a song called "Chinese Shoe," post-apocalyptic moron music of the highest caliber. (Kevin) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/zerozerospace)

ZHENIA GOLOV – Super negative straight edge hardcore. Tenor screamed vocals, slow head-banging parts, galloping faster parts, spoken word pieces. Pretty cool and varied. Got some emo-hardcore style melodies. Epic at times. Lyrics are fucking sick too, talking about revenge castration and eating people (it's actually about vegetarianism). Although they do actually say "My dream of dreams" at one point. (Langford) (10(?)-song cassette, lyrics included, Fuckin' No Regrets Tapes, 4621 9th St NW, Washington, DC 20011)

V/A – "FIST OF THE NORTH STAR" Apparently this is a four song promo of a four way split CD. The packaging was too confusing for me to figure out which track was which band, and every track sounds like the same FAT WRECK CHORDS band. At least this band/bands sound like they listen to IRON MAIDEN and not EXTREME but they are still bad. (Matt) (4 song promo CD-R, no lyrics, www.fistedmusic.com)

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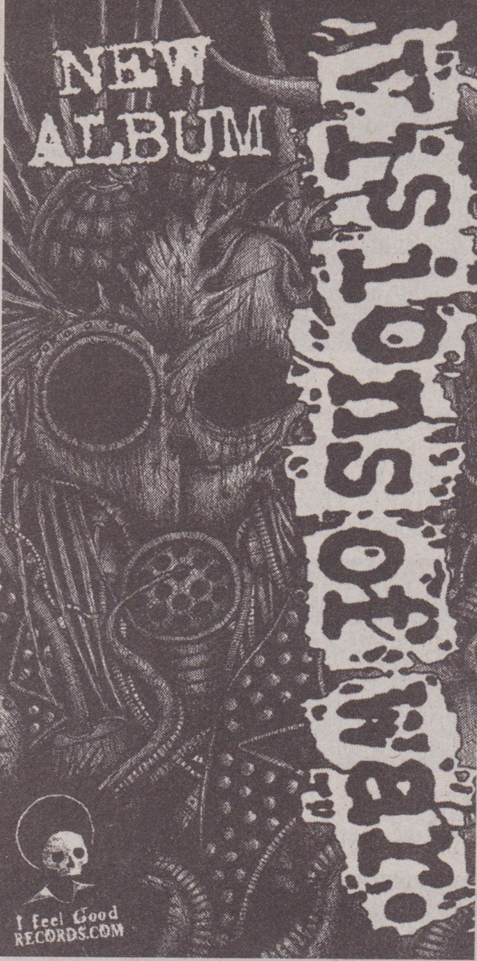
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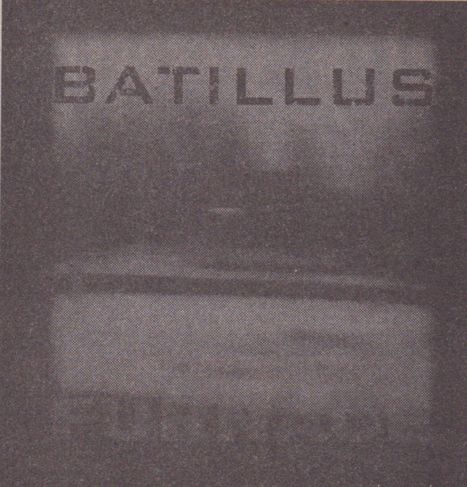

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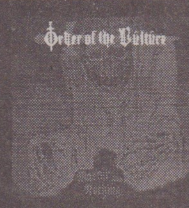

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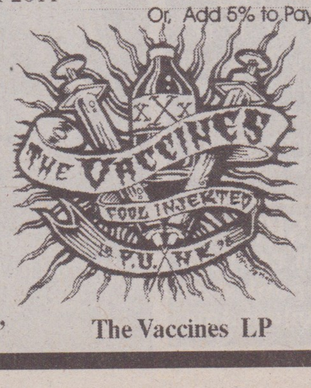

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

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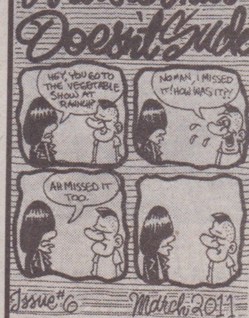
ACCEPT THE DARKNESS #5 / $3ppd US/ $4ppd world
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
It's been a little over a year since I reviewed *ATD* #1, and in that time, Shiva has honed his craft considerably. As with a number of punk fanzines these days, he blurs the lines between editorial, interview, and record / demo / zine / discography review in his coverage of bands, but this time around, he writes about Firmeza, la Tierra, Absurdo, the Silenzio Statico / LA Raw Ponx scene and the cassettes it's produced, *Distort*, and Lebenden Toten, plus a more usual record and zine review section to end things. The writing in here is exceptional: pointed yet articulate, informed, and enthusiastic (I'm sure he gets that adjective a lot, but it's goddamn true, and not a bad thing if one's writing is quality), and the layout also provides the perfect visual extension to the strong opinions expressed and abrasive music covered in here, with a couple of well-placed touches of humor. I'll definitely be on the lookout for #6. (DG)
c/o Shiva / 61 The Terrace / Katonah, NY 10536

ALTA INTE NSIDAZ #7 / no price listed
5.75 x 8.25 – copied – 12 pgs
A Spanish guy living in England does this rad-ass zine. There are no graphics at all apart from the covers, just an intro, a eulogy, and write ups of bands and demos. The demo reviews are long-ish and capture the rage and freedom these tapes are bringing. Most of the bands are from Spain. This is a short and great look into newer bands. The editor wants to trade tapes. (JM)
c/o T. Hemandez / 17 Rochester St. / Brighton / BN2 0EJ / UK / bastardosucio@hotmail.com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BALITMORE JOURNAL / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 8 pgs
This is a short comic zine completely hand drawn featuring a story about a hunter in the woods and a short sometimes nonsensical rant about ideals vs. convenience. I can understand the problem the author has with these issues. It's not a new topic, but his personal journey and anger about complacency is one I can sympathize with. (MB)
Isaac Roylos / 176 Coyle St / Portland ME 04101 / hopenevertomeanit@gmail.com

CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR #3 / $2
11 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Pretty cool rudimentary Detroit based HC zine. Interviews with Luvdump, Common Enemy, Death in Custody, the Bill Bondsmen are interspersed with show and demo reviews, and a history of Detroit ska. I like zines that focus on their own local communities, you get a feel of how things are in different parts of the world/country that really brings back the idea of punk as being a community based movement and activity. DIY! This zine is as I said, really basic, but it's got heart. There are even three months of local show listings in the back, pretty rad… (LG)
Aunty Social / PO Box 1196 / Detroit MI 48068
auntysocialdri@yahoo.com

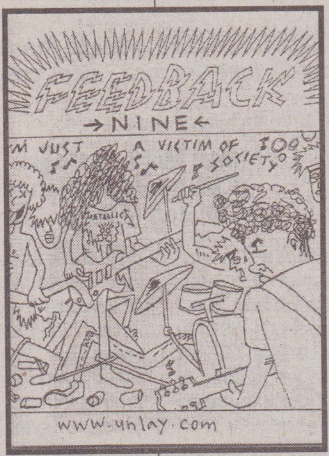
DISTORT #32
8.5 x 11 – copied – 14 pgs
The existence of *the* hardcore and punk fanzine should be common knowledge among anyone that's interested in intelligent, critical writing about anti-social music, so all I'm gonna say is that if you are unfamiliar, get with the program. You can start with this issue, in which DX compiles his favorite interviews from issues #7-#13 (which, as he explains in the intro, are actually the first issues of *Distort*), specifically those with H100s, Integrity, Left For Dead, Arms Reach, Masstrauma, Annihilation Time, Formaldehyde Junkies, Extortion, and the Mormons. He also talks about the origins of the zine, and includes each issue's intro and his thoughts on them in hindsight, which was interesting to read, and makes this zine worth owning, even if you happen to already own all the issues in which these interviews originally appeared. As a sidenote, all of the back issues up to the current subscription cycle are available as PDFs at the website below. (DG)
distortcult.blogspot.com

DIY PRINTER WANNABE #2 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 4 pgs
Honestly, I have no fucking clue as to what this zine is about. None. Lots of references and abbreviations I don't get. I'm gonna say it's about DIY printing solely based on its name. (MM)
James N. Dawson / PO Box 292 / Milden, WA 99149

DRUNK NACH OSTEN #2 & #3 / $3 plus postage
5.75 x 8.25 – copied – 68 pgs
We received two issues of this excellently done Czech zine, with one written entirely in the native language and the other done in English. I'm stoked on this because it's frustrating to come across cool zines from around the world and you can't always read them. Both editions are packed with articles, reviews and interviews, and with a nice cut and paste aesthetic lay out. Each issue also comes with a CD-R compilation packed full of Eastern European punk bands. For specifics, *Drunk Nach Osten* #2, the one in English, interviews the Hungarian grindcore band Human Error and Romanian punks Critica Radicala, among others. There is also a Ukrainian scene report, articles on festivals and the Latvian hardcore scene, and a partial history (seemingly a chapter per issue) of Czech punk. The Czech language issue, #3 (soon to be released in English) is also crammed with scene reports and articles, and both have a ton of zine and music reviews. There are a couple of cool features that really distinguish *Drunk Nach Osten* from many other zines. One is that you get to actually hear the bands you're reading about on the accompanying CD compilation, which makes the musical coverage more interesting, especially for an outsider to the region. The other is that each issue is available as a free PDF download, including the compilation; this is done to offset the expense of mailing and printing and it's an option that serves as a middle ground between print and total web-based zines. With a free PDF option, there's no excuse not to check this out. (BG)
Drunk Nach Osten / dno.maskcontrol.com / paaya.ds@seznam.cz

EAST VILLAGE INKY #46 / $3
5.5 x 4.25 – copied – 36 pgs
I ended up with this zine to review because someone else refused/couldn't stand to review it. I felt that it deserved a fair shake since the last issue got completely fucking DE-NIED by yet another reviewer who basically dismissed it without even saying why or what or how much. From one reviewer to another—why the criminal unfairness? But, to be fair, it is easy for me to see how one might not understand this publication's, uhm, relevance to the *MRR* readership. Sure, it is in fact a zine. Does *MRR*'s review policy state that the maker of a zine must be a punk? What does that mean, anyway? Can we agree to disagree on a few things? Out of curiosity, I did a tad bit of internet research and discovered that Ayun Halliday doesn't actually identify as a punk: "Amazingly enough, this project, which looks like the work of a talented fifth-grader (who sucks at kickball) is what led to my first book contract, my "Mother Superior" column in BUST magazine, and the happy misconception that I'm some sort of diehard punk rocker!" (www.rolfpotts.com/writers/halliday.php) Good job, glad DIY got someone *somewhere* other than bitter, overworked and self-righteous. So we can go from there. This zine is a comic-filled stream of consciousness diary-ish dish that deals entirely with the trials and tribulations (and adventures??!!) of mother-

hood in NYC. I don't find it terribly offensive although I can see why my comrades might think it is sort of un-relatable…I mean, whether you are a parent or not doesn't necessarily inform your ability to enjoy this, I think the fact that the writer is clearly concerned with middle class (read: "first world") problems is the real issue. Here is an example: she talks about having an arm injury that is fucking with her ability to cook, or carry the heavy cast iron gnome she is entertaining before she sends it to some other yuppie to take pictures with, and her husband remarks "we spend over $1,000 a month on health insurance you know." She just has this way of turning the mundane and sort of unimpressive feats of dealing with children (like she is the only one who does this shit??) into this massive accomplishment. Not that I don't salute mothers, because I do, they really bear the weight of the world in the most truly global sense. It's just that her "voice" is sort of hard to follow because it is all hand written and crammed into a small format, while it also reads like a text message sometimes, or like I missed at least ten references to something in a paragraph because I don't follow the same blogs as she does or pay any attention to pop culture. Like I said, it doesn't offend me, I think there are moments of literary cleverness, laffs, and even touching humanity. It is likely that the people who will appreciate this the most are more of the post-punk domain, especially (duh) parents, or anyone who loves a good old self-published comic. (JB)



FEEDBACK #9 / $2
5.5 x 7 – copied – 56 pgs
Feedback made me laugh because the essence of certain people I recognized is well captured in a scratchy little cartoon. That's cute. The perspective of a young Portland punk. Portland bands on local labels reviewed have a reference point that also seems to be from a person younger than myself, hooray for fresh ears! ...but I hope they've at least heard the Wipers. More interesting than your standard *Snakepit* style of daily reporting through a simply drawn comic strip; rather the focus is solely on the scene / shows in writer's sphere. I like that–it's personal without being trite and just self important enough to be of interest to others. (DS)
John Isaacson / 3317 SE 9th Ave / Portland, OR 97202

FREE BEER #16 / SHOOT DARTS AT THE SCREEN #3 / $3 well-hidden cash
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 44 pgs
The intro to the *Free Beer* side claims the zine is twenty years old... I don't think that's true. Both sides of this split are filled with stories of make-your-own-fun activities such as sneaking into places, dumpstering, playing four square and street bowling, the whole time binging on caffeine. Their writing does not bring these adventures truly alive, so this would be best enjoyed by other kids living a similar dream. Even then, your $3 could probably get you a better zine somewhere else. (JM)
PO Box 511553 / Milwaukee, WI 53203 / dumpsteredivan@hotmail.com

FULL METAL FAGGOT #4/ $3
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 30 pgs
This is what I was meant to do: sit around my room and pontificate on queer punk porn. *FMF* is an always intriguing read and I was happy to accept the challenge of reviewing such hot filth. Like previous issues this one boasts the tawdry fantasies of some nasty punk as he sits atop the beet piler in North Dakota wasteland musing on the shades of grey adorning his fellow worker's sweat stained underwear and the reek of a ball sack as it rests on your chin. Holy shit! Well printed pictures of sucking and fucking adorn the margins. Including a full page spread of my neighbor's pasty ass. The RealTree spurting cocks on the back page almost make me like RealTree. Oh and did you know there's a *Full Metal Faggot* 2011 calendar? Twelve months of pervy punks fucking on beet piles. You know you want it. (EC)
fast_particle@hotmail.com

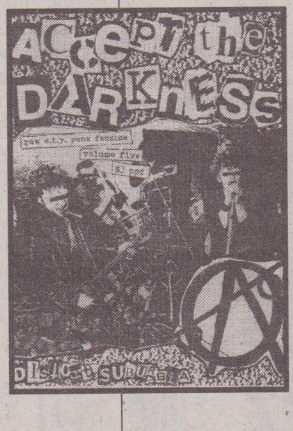
HABITAT #2 / $9
7.5 x 10.25 – printed – 48 pgs
A comic book about the horrors of homelife, plunging the safest spaces into an abyss of non-sequitors and paranoia. Looking like a darker and increasingly schizophrenic take on the creep landscapes of Renee French, the comic calmly stumbles through absurd situations and continuing confusion. Heavy on the visual and low on the words. It's really good. (MM)
Sparkplug / PO Box 10952 / Portland, OR 97296

HAUNTED GROUND #1 / $ donation or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 16 pgs
Who doesn't love ghost stories? A very simple stark layout of black pages with white writing keeps the mood. The shortest and sweetest of zines gets a mini review: I was scared! It was cool! (JB)
PO Box 6912 / Grand Rapids, MI 49516

HON, PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE / $3
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 56 pgs
This is a production of the *Smile Hon, You're in Baltimore* empire, it's an investigation into the very Baltimorian concept of the Hon. Popularized by the polyester dress wearing beehived icons of John Waters movies, they are the iron willed waitresses of a bygone era, clad in as much synthetic material as was possible. The zine starts out contextualizing and fleshing out the archetype, then delves into a local controversy of a business owner who has copyrighted the phrase and turned it into an kitsch diner and candy based empire. This is essentially a lot of writing from many different angles: people's memories of the Hons that populated their youth, armed with cheeseballs, housecoats and plastic wrapped furniture. How can you "own" this concept? Why was the trademark granted? One writer discusses the implications of the Disney-fication of "white trash" culture in the formerly working class neighborhood of Hampden, creating and maintaining a gentrified community that financially excludes the very people who were in fact the basis of the "hon" prototype. Celebrating working class culture only when it's thirty years old and already been pushed out of your neighborhood… A magnet or a coffee mug is much easier to deal with I guess. As always this made for an interesting and varied read; if you are interested in Baltimore, culture co-option by capitalist interests and/or Divine/Edith Massey this zine will be right up your street. (LG)
William P Tandy / PO Box 11064 / Baltimore MD 21212 / www.eightstonepress.com

JUNK ZINE #5 / $1, Trade, Free To Prisoners
8.5 x 11 – copied – 10 pgs
Funny little zine with bits of commentary from the editor/founder JND. Includes ads and contacts, poetry, pen pal ads, zine reviews, and letters to the editor. I found the Pen Pal section particularly noteworthy and endearing. In a sick and funny way. I also like the fact that the editor encourages and has an open dialogue with prisoners from all across the country. (DJ)
James N. Dawson / P.O. Box 292 / Malden, WA

LOOSE LEAF #1 / $? Free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 16 pgs
Although I'm certain that the editor / writer Matthew carefully selected the material presented in *Loose Leaf* from a larger pool and that this zine represents the best of that material, I can't help but read the observations and musings and wonder if perhaps a theme, a focus or even a subject that would tie the writing together would make this both more readable and more interesting. Instead, the reader is given short vignettes ranging from underwear theft to football. I would hope that future issues might have a bit more content. (CR)
mylooseleaf@gmail.com



THE MATCH #109 / free /cash donations!
7 x 9.5 – printed – 80 pgs
This zine is totally righteous without shaking a finger in your face. I feel smarter and at times ashamed after reading from this philosophical journal of anarchist descent. Like for instance, in Las Vegas I went alone to see the Bodies exhibit at the Luxor while in town for a ridiculous hairdresser convention. While I did assume the worst, that they were most likely the bodies of "prisoners" from China perhaps, I was not horribly offended but indeed fascinated by the whole process and presentation. In the current issue there is a four page column detailing a protest staged by said columnist against a similarly distasteful exhibit in the writer's hometown in Arizona. I re-thought my own actions based on points made in his story and am actually a bit disappointed with myself for not questioning the future path towards evil of the 25$ I spent. I did write it off the following year, but as an admitted tax payer I should just shut the fuck up about that choice to obey, more shame, and move forward. *The Match* always brings provocative material to its readers, and the firm stance taken against all forms of organized reli-

gion is right by me, so I read on. There are multiple letters and essays galore, and while the viewpoints are strong I don't encounter contradictions against the main manifesto of this important "Journal of Ethical Anarchism" which (to paraphrase) is to resist violence, religion, and other atrocities by not conforming to conventions set up by those authoritarian regimes, also right by me. I will be reading on this one for months to come. Thanks. (DS)
The Match / PO Box 3012 / Tucson, AZ 85702

MIDDLE FINGER RESPONSE #3 January 2011 / 1 euro plus mailing costs
5.5 x 8.5 – copies – 80 pgs – Spanish
Hell yes! Another awesome installment of one of my favorite zines! From Madrid Spain, *MFR* comes at us with the same great columns, "Hell's Kitchen" with vegan recipes, zine, book and music reviews. I really love their section called "In The Underground" which features mini interviews with different bands, this time covering four French bands. In this issue there are interviews with Dishammer, Hellbastard, Codia, Reseñas, artist Juan San Jose, an article about animal rights group Equanimal, a great special article about punk and anarchy in Poland, an article and history about Antisect, and an article about the movie La Curva Del Diablo. This is a movie about the Peruvian Amazonian insurrection. Best of all the zine includes a copy of the movie! Awesome! It's intense, but man is it worth watching. If you can read Spanish, get a subscription, seriously. This zine is pact with amazing and interesting content! Get it! (MB)
Maria Ruiz Carreras / C/Granada no22, 3oA / 28935 Móstoles / Madrid Spain / proukouskaya@gmail.com

MOSH #13 / international $4 US ppd (trades preferred)
5.8x8.2 – printed – 60 pgs
This was my first experience with *Mosh* though I had heard about it from 'zine friends. If you have heard any hype, believe it—this is a great 'zine. The Malaysian and Southeast Asian punk scene is a topic that I know almost nothing about, but have always heard good things. The writing is funny and often confrontational and the design is put together well. As I read, I started to get a picture in my head of what it means to be a punk in this part of the world and what is going on. There are a few rough spots in the translation but I kind of like a bit of broken English in foreign zines and it reminds you that this project is meant to be distributed globally, and that's a rad kind of project to be involved in. There are a lot of interviews with bands and also other zine people, as well as columns and reviews. From an "ad" and a promotional page for a show I gather that the zine is affiliated with Nervhous Records where you can get recordings of a couple of the bands featured in the 'zine. I like it when people make punk rock easier for me. (BL)
Nizang / 49, Jalan Rahim Kajai / Taman Tun Dr. Ismail, 60000 Kual Lumpur / Malaysia / nizangmosh@gmail.com

MUSIC THAT DOESN'T SUCK #6 / $2 or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs
A mix of music (Captain Beefheart, reviews), personal (tour diary) and comics. Pretty juvenile, seems like pretty young folks put this together which is cool an all, but it's all pretty disposable. This dude is from Utah and you can kinda tell he does a zine from the backwater… nothing feels very immediate or current. I dunno, I'm a miserable old fucker, so if you are sixteen this is probably swell. Maybe I am too old? (TB)
Nate Perkins / 1548w 1400N / Provo, UT 84604 / mtdsuck@gmail.com

THE NEGATIVE GUEST LIST #19, 20 & 21 /
8.5 x 12 – copied – 20-36pgs
This is a kick ass Australian fanzine. A super fun read. Lots of columns, band interviews, music articles, and reviews. It has a subtle focus on garage, but that's not exclusively what they cover. A decent amount of rock-punk and indie is given coverage. And while keeping hip to the times, they also give a lot of ink to revivalism such as interviews with THE COWS, FLIPPER and ICKY BOYFRIENDS. Well, the ICKY BOYFRIENDS piece was more of a feature article than an interview, but you get the idea. The interviews are short and sweet; to the point. I liked their style, but minus five experience points for admitting your KURT VILE interview was done via text message. Or wait maybe that's +five points; I have such a hard time keeping track of what's cool anymore. But apparently if you live in Australia, well-photocopied pictures are not cool. Lesson learned, thanks NGL. But seriously, garage fanzine lovers should check this shit ooooooooooout. (FS)
62 Washington Ave / Tingalpa Brisbane, QLD, 4173 / Australia

NODE PAJOMO Spring 2011 / $1 USA $2 elsewhere or unused stamps
3.5 x 5 – copied – 24 pgs
This is my second time reviewing *Node Pajomo* and although the format is mostly all the same, it seemed like the editors made it easier to comprehend their mail art networking code—be sure to read that shit, otherwise it won't make much sense to you. This quarter-sized quarterly has been around for three years and is an international listing of mail art projects, collaborations, zine and music exchanges, DIY whimsies and exhibitions anybody can participate in. The deadlines to submit a listing are the 15th of July, November and March. I think it's awesome that they take stamps (shipping can be fucked up expensive sometimes)—the only places that let me pay with postage stamps was a show at the Longhaul and the butcher on West and 30-something in Oakland. (AT)
Node Pajomo / P.O. Box 2632 / Bellingham, WA 98227

OLD GROWTH #1 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 12 pgs
This is a comic zine about traveling, drinking, eating shit loads of candy and watching robo tech. The illustrations are decent line drawings with themes that are little stories, thoughts and seemingly all around stream of consciousness. The best part of this zine is the author little history lesson about Maine's history of becoming a dry state and it's obvious inequities, ending in violence and the state becoming "wet" again. The other story I like is about his pet rat, Rock Steady, and their relationship. I wish he would have expanded on this more. The back cover is an illustration of an Iraqi man losing his leg to a US bomb in Iraq. This is sort of boring and seems like a "friend" zine. (MB)
Isaac Roylos / 176 Coyle St / Portland ME 04101 / hopenevertomeanit@gmail.com

OLD GROWTH #3 / $?
5.5 x 7 – copied – 12 pgs
Awesome cover in a classic comic style featuring a punk spearing a T-Rex with a disclaimer that states, "Warning. Nothing this awesome or brutal actually happens in this issue." The author has a good sense of humor… This issue is an improvement from the first issue. The author explains that he skipped to issue three because two is not done… that's fair. This comic zine is completely hand draw with line drawings and the best story is about the author (or someone) watching a Barney type kids show where the guy in the dino suit loses his shit and lays it all down for the kids how fucked the world is. There is also a cute lil punk love story at the end. (MB)
Isaac Roylos / 176 Coyle St / Portland ME 04101 / hopenevertomeanit@gmail.com

PUNK FLYERS #20 / $4 ppd, $6 ppd world, will trade for flyers
8.5 x 11 – copied – 15 pgs
This is a flyer zine that contains a collection of well-printed color and black and white copies of old flyers with one flyer per page on good quality paper. The zine is bound by two staples, which lead me to believe that this is meant to be dismantled for the purpose of putting these fuckers up on your wall. What is coolest about this flyer zine as opposed to some of the many coming out is that at the end there is actually some writing that connects you to each show and flyer via anecdotes, band facts, songs played at each show, and some tangential yet relative information including other shows the author checked out. The writing is sort of stream of consciousness, pact with info and funny stories and this guy is stoked. I know it's only fifteen pages, but the quality is great and if you love flyers, these reproductions are meant to last and I bet they weren't cheap. A couple of the flyers are pixilated, but most look great. The only complaint I have is the weird Graffix bong meets Juggalo cover. Yuck. Aside from that, this zine is interesting and rad and obviously made by someone who loves punk, punk shows and punk history. Well done. (MB)
Rob Frishkoff / 502 Minor Ave N #5 / Seattle WA 98109 / scummie66@yahoo.com

RATCHARGE #23 / 4 EURO
8 x 11 – copied – 28 pgs
Yet another issue from our very own Alex Ratcharge. As always a dense read packed with interviews, reviews, comics and opinions. I like that fact that he is so pro-zine and always covers and interviews other zine writers. The interviews are great, especially Hygiene who I like a lot, also Crazy Spirit (*MRR* reprint) and *Accept the Darkness* zine.The rest has reviews, a great article on French punk and some rants and raves. My only complaint is the reprints (admittedly were actually done for this zine by Alex), 'cos I've already read them!!! This is definitely one of Europe's more stellar zines and well worth your duckets. (TB)
Alex Simon / 11 Rue Chalopin / 69007 Lyon, FRANCE / xxgluestickxxbrigade@yahoo.fr

RAZORCAKE #61 / $4
8 x 10.75 – printed – 112 pgs.
It's probably been five years since I've read *Razorcake* front to back, so I was pretty stoked and a bit curious when I saw this in my review pile. The columns still range from excellent to mildly irritating (a column about the Super Bowl, for instance). I guess it's good to have variation though. I really related to Sean Carswell's piece about having a different perception of reality than a guy he grew up with who completely bought into the American Dream. Nardwuar talks with Charlie Murphy (from Chappelle's Show, amongst other things), and it's pretty entertaining. The Bay Area (past and present) is also well represented in this issue; Christ On Parade and Airfix Kits are both interviewed. Sun God from Clevo are the subjects of another interview, and reading about their Husker Du influenced punk actually got me to check them out (they're pretty good). There's also a discussion about bullying

with three guys, Andrew Vachss, Frank Caruso and Zak Muchaw, who recently collaborated on a fictional book about the subject. While this interview succeeds in bringing up what I view as a persistent problem and offering progressive solutions, I have some issues with it. The central solution offered by Andrew, the author of the novel, is this; "My idea of a better way is that people protecting weaker people against bullies is considered the highest form of human behavior." As someone with extensive experience in this field who is still dealing with issues stemming from interactions that occurred years ago, I feel that rhetoric like that is complete and utter horseshit. In my eyes, this "highest form of human behavior" serves to promote helplessness and social divides. On the rare occasion when I was being fucked with and someone actually assist me, it only made me feel even more useless than I already did. They talk a little bit about the root of the problem, which is parents' inability or refusal to instill core values in their children (whether said values are absolute or relative is a different discussion altogether), but not enough for my liking. Before the onslaught of reviews, there's a long conversation with Robert McChesney, an author that's penned numerous books and essays dealing with media reform. The interview covers a broad range of increasingly relevant topics and is a fantastic read. I enjoyed the majority of this issue, which was surprising because *Razorcake*'s aesthetic is usually a bit lighthearted for my taste. (KM)
Razorcake / PO Box 42129, Los Angeles, CA 90042 / www.razorcake.org

SCIANA WSCHODNIA ZINE #11 / SCENOWY DZIELNICOWY #2 split zine / $?

8.5x11 – printed – 58 pgs
This is a split 'zine in Polish or maybe Czech, I think Polish, who knows I can't read any of it and couldn't figure it out on the magic internet. The quality of the zine is very high and you can tell that a bunch of people worked really hard on it, especially the *Sciana Wschodnia* side, with its sharp design. These people aren't pretending that zinesters don't use computers and it comes out looking slick and well done. The format looks like it's mostly interviews but there are photos that make some stories looklike show reviews, and also have what look like recipes in the final pages. The bands and the focus of the zines seem to be hardcore punk with some crust. I was stoked when I saw the big Skit System and Hello Bastards interviews in *Scenowy Dzielnicowy* but then remembered that I couldn't read it. This side is not quite as slick looking but still with solid computer design and a lot of photos of dudes with mohawks. The cover is a weird scissors-and-gluesticks looking Photoshop with Godzilla, Charles Bronson, and wild animals among other things and the first page is a collage of religious symbols, a swastika, and a dude with a big boner flipping the camera off. I need a Polish friend to read me this thing so I can figure out what's going on, it looks like it's worth reading. (BL)
www.myspace.com/83scianawschodniazine / scenowydzielnicowy.blogspot.com

SCIANA WSCHODNIA #10 / 1,7?

8.5 x 11 – printed – 62 pgs – Polish
A lot of thick, pro-printed hardcore and punk zines seem to come out of Europe, and Sciana Wschodnia seems to be along the same lines as any number of others, though not as professional looking as *Trust* or *Plastic Bomb*. I'm gathering that this zine covers hardcore from the straight-edge/youth crew/NYHC-style side of things, including interviews with Burst In, Knockdown, Hard Candy, Candid, Strong So Far, Calm The Fire, and a few others. Some of the other writings I'm guessing touch on political and social issues, including what is probably an anti-homophobia piece, and another is accompanied by a picture of the Unabomber, so that could be something that's critical of industrial society. (DG)
Wschodniasciana.prv.pl

STUDENT INSURGENT Vol. 22 #2 / $15 annual sub, free to locals, free to prisoners

8.5 x 11 – printed – 30 pgs
Full of interesting content from seemingly progressive students. They are bringing up topics that would probably otherwise go untouched in other collegiate literary circles. This issue is about collective/co-operative reasoning and working environments. A mid-issue spread about the history of cooperative living in the US is a good primer on this topic and solidifies the issue's theme. A re-cap of Van Jones speaking at the University of Oregon, and an article about the current place of U.S. Imperialism are among the highlights. I particularly like that keeping in the spirit of progressive politics they make their periodical available to prisoners for free. You don't see many university publications doing this anymore. Power to the students and power to the people! (DJ)
Student Insurgent / 1228 University of Oregon / Eugene, OR 97403 / USA / studentinsurgent@gmail.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #231 / ?2ppd

5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 32 pgs – Finnish
Latest installment of this long running Finnish zine. The cover of this issue features a police car on the moon, which is pretty awesome, and the entire layout looks fantastic. Written entirely in Finnish, #231 features a lengthy interview with Jussi Lehtisalo about his various musical endeavors and his label, Ektro Records. Delta Force II contribute a piece about their recent Russian tour, which probably involved imbibing obscene amounts of vodka. In addition, there are plenty of show, music and zine reviews, a couple comics, and some excellent live shots of bands such as Valse Triste, Upright and Rains. (KM)
Toinen Vaihtoehto / PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #104 / $2 PPD

8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 48 pgs
I have a sinus infection, chapped lips, I'm coming down from "8 days of anarchy," and listening to Townes Van Zandt from under a pile of blankets. Needless to say I feel a little tender and really really not punk at the moment. I have reviewed this zine before but probably with more of a chip on my shoulder. This time it feels special. *T.T.W.N.* is on its ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH issue!! It starts with an honest plea for submissions (listen up you Missouri punks!!) for music and zines to review, but also interviews, articles, and art. It then starts in on a few show reviews from in and around the Colombia / St. Louis area. Including a review of what sounded like a really good time at a Weird Al concert. More punk zine fare includes interviews and reviews to dig into. It's capped off with some snarky political commentary about current events. Religious shitheads are awarded a shithead award and then you can close the page and fall asleep watching TV on the internet while your dog farts, just like me. (EC)
PO BOX 1444 / Columbia, MO. 65205-1444 / thetroublewithnormalzine@gmail.com

TRUST #146 / 01-2.50 Euro

8.5 x 12 – printed – 70 pgs
This German zine always looks so impressive, with its thick stock and bold, monochromatic print job. The features inside interest me in ways I cannot discuss in the pages of this ?lthy rockn-roll fanzine. Readers must get sick of hearing us whine on and on about the shitty little language barrier, but I don't care! I want to know what *Trust* has to say about bands like Neu. This issue is the horror special, and there appears to be an interview with St. Vitus. See what you non-German speaking punks are missing out on. I wish there were sub-titles. (DS)
Trust Fanzine / Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TURNING THE TIDE VOL. 24 NUM 2 / $??

8.5 x 17 – printed – 8 pgs
Anti-Racist Action LA has been putting out *Turning the Tide* for a while now. This is a rather slim issue but packed with some interesting and lengthy articles. Updates on Mumia, critique on the US involvement with Libya, and my favorite, the action report. Nineteen actions around the country that somehow fall into A.R.A's interest. Highlights include all that awesome anti-cop direct action that went down in the Northwest this March in response to the death of John T. Williams at the hands of the pigs and the subsequent six killings, and one brutal beating of a fifteen year old girl in months since (google that shit!) I'd pick this fucker up. (EC)
Anti-Racist Action Publishers / PO BOX 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232

WITHOUT WORDS & WITHOUT KNEELING #1 & #2 / $2

5 x 8 – copied – 24 pgs each
I read these ?rst in the correct order, without having read the back-story which explains how this semi-pretentious sounding, "serialized zine novella" really was to be understood and read; but I had optimistically figured it out for the most part. Pshew, I had hopes that the characters were ?ctionalized representations, based on people the Tomas rolls with in the Bay Area?that they were not actual uncensored, budding anarchist / identity seeking folks telling it like it is. I assumed correctly. The letter goes on to say that the purpose of this project was for the writer to read more of the literature that is discussed by the characters in this zine. A good idea. I may tune back in eventually to see how this concept zine unfurls, but not immediately. (DS)
Tomas Moniz / 1636 Fairview St / Berkeley, CA 94703

THE ZINE EXPLORER'S NOTEBOOK #1 / $1 or trade, stamps, letter

8.5 x 11 – multigraph letterpressed – 4 pgs
This is a cool small zine. Aside from a column by the editor, it's almost exclusively comprised of zine reviews. The reviews are well written and go quite in-depth. And it looks beautiful, mostly due to the fact it was printed on letterpress. I highly suggest you send your zine out to these folks, they promise to review everything that crosses their desk. A dangerous promise, for sure. I thought about writing them a condolence card, but that'd just be one more crummy piece of literature that enters their existence. Luckily there are some diamonds in the rough (including *Diamonds in the Ruff*, best dog zine ever) out there. And this zine will tell you all about them. (FS)
PO Box 5291 / Richmond VA 23220

FLUFF FEST

EUROPEAN HARDCORE CAMP
JULY 22nd—24th 2011
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Midnight
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nomad
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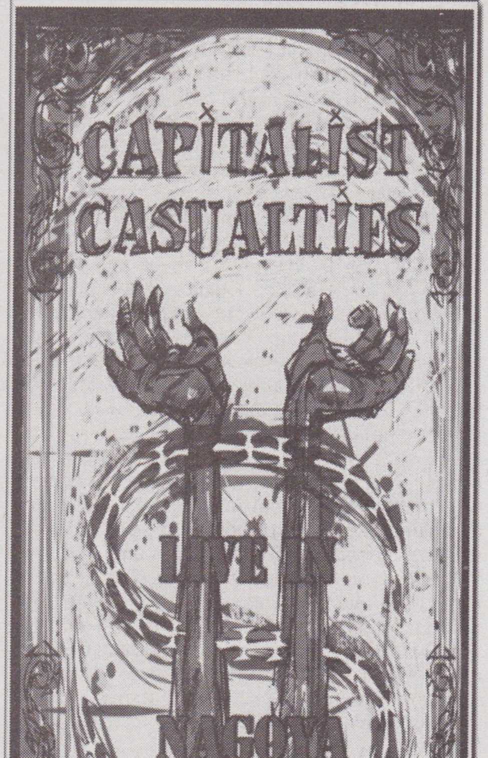

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